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JANUARY, 1908

MANET

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8

# Masters in Art

## A Series of Illustrated Monographs

Issued Monthly

MANET



PART 97 — VOLUME 9

Bates and Guild Company,  
Publishers  
42 Chauncy Street  
Boston.

# MASTERS IN ART

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED  
MONOGRAPHS: ISSUED MONTHLY

PART 97

JANUARY

VOLUME 9

## Manet

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MARCH, 1908

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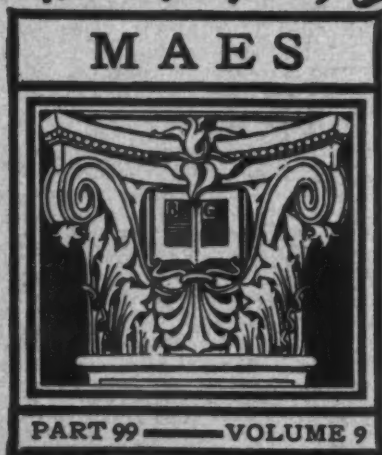
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AUGUST, 1908

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*English 1841 - 1893*

SEPTEMBER, 1908

MOORE 16

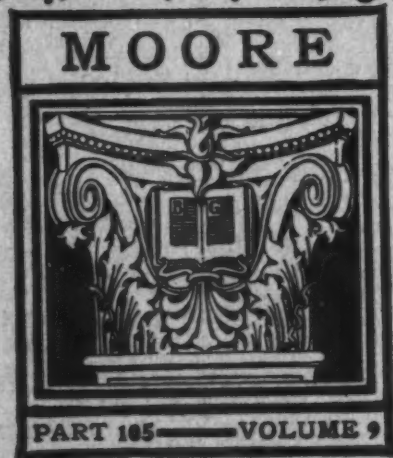
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MOORE



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# MASTERS IN ART

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED  
MONOGRAPHS: ISSUED MONTHLY

PART 105

SEPTEMBER

VOLUME 9

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*English 1829-1860*  
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PART 107 — VOLUME 9

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PART 107

NOVEMBER

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*French* 1848-1884 21  
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PART 108

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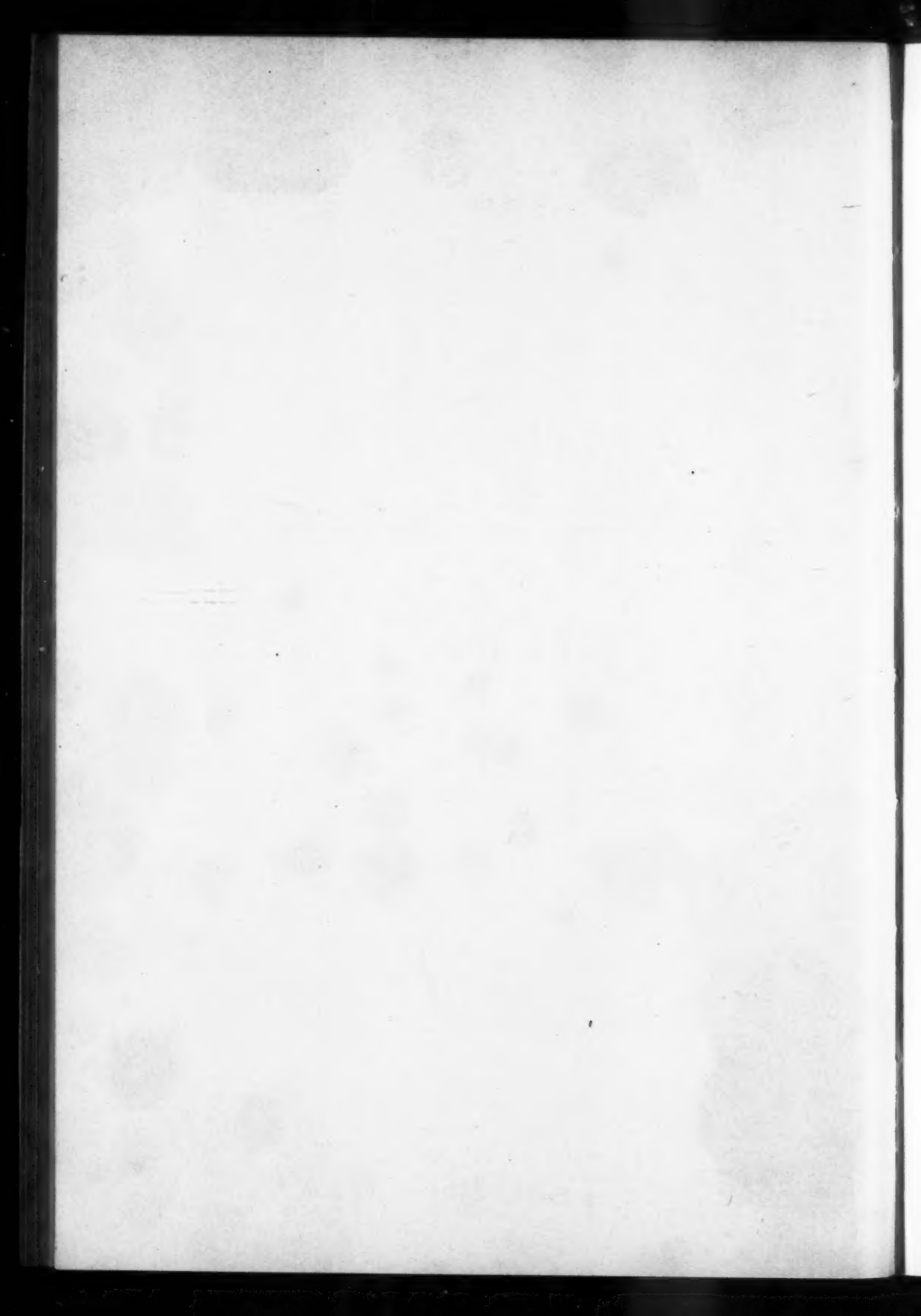
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MASTERS IN ART

**Manet**

FRENCH SCHOOL

654959







MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

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[8]

MANET

BOY WITH THE SWORD

PROPERTY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK





MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY DURAND-RUEL

[5]

MANET  
GOOD BOCK

COLLECTION OF H. O. HAVEMETER, NEW YORK







MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

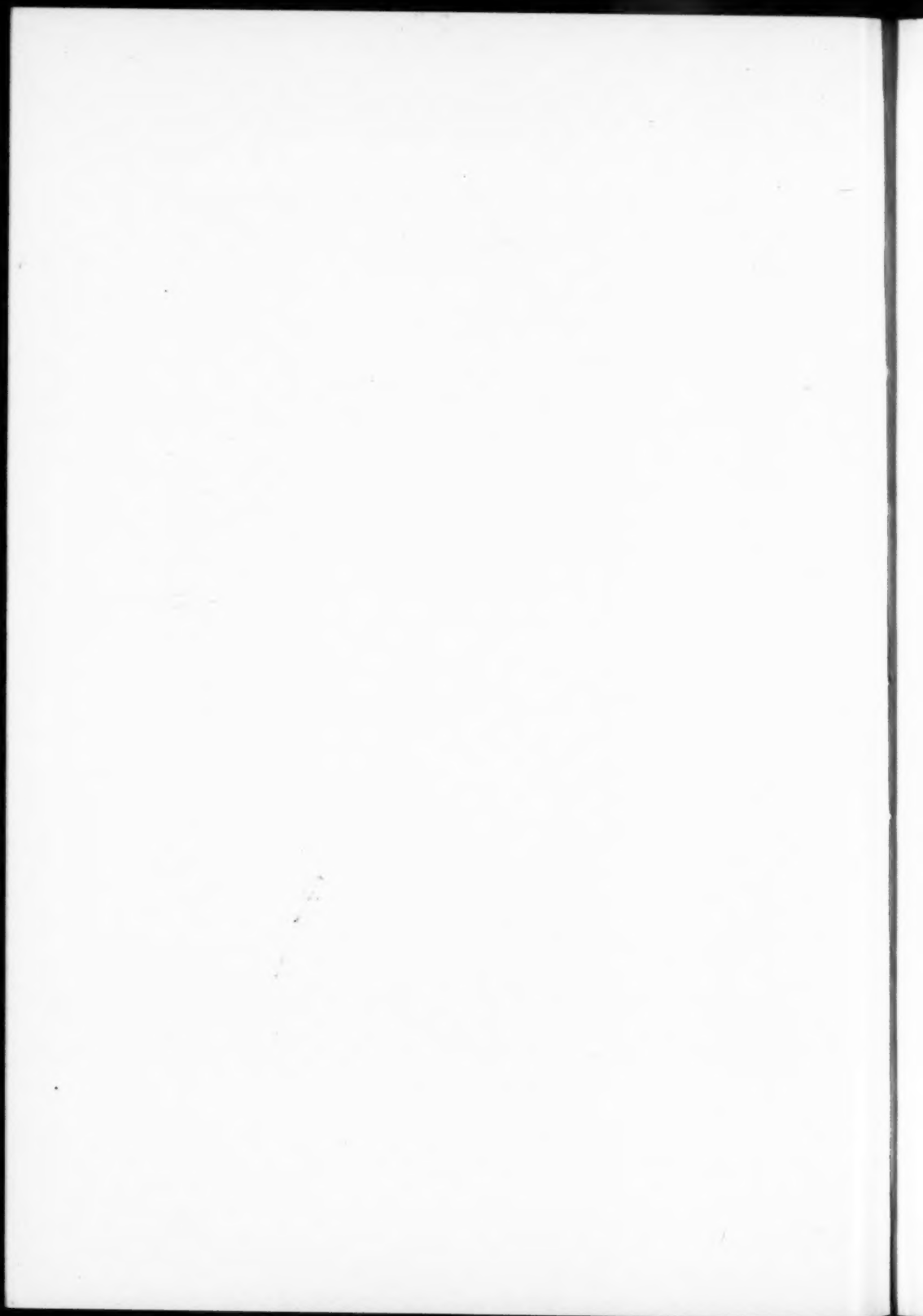
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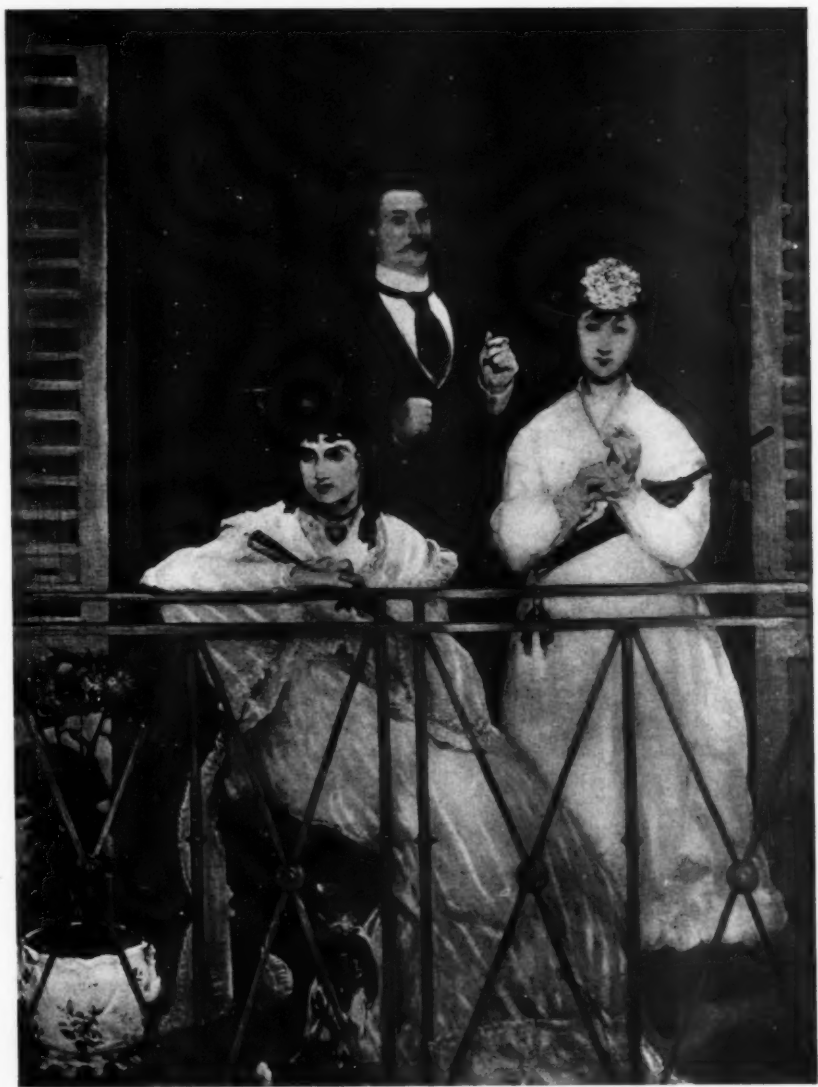
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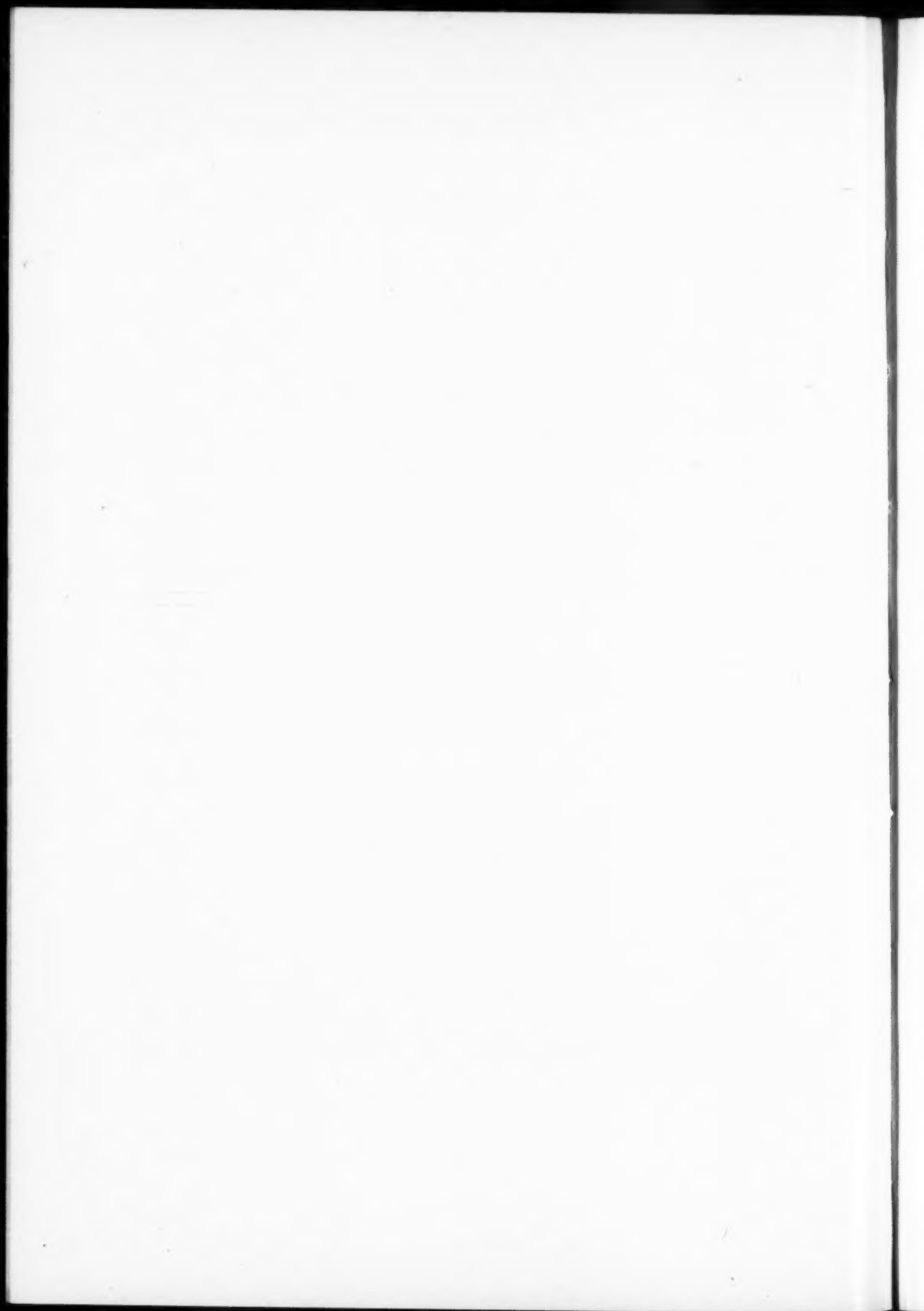
MANET

JEANNE

COLLECTION OF M. FAURE, PARIS











MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

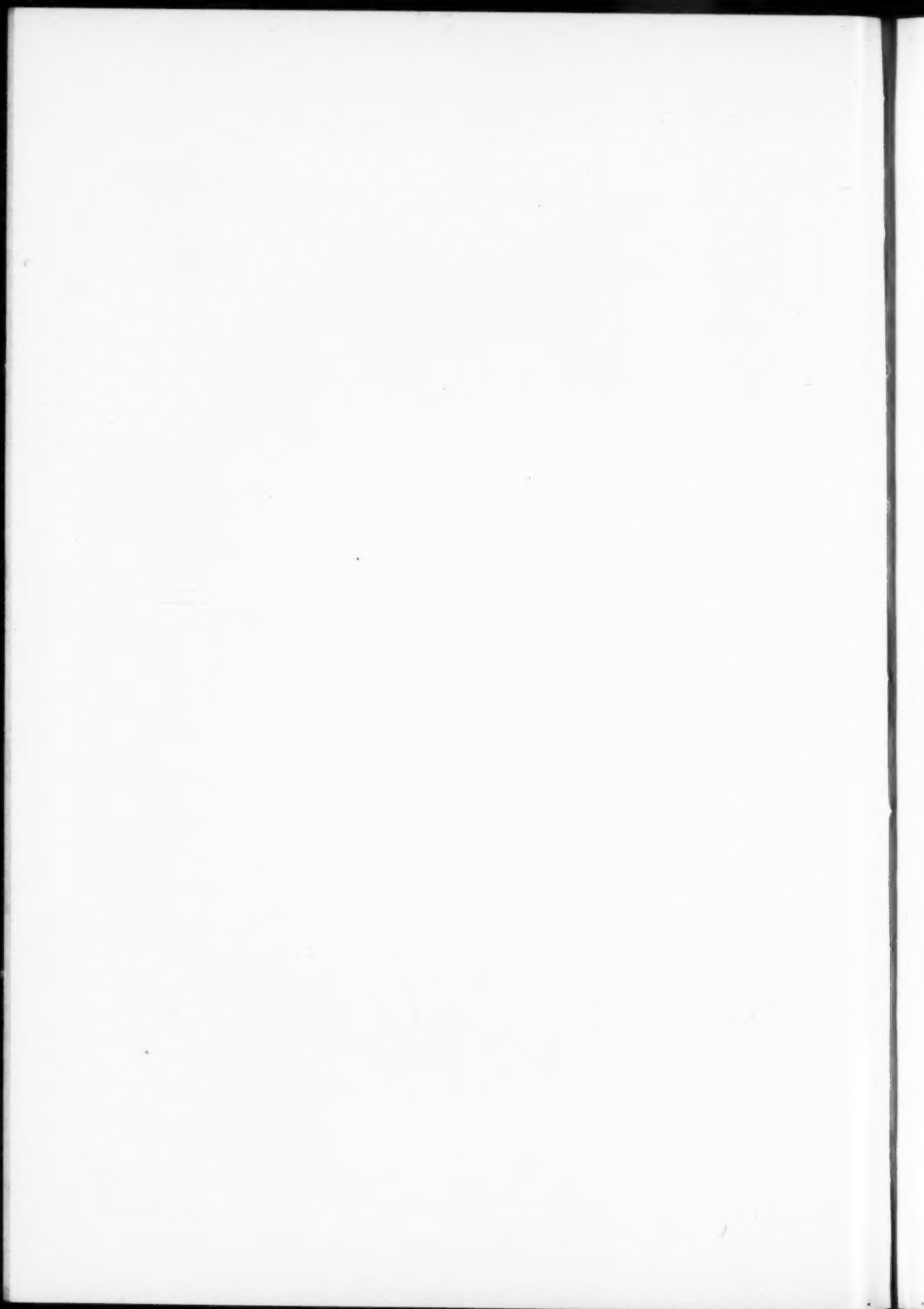
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[11]

MANET

WOMAN WITH THE PARROT

PROPERTY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, NEW YORK





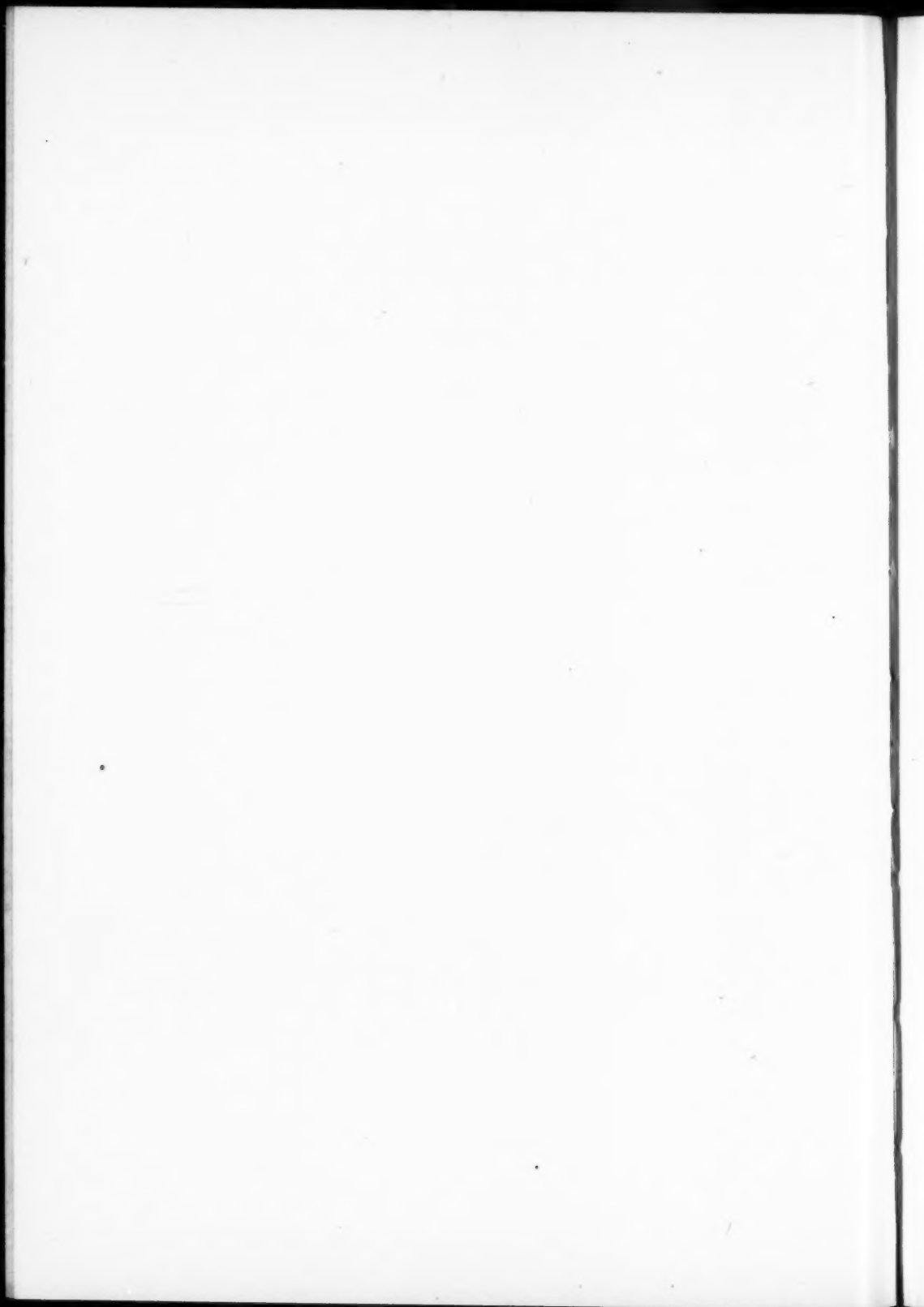
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY GIRAUDON

[19]

MANET  
REST

COLLECTION OF M. G. VANDERBILT, NEW YORK





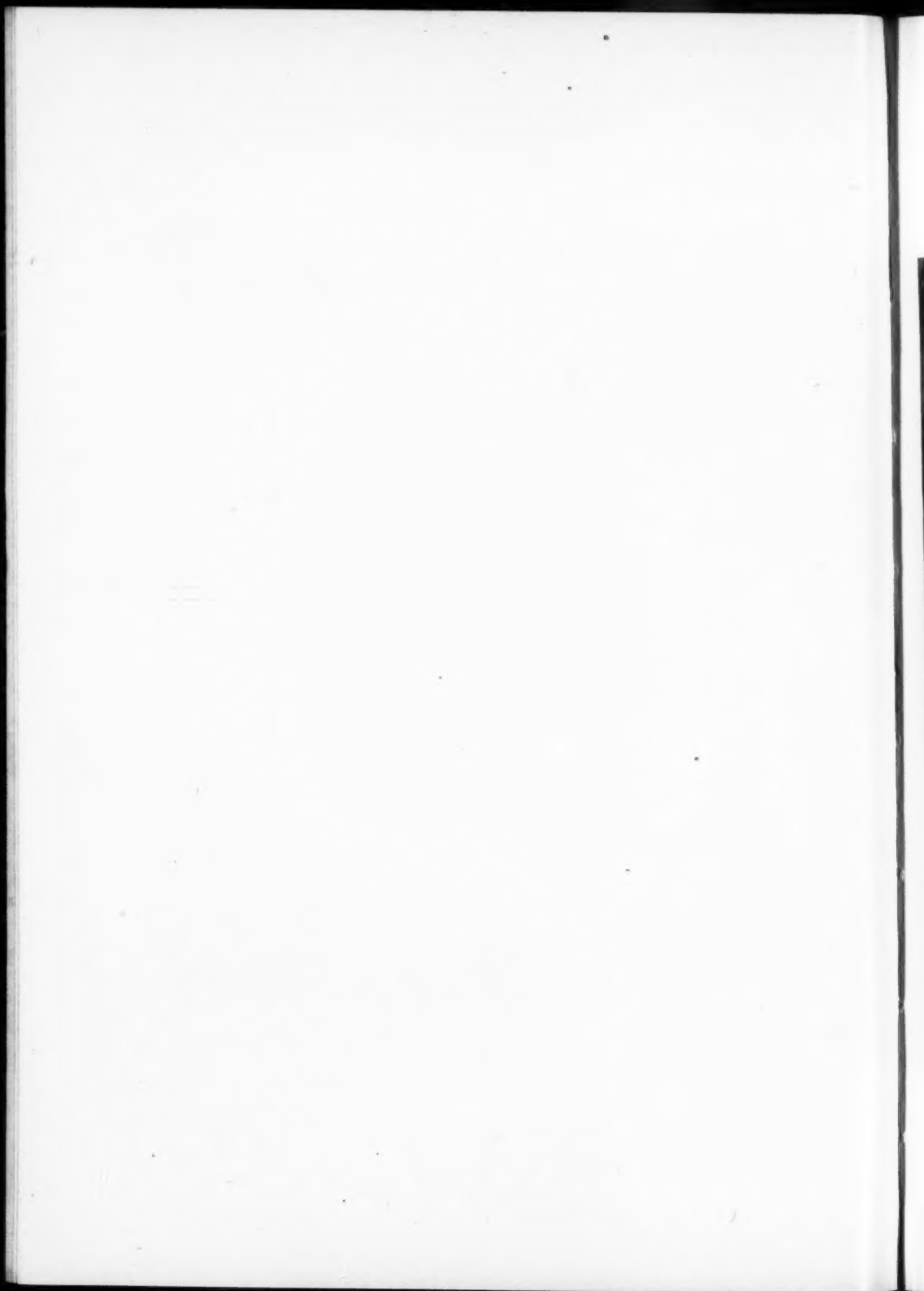


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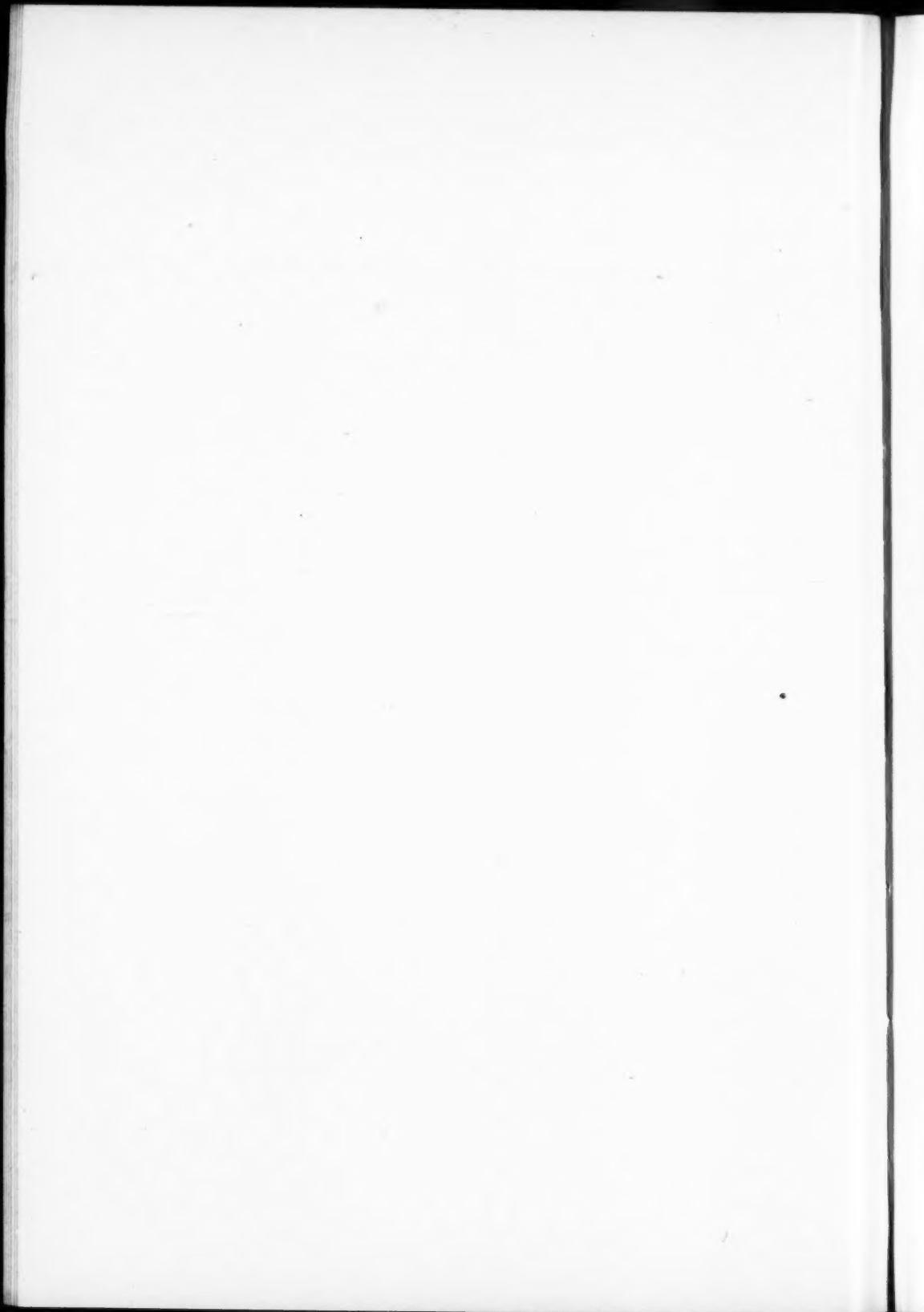
[15]

MANET  
PORTRAIT OF HENRI ROCHEFORT  
COLLECTION OF M. FAURE, PARIS





MANET  
IN THE GARDEN  
COLLECTION OF H. O. HAVEMEYER, NEW YORK

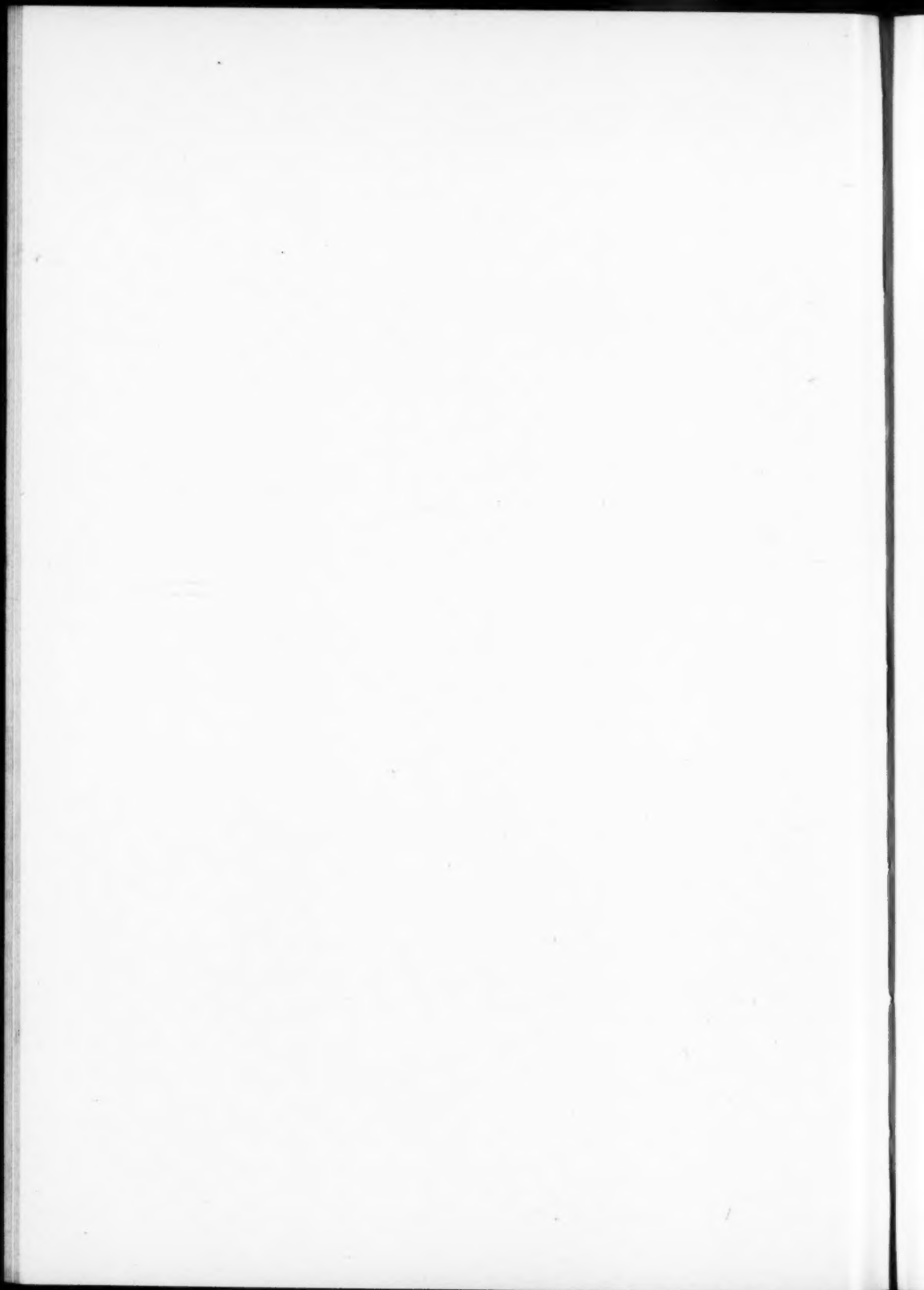


MANET  
OLYMPIA  
LOUVRE, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX  
PHOTOGRAPH BY GIRAUDON  
[19]







MANET  
THE RAILWAY  
COLLECTION OF H. O. HAVEMEYER, NEW YORK



PORTRAIT OF MANET BY HIMSELF  
BELONGS TO M. AUGUSTE PELLERIN, PARIS

This portrait of Manet, known as that 'With the Palette,' was painted in 1878. It shows him as a fair-complexioned man with keen blue eyes, and light hair and beard. He wears a light brown coat, dark necktie, and soft felt hat, relieved against an olive-green background. Many of Manet's characteristics of technique are visible here: the broad brush-strokes, the absence of much modeling in the face, and of practically no modeling at all in the hand holding the paint-brush.

# Édouard Manet

BORN 1832: DIED 1883  
FRENCH SCHOOL

**É**DOUARD MANET (pronounced Mă'nā) has been called the "Father of Impressionism." The eldest of three sons, he was born on the twenty-third of January, 1832, in a house directly opposite the present École des Beaux-Arts, on the street formerly called rue des Petits-Augustins, to-day rue Bonaparte, and he was baptized in the neighboring church of St. Germain-des-Prés. His mother belonged to the rich old bourgeoisie class; his father, to the bourgeoisie which flourished under Louis Philippe, and held the office of judge of the tribunal of the Seine. As the family for generations had been connected with the magistracy, Édouard was destined by his father for the law and was educated at College Rollin with that in view. His maternal uncle, Colonel Fournier, however, was wont to amuse himself in his leisure hours with drawing, and it was through visits to him that the boy Édouard discovered his own taste for art, and at sixteen announced to his family his desire to follow the career of an artist. His parents, with their old family traditions, were filled with despair. A compromise was made and their son sent on a voyage on a trading-ship, 'La Gaudeloupe,' from Havre to Rio de Janeiro. The voyage was for the most part uneventful, but gave the young man an idea of the grandeur of the sea that he never forgot. In after-years he loved to recount that his first attempt with the paint-brush was in touching up some Dutch cheeses of which the cargo consisted and which had become discolored with the sea-water.

When on his return from Brazil his parents found him as determined as ever in his desire to be an artist, they resigned themselves to the inevitable, and he was placed, about the year 1850, in the studio of Thomas Couture, a painter noted in his day for his paintings of historical subjects, among them the 'Romans of the Decadence,' now in the Louvre. The pupil remained six years studying here, but finally left in open revolt against his master, quite disgusted with the historical subject and the eternal study of the nude in the conventional, classic poses of the professional models. He continued to study by himself, travelled extensively in Holland, where he was much impressed by the portraits by Franz Hals, in Germany, and in Italy, where the work of Tintoretto of all the Italian artists most influenced him. And of this

influence we see the effect a little later in a couple of religious subjects that Manet painted during those first tentative years when he was searching for the path he wished to follow.

His original work began in his attempts to depict the life of the people in the streets, one of his first canvases being 'The Boy with the Cherries,' a street gamin leaning over a wall, with a red cap on his head, and holding a bunch of cherries, which is said to suggest Adrian Brouwer in its style. The same year, 1859, he painted 'The Absinthe Drinker,' which was refused at the Salon. Though characteristic of Manet, it still recalls work done in Couture's studio. In 1861 he sent to the Salon a 'Spanish Singer' and a double portrait of his father and mother. For this he received honorable mention simply because, writes Muther, it was painted in the old Bolognese style with brown shadows. It was the last and only time until the year before his death that he received any honors from the Salon. M. Duret, his biographer, points out that in the basket his mother holds, filled with balls of variegated wools, we see that taste of his for painting still life which he developed so strongly in his later years. To these early years belongs the 'Music at the Tuileries,' 'The Street Singer' (a picture now in a private collection in Boston), a woman who stands holding her guitar under her arm and eating a bunch of cherries. "The *ensemble* would remain vulgar," writes M. Duret, "but the artist has known how to embellish it by the quality in the painting itself."

But another influence was to come into Manet's art, that of Velasquez. This artist had been little known and understood outside Madrid until the Exposition held at Manchester in 1857 made the English acquainted with him. In the early sixties the French discovered his great qualities and Manet became an ardent admirer and his first disciple amongst the artists of the nineteenth century. This study of Velasquez set the artist free from the old style of the so-called "brown sauce" of the Bolognese, and he passed through, writes Muther, much the same development in the problem of painting light as did Velasquez himself, who began in the 'Bacchus' by representing an open-air scene with the play of light of a closed room, but later placed his figures in the ambient atmosphere of the outer world. Manet painted several figures against a pearl-gray background, 'The Fifer,' 'The Guitar-Player,' and 'The Bull-Fighter' wounded to death, in which he shows his discipleship, but more particularly in the 'Boy with the Sword' (plate 1), which Muther says might have been signed by the great Spaniard himself. These and a number of other Spanish subjects were suggested to him by a visit to Paris of a Spanish troupe of dancers. His trip to Madrid to study the pictures of Velasquez and Goya did not occur until 1865.

But Manet may be said, like Whistler, to have made his real *début* at the Salon of 1863, with the 'Déjeuner sur l'Herbe,' called in English either 'The Breakfast' or 'The Picnic.' In this picture he represented sitting on the green-sward under the trees two young men in artists' costume, and a nude female figure, while another clothed only in her chemise is splashing in the brook in the background. Although there was precedent for such a scene in pic-



tures of a similar character in the Louvre by Titian and Giorgione, not unnaturally the public was shocked, and the picture was refused but hung in the 'Salon des Refusés' alongside of pictures by Bracquemond, Legros, Harpignies, and Whistler. With Manet this was merely a pictorial experiment, a testing of the effect of light in the open air on clothed and nude figures. But it has been said that though on the right track, even yet he was not altogether successful; that his sky was without atmosphere and his sunbeams hard and opaque. In the 'Déjeuner sur l'herbe' Manet found himself, so M. Duret writes. The picture was sent to the Salon under the title of 'The Bath,' though the other title has prevailed. By its large dimensions alone it necessarily attracted attention. One critic remarks that the landscape is treated much as a tapestry background, and all agree that the still-life painting in the articles for the breakfast is wonderfully well done.

In 1863 Manet married Mlle. Suzanne Leenhoff, a Dutchwoman, of a family of great artistic gifts, and herself a fine pianist. His father had died in 1862, leaving a fortune to be divided between his three sons. The artist then had no necessity for selling his pictures, but could develop his art as he chose, confident of the sympathy of his wife, with whom at this time he came to live in his mother's house in rue de Saint-Petersburg. The house was said to have been furnished in the frigid style which was the fashion under Louis Philippe, and bore no more evidences than did Manet's personal appearance of the artist. On the contrary, he had the airs and breeding of a thorough man of the world. "From one point of view 1863 was disastrous; from another, triumphant. Hitherto a man of promise, Manet now developed into a man of notoriety."

To the Salon of 1864 Manet sent two canvases, 'The Angels at the Tomb of Christ' and 'An Episode in a Bull-fight,' which were received. The former has little religious feeling, but as a piece of painting it has been called the best religious picture of the nineteenth century. In 1865 he sent 'Jésus insulted by the Soldiers' and 'Olympia' (plate ix), painted, however, in 1863, as a sort of complement to the 'Picnic.' These were accepted, the jury being somewhat less severe since the Emperor two years before had inaugurated the 'Salon des Refusés,' although "the unusual traits which they (the public) had first contemplated with horror in the 'Déjeuner sur l'herbe,'" writes M. Duret, "they found accentuated in 'Olympia.'" The author of this picture became an object of curiosity throughout Paris, and to escape persecutions made his often-projected trip to Madrid.

In 1861 Manet sent 'The Fifer' and 'The Tragic Actor' to the Salon, but they were refused, no doubt because of the indignation raised against him the preceding year. A much greater disappointment to the young artist was the refusal of the jury at the Universal Exposition in 1867 to hang any of his pictures, so that, as he had done once already at Martinet's in 1863, he was forced to hold a special exhibition of his work. Like Rodin in 1900, he obtained permission, with Courbet, whose pictures also had been refused, to erect a wooden exhibition-hall near the Pont d'Alma. It was too soon for the public who came to see his pictures to show anything but scorn and contempt for

his work. They saw absolutely no beauty in it. In the catalogue was written, "The artist does not say to you to-day, 'Come and see flawless works;' he says, 'Come and see sincere works.'" Two years later the jury of the Salon accepted the 'Portrait of Émile Zola' and 'A Young Woman,' which became known later under the title of the 'Woman with the Parrot' (plate v). In the same year he painted 'The Execution of the Emperor Maximilian,' unique from his hand as an historical subject. It is the only thing he ever painted from imagination, without having actually witnessed the scene enacted before his eyes and at least holding it in remembrance.

Delacroix, who had been one of the jury of the Salon in 1859, had seen promise in the young artist's work, and even Ingres is said to have approved of it. But Baudelaire was almost the only critic who praised Manet, and dedicated verses to 'Lola de Valence,' the Spanish dancer, in his 'Fleurs du Mal.' M. Émile Zola, however, from the first, was enthusiastic over Manet, and wrote such eulogistic praises of him, as art critic in 1866 of the 'Figaro,' then published under the name of 'Evenement,' that he caused a great falling off in the subscription-list, and owing to his unwillingness to retract was forced to resign from his position. The same year that Manet's 'Olympia' made such a commotion, Monet, eight years his junior, exhibited at the Salon for the first time two marines. Manet discovered the other's signature and thinking it a sort of plagiarism exclaimed, "Who is this Monet who has the air of taking my name and who is coming thus to profit by the noise which I have made?" It is said that henceforth the younger artist was most careful to sign his full name, Claude Monet, to avoid all confusion, though it was not till the next year that the two artists became acquainted with one another and thereafter firm friends.

Manet, the object of ridicule as far as the public was concerned, was surrounded by a devoted circle of young artists. They were accustomed to meet on Friday evenings at the Café Guerbois at the beginning of the Avenue de Clichy in Batignolles, then a suburb of Paris. Hence arose the term 'École des Batignolles.' Here came regularly Legros, Whistler, Fantin-Latour, Duranty, Degas, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Monet, Gauguin, Zandomeneghi, Astruc, Zola, and Bazille, who met his death prematurely in one of the conflicts with the Prussians in 1870, and occasionally came Burty, Proust, Henner, and Stevens. To the Salon of 1870 Fantin-Latour sent a picture entitled 'A Studio in Batignolles,' which showed Manet seated at an easel surrounded by such of these men who had come most directly under his influence, and came later to be called 'Impressionists.' This picture had the semblance of an actual scene, but was not so in fact, but was conceived in the same spirit as the artist's earlier picture, 'Homage to Delacroix.'

To the Salon of 1869 Manet sent 'The Balcony' (plate iv), another canvas of which he had great hopes, but which met only with laughter and ridicule. Finally, in 1870, when he was visiting the artist De Nittis in the environs of Paris, he set up his easel in his friend's garden, posed his wife in the open air under the trees, her baby in its cradle on one side of her, her husband on the grass on the other (plate viii), and from this time forth devoted himself to

'plein air' painting, and became the painter of light that we always think of when we think of Manet. Then broke out the war with Prussia. Manet enlisted in a volunteer company composed chiefly of artists and literary men, but was soon made an officer in the Garde Nationale under Meissonier as colonel.

The year 1870, then, marks a turning-point in the artist's method of painting. By 1871 the friends and followers of Manet, known as the 'École des Batignolles,' were fully developed in their method of painting in the open air; in fact, Monet, though the junior of Manet, had somewhat earlier begun to paint in this way. They now determined to hold an exposition of their works at Nadar's Gallery, Boulevard des Capucins. Some years before, in 1863, Monet had exhibited a sunset under the title 'An Impression.' At this exhibition were titles such as 'Impressions of my Pot on the Fire,' 'Impressions of a Cat Walking.' M. Clarétie, the critic, in writing of this exhibition, called it the 'Salon of the Impressionists.' Hence arose the name which attached itself to these artists, whose chief aim and object was the study of light and might better, Caffin suggests, be called 'Luminarists.' They believed that the first requisite of the painter was to be able to paint, and the subject was of secondary importance, contrary to all the teachings of Mr. Ruskin. They juxtaposed pure colors on the canvas instead of mixing them on the palette, relying upon the eye to fuse them into an harmonious whole. Manet's method was to place his colors in broad brush-strokes rather than in spots, though he was always looked upon as the leader of the group.

In 1872 M. Durand-Ruel, who had already bought a picture of still life and a marine, now bought twenty-eight more of Manet's canvases, paying thirty-eight thousand six hundred francs. The same year the artist exhibited the 'Combat of the Kearsage and the Alabama,' a striking picture of a scene he had actually witnessed from a pilot-boat and which took place off Cherbourg. The year following he exhibited 'Rest' (plate vi) and 'Good Bock' (plate ii). The latter was perhaps the only popular picture that Manet ever painted and was well received by the critics and journalists on 'Varnishing Day' and the public on the following days, while the former, however, was treated with the customary ridicule. A little after, he painted the 'Ball at the Opera,' a canvas of small dimensions but masterfully handled, the men in black clothes, the women for the most part in black dominoes. To the Salon of 1874 he sent 'The Railway' (plate x) and 'Polichinelle.' The former, a large picture and a conspicuous example of 'plein air' painting, attracted much attention and incurred much disfavor.

In 1875 Manet posed his brother-in-law and a woman friend in the stern of a boat at Argenteuil, with the banks of the river and some of the Seine barges upon the horizon, against the deep blue background of the sky. With this most original work he hoped to make a brilliant hit, but it was received with derision as the 'Picnic' and the 'Olympia' had been. The public had at last come to tolerate his pure tones juxtaposed, but in this case his method was too extreme to be received lightly. The next year, 1876, the jury refused 'The Linen' and 'The Artist,' so he determined to hold a special exhibition of his work, and the press this time took his part against the jury of the Salon

in refusing the work of a man so diligent and so earnest. Two years later he sent in for exhibition 'Nana,' a young woman at her toilette-table carelessly conversing with a man behind her, which was refused at the Salon, and also the 'Portrait of M. Faure in the rôle of Hamlet,' the renowned baritone at the opera and the owner of thirty-five canvases by Manet. In 1878 he was again refused at the Universal Exposition, as he had been in 1867. He at first thought to hold another special exhibition of his work, but abandoned the idea, as his work was so well known and the plan was too expensive for his now somewhat straitened means. In 1879 he sent to the Salon 'Boating' and 'In the Conservatory;' in 1880, 'At Père Lathuille's' and 'Portrait of M. Antonin Proust;' in 1881, 'Portrait of M. Pertuiset, the Lion-hunter' and 'Portrait of M. Rochefort' (plate VII), in each year the first painted in the open air, the second in his studio. A lion-hunt being something he had never seen, he did not attempt to depict; so instead of placing M. Pertuiset in a forest in Algiers, he poses him under the trees in the *Élysée des Beaux-Arts*, resting on one knee with a gun in his hand, and in the middle distance a lion-skin, as a note of contrasting color against the uniform tones of the earth. As usual, the public, mistaking the artist's intention, had nothing but contempt to show.

Though these pictures of 1881 were neither better nor worse than many of his preceding pictures, through the favorable vote of seventeen members of the jury he very tardily in his career received a second-class medal. These men felt it was only justice to recognize his talent and the enormous influence he had upon the rising artists of the younger generation. Finally, on New Year's Day, 1882, through the influence of his friend M. Antonin Proust, now director of the *Beaux-Arts*, he received the cross of the Legion of Honor, thus becoming 'Hors Concours' at the Salon, and entitled to all respect from the French, a fact which somewhat modified public opinion, though his principal canvas of this year, 'At the Bar of the Folies-Bergères,' in which the painting of still life was inimitable, excited no less amazement and misunderstanding than heretofore. His second canvas, 'Jeanne' (plate III), was well received.

This was the last time he exhibited. In the fall of 1879 he was attacked with locomotor ataxia, and became more and more helpless until he could no longer undertake large canvases, though during the last year of his life he continued to paint still life. Finally, on April thirtieth, 'Varnishing Day' of the year 1883, he died of an amputation of the leg uselessly performed to prevent blood-poisoning. Although unrepresented at the Salon, a hush fell upon the multitude when the news spread from room to room, and even the many who disliked both his methods and his work felt that a sincere and thoughtful artist had departed from amongst them. At his funeral there was a noted gathering of artists, literary men, diplomats, men of science, and men of the world. M. Antonin Proust, Minister of Fine Arts, said in the funeral oration: "He was possessed of great qualities both of heart and mind, which united to make him an artist and a man. If his talent was sometimes unequal, it was always characterized by a majestic purpose."

The family, together with M. Antonin Proust and M. Duret, decided to hold a posthumous exposition of his work, and they obtained permission to use a salon of the École des Beaux-Arts for the purpose. The exhibition was opened in January, 1884, and it was curious to note the change that had come over the public and press. Their adverse criticisms were too recent for them to praise now without reserve, but they realized that he was a man of power and invention. "They could verify the truth," writes M. Duret, "of his never-ceasing advance towards more brilliancy and light, and recognized the great variety of his subjects and arrangements." Following this exhibition there was a sale of his pictures for the benefit of his widow, which realized over one hundred and sixteen thousand francs. Finally, in 1889, at the third Universal Exposition, it was decided to exhibit not merely pictures painted during the preceding decade, but those of the whole century, 1789-1889. In the hands of M. Proust, director, and M. Roger Marx, inspector of the Fine Arts, fourteen of Manet's chief canvases were hung in the principal Salon. "At its close, there was hardly a man, among those capable of really judging, who refused to admit that Manet was a master, and to place him in the first row of the masters of the century."

M. Bazire in his life of Manet, written the very year of his death, concludes by saying, "For the sake of his enemies as well as for his friends, for the sake of his detractors as well as for his admirers, it is indispensable that Manet remain, and there is no doubt but that he will remain. The device which he had made for himself, a play upon his name, is a prophecy: *Manet et manebit*."

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## The Art of Manet

CARROLL BECKWITH

IN 'MODERN FRENCH MASTERS'

SUFFICIENT time has elapsed since the death of Edouard Manet, in 1883, to permit of a comparatively just estimate being formed of his ability as an artist, and of the influence he has had on contemporaneous art-movement and thought. Artists demonstrating marked individuality in their work have always had an influence more or less strong, and sometimes of long duration, upon their fellow artists. The more independent the individuality, and the wider its divergence from popular and routine methods, the greater has been the resultant good, both in awakening the minds of other producers to a keener observance of nature and in encouraging the timid to efforts at expressing their innate feelings in their own personal way.

Edouard Manet's greatest achievements are not his own canvases; for in spite of his profound sincerity and untiring industry his work cannot be looked upon otherwise than as incomplete, and the technical problems which he propounded for himself he never entirely or satisfactorily solved. The problems have, however, been taken up by many thoughtful painters, who have likewise striven for their solution, and his rebellious protests against the methods in vogue during his time have become the inheritance of the profession.



The present century gives frequent instances of the powerful effect of a strong and well-defined personality upon current movement and thought in art. One has but to mention the names of David, Ingres, Constable, Delacroix, and, lastly, Manet, the leader of the wide-spread Impressionist movement, the one man who, after Constable, taught painters to open their eyes and see the light and air in the world around them. To what degree of truth these searchers for light and atmosphere and the just rendering of values have attained is yet a question. The results of human perception as portrayed upon canvas are so entirely dependent upon the medium, the pigment, that the end sought for is often defeated. Tones which upon the day of their execution clearly and accurately give the impression of the spectator of air, atmosphere, or light may in a very few years, or even months, so deteriorate and change chemically that the same just transcription of nature no longer exists, and the purpose of the artist is entirely lost. Much of the work of Manet has undoubtedly suffered in this manner. Herein unquestionably lies the superiority of an art emanating from the sensibilities of the mind and heart over those of the eye. In the former case the work may blacken, tarnish, or corrode, but the innate feeling will not be lost; whereas in the latter, once the semblance of the fact is encroached upon by time, the aim of the work is seriously weakened.

This, however, must not be interpreted as undervaluing realism in art, or as urging the superiority of poetic ideality over the sterling qualities of fact and reality. It is simply to call attention to the great difficulty under which a searcher for light must necessarily labor. Neither must it be concluded that Manet was devoid of the poetic sense, or that his work was without feeling. His main effort was a rendering of *fact*; his deepest interest, the truthful juxtaposition of values, the broad and simple treatment of planes, combined with a constant search for the character of the person or object portrayed. These points must be always borne in mind, while contemplating his work, to enable one to arrive at a fair estimate of his powers as an artist.

GEORGE MOORE

'MODERN PAINTING'

TO understand Manet's genius the nineteenth century would have required ten years more than usual, for in Manet there is nothing but good painting, and there is nothing that the nineteenth century dislikes as much as good painting. In Whistler there is an exquisite and inveigling sense of beauty; in Degas there is an extraordinary acute criticism of life; and so the least brutal section of the public ended by pardoning Whistler his brush-work and Degas his beautiful drawing. But in Manet there is nothing but good painting, and it is therefore possible that he might have lived till he was eighty without obtaining recognition. Death alone could accomplish the miracle of opening the public's eyes to his merits. During his life the excuse given for the constant persecution waged against him by the "authorities" was his excessive originality. But this was mere subterfuge; what was really hated — what made him so unpopular — was the extraordinary beauty of his handling. Whatever he painted became beautiful — his hand was dowered with the

gift of quality, and there his art began and ended. His painting of still life never has been exceeded, and never will be. I remember a pear that used to hang in his studio. Hals would have taken his hat off to it. . . .

And never did this mysterious power which produces what artists know as "quality" exist in greater abundance in any fingers than it did in the slow, thick fingers of Édouard Manet — never since the world began; not in Velasquez, not in Hals, not in Rubens, not in Titian. As an artist Manet could not compare with the least among these illustrious painters; but as a manipulator of oil-color he never was and never will be excelled. Manet was born a painter as absolutely as any man that ever lived, so absolutely that a very high and lucid intelligence never for a moment came between him and the desire to put anything into his picture except good painting. I remember his saying to me, "I also tried to write, but I did not succeed; I never could do anything but paint."

RICHARD MUTHER

'MODERN PAINTING'

FROM this time (1870) his great problem was the sun, the glow of daylight, the tremor of the air upon the earth basking in light. He became a natural philosopher who could never satisfy himself, studying the effect of light and determining with the observation of a man of science how the atmosphere alters the phenomena of color.

In tender, virginal, light gray tones, never seen before, he depicted, in fourteen pictures exhibited at a dealer's, the luxury and grace of Paris, the bright days of summer, and *soirées*, flooded with gaslight, the faded features of the fallen maiden, and the refined *chic* of the woman of the world. There was to be seen 'Nana,' that marvel of audacious grace. Laced in a blue silk corset, and otherwise clad merely in a muslin smock, with her feet in pearl-gray stockings, the blond woman stands at the mirror painting her lips, and carelessly replying to the words of a man who is watching her upon a sofa behind. Near it hung balcony scenes, fleeting sketches from the skating-rink, the *café concert*, the *Bal de l'Opéra*, the *déjeuner* scene at Père Lathuille's, and the 'Bar at the Folies-Bergères.' In one case he has made daylight the subject of searching study; in another, the artificial illumination of the foot-lights. 'Music in the Tuileries' reveals a crowd of people swarming in an open, sunny place. Every figure was introduced as a patch of color, but these patches were alive and this multitude spoke. One of the best pictures was 'Boating' — a craft boldly cut away in its frame, after the manner of the Japanese, and seated in it a young lady in light blue and a young man in white, their figures contrasting finely with the delicate gray of the water and the atmosphere impregnated with moisture. And scattered amongst these pictures there were to be found powerful sea-pieces and charming, piquant portraits.

Manet had a passion for the world. He was a man with a slight and graceful figure, a beard of the color known as *blond cendré*, deep blue eyes filled with the fire of youth, a refined, clever face, aristocratic hands, and a manner of great urbanity. With his wife, the highly cultured daughter of a

Dutch musician, he went into the best circles of Parisian society, and was popular everywhere for his trenchant judgment and his sparkling intellect. His conversation was vivid and sarcastic. He was famous for his wit *à la* Gavarni. He delighted in the delicate perfume of drawing-rooms, the shining candle-light at receptions; he worshiped modernity and the piquant *frou-frou* of toilettes; he was the first who stood with both feet in the world which seemed so inartistic to others. Thus the progress made in the acquisition of subject and material may be seen even in the outward appearance of the three pioneers of modern art. Millet in his portrait stands in wooden shoes; Courbet, in his shirt-sleeves; Manet wears a tall hat and a frock coat. Millet, the peasant, painted peasants. Courbet, the democrat from the provinces, gave the rights of citizenship to the artisan, but without himself deserting the provinces and the bourgeoisie. He was repelled by everything either distinguished or refined. In such matters he could not find the force and vehemence which were all he sought. Manet, the Parisian and the man of refinement, gave art the elegance of modern life. . . .

But the seed which he had scattered when he died had already thrown out roots. It had taken him years to force open the doors of the Salon, but to-day his name shines in letters of gold upon the façade of the École des Beaux-Arts as that of the man who has spoken the most decisive final utterance on behalf of the liberation of modern art. His achievement, which seems to have been an important alteration in the method of painting, was in reality a renovation in the method of looking at the world and a renovation in the method of thinking.

CAMILLE MAUCLAIR

'THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS'

IT will be seen that Manet fought through all his life: few artists' lives have been nobler. His has been an example of untiring energy; he employed it as much in working as in making a stand against prejudices. Rejected, accepted, rejected again, he delivered with enormous courage and faith his attack upon a jury which represented routine. As he fought in front of his easel, he still fought before the public, without ever relaxing, without changing, alone, apart even from those whom he loved, who had been shaped by his example. This great painter, one of those who did most honor to the French soul, had the genius to create by himself an Impressionism of his own which will always remain his own, after having given evidence of gifts of the first order in the tradition handed down by the masters of the real and the good. He cannot be confused either with Monet or with Pissarro and Renoir. His comprehension of light is a special one, his technique is not in accordance with the system of color-spots; it observes the theory of complementary color and of the division of tones without departing from a grand style, from a classic stateliness, from a superb sureness. Manet has not been the inventor of Impressionism, which co-existed with his work since 1865; but he has rendered it immense services by taking upon himself all the outbursts of anger addressed to the innovators, by making a breach in public opinion, through which his friends have passed in behind him. Probably without him all these

artists would have remained unknown, or at least without influence, because they all were bold characters in art, but timid or disdainful in life. Degas, Monet, and Renoir were fine natures with a horror of polemics, who wished to hold aloof from the Salons and were resigned from the outset to be misunderstood. They were, so to say, electrified by the magnificent example of Manet's fighting spirit, and Manet was generous enough to take upon himself the reproaches levelled, not only against his work, but against theirs. His twenty years of open war, sustained with an abnegation worthy of all esteem, must be considered as one of the most significant phenomena of the history of the artists of all ages.

This work of Manet, so much discussed and produced under such tormenting conditions, owes its importance beyond all to its power and frankness. Ten years of developing the first manner, tragically limited by the war of 1870; thirteen years of developing the second evolution, parallel with the efforts of the Impressionists. The period from 1860 to 1870 is logically connected with Hals and Goya; from 1870 to 1883 the artist's modernity is complicated by the study of light. His personality appears there even more original, but one may well give the palm to those works of Manet which are painted in his classic and low-toned manner. He had all the pictorial gifts which make the glory of the masters: full, true, broad composition, coloring of irresistible power, blacks and grays which cannot be found elsewhere since Velasquez and Goya, and a profound knowledge of values. He has tried his hand at everything: portraits, landscapes, seascapes, scenes of modern life, still-life, and nudes have each in their turn served his ardent desire of creation. His was a much finer comprehension of contemporary life than seems to be admitted by Realism: one has only to compare him with Courbet to see how far more nervous and intelligent he was, without loss to the qualities of truth and robustness. His pictures will always remain documents of the greatest importance on the society, the manners, and customs of the second Empire. He did not possess the gift of psychology. His 'Christ aux Anges' and 'Jésus insulté' are obviously only pieces of painting without idealism. He was, like the great Dutch virtuosos, and like certain Italians, more eye than soul. Yet his 'Maximilian,' the drawings to Poe's 'Raven,' and certain sketches show that he might have realized some curious psychological works had he not been so completely absorbed by the immediate reality and by the desire for beautiful paint. A beautiful painter — this is what he was before everything else, this is his fairest fame, and it is almost inconceivable that the juries of the Salons failed to understand him. They waxed indignant over his subjects, which offer only a restricted interest, and they did not see the altogether classic quality of this technique without bitumen, without glazing, without tricks; of this vibrating color; of this rich paint; of this passionate design so suitable for expressing movement and gestures true to life; of this simple composition where the whole picture is based upon two or three values with the straightforwardness one admires in Rubens, Jordaens, and Hals.

Manet will occupy an important position in the French school. He is the most original painter of the second half of the nineteenth century, the one who

has really created a great movement. His work, the fecundity of which is astonishing, is unequal. One has to remember that, besides the incessant strife which he kept up — a strife which would have killed many artists — he had to find strength for two grave crises in himself. He joined one movement, then freed himself of it, then invented another and recommenced to learn painting at a point where anybody else would have continued in his previous manner. "Each time I paint," he said to Mallarmé, "I throw myself into the water to learn swimming. . . ."

There remains, then, a great personality who knew how to dominate the rather coarse conceptions of Realism, who influenced by his modernity all contemporary illustration, who re-established a sound and strong tradition in the face of the Academy, and who not only created a new transition, but marked his place on the new road which he had opened. To him Impressionism owes its existence; his tenacity enabled it to take root and to vanquish the opposition of the school; his work has enriched the world by some beautiful examples which demonstrate the union of the two principles of Realism and of that technical Impressionism which was to supply Monet, Rénoir, Pissarro, and Sisley with an object for their efforts. . . .

To-day Manet is considered almost as a classic glory: and the progress for which he had given the impulse has been so rapid that many are astonished that he should ever have been considered audacious. Sight is transformed, strife is extinguished, and a large, select public, familiar with Monet and Rénoir, judge Manet almost as a long-defunct initiator. One has to know his admirable life, one has to know well the incredible inertia of the Salons where he appeared, to give him his full due. And when, after the acceptance of Impressionism, the unavoidable reaction will take place, Manet's qualities of solidity, truth, and science will appear such that he will survive many of those to whom he has opened the road and facilitated the success at the expense of his own. It will be seen that Degas and he have, more than the others, and with less apparent *éclat*, united the gifts which produce durable works in the midst of the fluctuations of fashion and the caprices of taste and views. Manet can, at the Louvre or any other gallery, hold his own in the most crushing surroundings, prove his personal qualities, and worthily represent a period which he loved.

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## The Works of Manet

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'BOY WITH THE SWORD'

PLATE I

THE 'Boy with the Sword' is perhaps the most attractive canvas Manet ever painted and is acknowledged by all critics to be a masterpiece. As we have seen, it was painted when the artist was most directly under the influence of Velasquez, which is shown in its sober coloring. The child is hab-



ited in a dull black costume with broad white linen collar and blue stockings, against a warm gray background. He stands at full length in the centre of the picture, painted in life size, gazing directly at the spectator and grasping a big sword almost too heavy for him. His expression is particularly winsome and in its idealization is not quite so characteristic of Manet as many other less obviously attractive canvases.

Mr. Carroll Beckwith, writing in 'Modern French Masters,' says: "In studying a picture by Manet two things must always be clearly kept in mind, *les valeurs* and *la tache*. However varied his choice of subject, however different his effects of light and shade, values and *la tache* were constantly before him, urging their superior importance over all other qualities, forcing themselves upon his vision, and through his hand upon the canvas. There they were emphasized with aggressive prominence, destroying the half-tones and blotting out details. Witness the fine example of his work in the Metropolitan Museum of New York — 'The Boy with the Sword.' Notice how the face becomes one simple, almost unbroken mass, marked by its strength of local color. Notice how the eyes are devoid of modeling. To Manet the human eye was but a spot of dark upon the light plane of the flesh. See, too, how perfectly the background takes its place behind the figure. One could accurately measure the distance the little figure stands from the curtain behind it. This simplicity of aim, this research for a few fundamental truths, were his constant protest against the tyranny of tradition, against the intricacies of composition and sugary elaboration which pervaded the popular school of French art in his day."

The picture, though signed and dated 1860, was not exhibited until 1867. It was given to the Metropolitan Museum of New York, in 1889, by Mr. Erwin Davis, and measures about four feet high by three broad.

'GOOD BOCK'

PLATE II

THIS was the one and only canvas of Manet's that ever met with popularity. Exhibited at the Salon of 1873, it became one of M. Faure's collection, whose catalogue of his paintings thus describes it: "A man of fifty years — the engraver Belot — is seated at a little table, comfortably installed in an armchair, smoking his pipe and holding in his hand a large glass of beer, a 'bock.' His hair and beard are already gray; but his rubicund face expresses in the highest degree the joy of living. He wears a black coat, gray trousers, a vest of the same color, but a little darker, and a cap of otter."

All critics have agreed in comparing this canvas to one by Franz Hals, and George Moore writes of it: "In an exhibition of portraits now open in Paris, entitled *Cent-Chefs-d'Œuvre*, Manet has been paid the highest honor; he himself would not demand a greater honor — his 'Good Bock' has been hung next to a celebrated portrait by Hals. . . .

"Without seeing it, I know that the Hals is nobler, grander; I know, supposing the Hals to be a good one, that its flight is that of an eagle as compared with the flight of a hawk. The comparison is exaggerated; but then, so are all comparisons. I also know that Hals does not tell us more about his old

woman than Manet tells us about the man who sits so gravely by his glass of foaming ale, so clearly absorbed by it, so oblivious to all other joys but those that it brings him. Hals never placed any one more clearly in his favorite hour of the day, the well-desired hour, looked forward to perhaps since the beginning of the afternoon. . . . Nor did Hals ever paint better; I mean that nowhere in Hals will you find finer handling, or a more direct luminous or simple expression of what the eye saw. It has all the qualities I have enumerated, and yet it falls short of Hals. It has not the breadth and scope of the great Dutchman. There is a sense of effort, *on sent le souffle*, and in Hals one never does. It is more bound together; it does not flow with the mighty and luminous ease of the *chefs d'œuvre* at Haarlem."

## 'JEANNE'

## PLATE III

THE picture, another of the canvases belonging to the Collection Faure, was one of the two canvases that Manet sent to the Salon of 1882, the last at which he exhibited. "The public were clement in their judgments, I would confess it," writes M. Bazire, "for the spring-like figure, designated in the catalogue by the name of 'Jeanne.' This adorable promenader, with a slightly turned-up nose, bright cheeks, attractive throat, rounded figure, hiding its grace under a parasol and walking swiftly under the trees, whose foliage cuts it off from the crude blue of the sky, I called a 'spring-like figure' and I make my excuses — it is the spring itself.

"The 'Spring,' that is in fact the name that Manet intended to give to this portrait, the first of four panels: 'The Seasons.' Time failed him. There would have been a companion: the 'Autumn,' for which the beautiful Méry Laurent, very much muffled up, lent her cameo-like profile. But 'Winter' and 'Spring' were never painted, and it is a loss and a regret the more."

## 'THE BALCONY'

## PLATE IV

THE BALCONY' was exhibited for the first time at the Salon of 1869, and no picture of Manet's was ever received with more cruel hilarity than this one. It represented two young women, one seated, the other standing upon a green balcony, and a young man in the background behind them. Mlle. Berthe Morisot, the young painter from Bourges, who came under the influence of Manet's art and finally married his younger brother Eugène, posed for the seated woman; Guillemet, the landscapist, for the figure in the background. The public could see no beauty in the picture, could not appreciate the perfection of the workmanship, and only exclaimed that they had never seen a green balcony, they had never seen two women in any picture so disagreeable in figure and so "bundled" into their clothes, and the little dog at the feet of the women they considered a little monster and in no better taste than the black cat in 'Olympia.'

In 1894 the painter Caillebotte died, leaving his entire collection of pictures to the Luxembourg, among them this much-abused canvas. It hangs to-day in the Louvre.

"THE light in this picture is dull, uniform, and pervasive," writes Mr. Caffin, in 'How to Study Pictures.' "The photograph has falsified the effect by making the background appear dark. In the original it is a drabbish gray, a slightly yellower gray than the dove-gray on the wings of the parrot, whose head, on the contrary, is a whitish gray. Again, the glass of water at the top of the stand is gray, but a much more sharply whitish tone in the high-lights; while, still again, the pan on the floor is of dull pewter, a lighter gray than that of the wall and less light than the parrot's head. So far, you observe, the artist has played upon grays. As a musician might explain it, he has given several modulations of the chord of gray, including the major and minor, the augmented and diminished. In other words, he has made a color-harmony of slightly differing tones of gray, taking pleasure in observing and rendering those slight distinctions, and also in noting how differently the light is reflected from the different surfaces — in a sort of dull and smothered way from the plaster on the wall; deep and lustrous from the bird's wing; more softly broken up from the feathers on the head; sharp and pellucid from the glass, and with duller luster from the pan. The result is that by careful discrimination between the various actions of light he has given us a real appreciation of the textures of the different objects — a refinement of realism in the way of painting that is far beyond the realism of Courbet.

"The color of the gown is that of faded rose-leaves; that is to say, very pale rose in the shadows, a pale straw-color where it catches the light. The modeling has been obtained by varying these two tones, according to the amount of light contained in the various parts of the silk, the only approach to shadows being some dove-gray tones, where you see the dark spots round the edge of the right arm, and under the hand and cuff of the left. Notwithstanding that the artist limited himself to these few tones, and chose a gown which hangs from the shoulders with very few folds, he has made us realize the balloon-like roundness of the garment, and, moreover, the existence of a figure underneath it. Again the expression 'faded rose-leaves' describes the prevailing hue of the face and hands; the latter are practically of the same color as the gown; yet we shall have no doubt, especially in the original, that the texture of the one is silk, of the others flesh, because of the method of the brush-work. Upon the dress it was laid on in sweeps; upon the flesh-parts, in circular strokes and dabs.

"So far, then, as we have examined the color-scheme of the picture, it is a harmony of faded rose-leaves and gray; but to prevent it from being tame, to make it resonant and vibrant, certain notes of positive color were introduced; for example, the black velvet band round the neck, a crimson tail to the bird, and the yellow rind of the orange. I may add that this clear note of yellow receives a dull echo in the drabbish-yellow sand, mingles with the rich brown of the wooden pedestal, and reappears more noticeably in the lighter brown of the girl's hair."

This picture was also a gift to the Metropolitan Museum of New York, in 1889, from Mr. Erwin Davis, and measures about seven by five feet.

## 'REST'

## PLATE VI

THIS canvas, entitled 'Rest,' was in reality a portrait of Mlle. Berthe Morisot (afterwards Mme. Eugène Manet), a young artist of the Impressionist school, of great power as an artist and of great charm and distinction as a woman. She posed for Manet many times, and here she is represented dressed in a simple white muslin, half reclining upon a sofa, her arms thrown out on either side, resting on the cushions in an easy attitude. This canvas was exhibited in 1873, the same year as 'Good Bock,' but while the latter met with popularity, the former was received with disdain.

"I prefer Manet," says George Moore, "in the quieter and I think the more original mood in the portrait of his sister-in-law, Madame Morisot. . . . Never did a white dress play so important or indeed so charming a part in a picture. The dress is the picture — this common white dress, with black spots, *une robe à pois, une petite confection de soixante cinq francs*, and very far it is from all resemblance to the diaphanous, fairy-like skirts of our eighteenth-century English school, but I swear to you no less charming. It is a very simple and yet a very beautiful reality. A lady, in white dress with black spots, sitting on a red sofa, a dark chocolate red, in the subdued light of her own quiet, prosaic French *appartement, le deuxième au dessus l'entre-sol*. The drawing is less angular, less constipated, than that of 'Olympia.' How well the woman's body is in the dress! There is the bosom, the waist, the hips, the knees, and the white-stockinged foot in the low shoe, coming from out the dress. The drawing about the hips and bosom undulates and floats, vague and yet precise, in a manner that recalls Harlem, and it is not until we turn to the face that we come upon ominous spaces unaccounted for, forms unexplained. The head is so charming that it seems a pity to press our examination further. But to understand Manet's deficiency is to understand the abyss that separates modern from ancient art, and the portrait of Madame Morisot explains them as well as another, for the deficiency I wish to point out exists in Manet's best portraits as well as in his worst. The face in this picture is like the face in every picture by Manet. Three or four points are seized, and the spaces between are left unaccounted for. Whistler has not the strength of Velasquez; Manet is not as complete as Hals."

The canvas forms a part of the M. G. Vanderbilt Collection in New York.

## 'PORTRAIT OF HENRI ROCHEFORT'

## PLATE VII

MANET painted a number of splendid male portraits, among them one of Émile Zola in his studio, where the canvas of the rejected 'Olympia' is seen hanging on the wall; another of M. Pertuiset, the lion-hunter; a notable third of M. Antonin Proust in three-quarters length, in silk hat and frock coat; one of the engraver Desboutsins, called 'The Artist,' garbed entirely in gray against a brown background, and who stands filling his pipe while a slender and graceful greyhound figures in the background; and now, in 1881, this portrait of M. Rochefort, one of his strongest. M. Duret relates how Manet, attracted by the strength of character in the features of M. Rochefort,

had asked the latter to pose for him. The artist placed his sitter nearly in profile with arms crossed. "It is," writes M. Duret, "a powerful work, of the nature to please a connoisseur. Manet, who had done it moved only by an artistic sentiment, without thinking of drawing profit, offered it to the original and would have been happy to have seen him accept it. But Rochefort, who had ever loved only dry and highly finished painting, found it unpleasant. He did not wish it, and refused it. Some time after, Manet included it in a lot of canvases sold to M. Faure."

## 'IN THE GARDEN'

## PLATE VIII

**T**HIS picture, as we have seen, was a turning-point in Manet's career, in that it was his first attempt to pose figures in the open air, a method which he thereafter generally followed.

"This movement, so historically memorable, when Manet discovered the sun and the fine fluid of the atmosphere, was shortly before 1870," writes Richard Muther. "Not long before the declaration of war he was in the country in the neighborhood of Paris, staying with his friend De Nittis; but he continued to work as though he were at home, only his studio was here the pleasure-ground. Here one day he sat in full sunlight, placed his model among the flowers of the turf, and began to paint. The result was 'The Garden,' now in the possession of Madame de Nittis. The young wife of the Italian painter is reclining in an easy-chair, between her husband, who is lying on the grass, and her child, which is asleep in its cradle.

"Every flower is fresh and bright upon the fragrant sward. The green of the stretch of grass is luminous, and everything is bathed in soft, bright atmosphere; the leaves cast their blue shadows upon the yellow gravel path. 'Plein-air' made its entry into painting. . . ."

This picture belongs now to Mr. H. O. Havemeyer's collection in New York.

## 'OLYMPIA'

## PLATE IX

**T**HE celebrated 'Olympia' of 1865," writes Richard Muther, "now to be found in the Luxembourg [in the Louvre at the present writing], was painted during this stage (experimental) in his development: it represents a neurotic, anæmic creature, who stretches out, pale and sickly, her meagre nudity upon white linen, with a purring cat at her feet, whilst a negress in a red dress draws back the curtain, offering her a bouquet. With this picture — no one can tell why — the definite battles fought over Impressionism began. The critics who talked about obscenity were not consistent, because Titian's pictures of Venus with her female attendant, the little dog, and the youth sitting upon the edge of the bed are not usually held to be obscene. But it is nevertheless difficult to find in this flatly modeled body with its hard black outlines those artistic qualities which Zola discovered in it. The picture has nothing whatever of Titian in it, but it may almost be said to have something of Cranach."



Though the nude may in itself be ugly, the coloring of the picture is beautiful and the accessories wonderfully painted, as in the white linen and India silk shawl of yellow tones embroidered with delicately colored flowers upon which the figure reclines, as in the different white textures in the picture, first of the linen sheet, then of the paper in which the bouquet is wrapped, and lastly in the servant's apron and cap, the cat at the foot of the bed giving just the needed touch of black.

George Moore writes of this canvas: "The Luxembourg picture, although one of the most showy and the completest amongst Manet's masterpieces, is not, in my opinion, either the most charming or the most interesting; and yet it would be difficult to say that this of the many life-sized nudes that France has produced during the century is not the one we could the least easily spare. Ingres' 'Source' compares not with things of this century, but with the marbles of the fourth century B.C. Cabanel's 'Venus' is a beautiful design, but its destruction would create no appreciable gap in the history of nineteenth-century art. The destruction of 'Olympia' would."

At the sale of Manet's effects in 1884 'Olympia' and 'Argenteuil' had been bought in for the widow, with the hope that some day they might go to a public collection. In 1889 an American appeared who wished to buy the 'Olympia,' but the painter Sargent, fearing it would be lost to view in a private collection, confided his beliefs to Monet, who started a subscription to raise twenty thousand francs to give to Mme. Manet in exchange for it. The press and the public wished a sample of Manet's work for the Luxembourg, but not that one, but his friends would hear of no concessions and especially desired to procure 'Olympia' as showing the originality of the artist to the fullest extent. It was his preferred child of all his creations. The battle waged hot, but all the artists, men of letters, and connoisseurs ranged themselves on Manet's side. Monet finally definitely offered it to the Minister of Fine Arts. Before they had decided whether to accept it or not there was a change of ministry; it was definitely accepted November 17, 1890, to be placed in the Luxembourg, and is now in the Louvre, where it is given a position of prominence in the hall of nineteenth-century French masters.

'THE RAILWAY'

PLATE X

"THIS picture marks a novelty amongst his works sent to the Salon, that of painting in the open air," writes M. Duret. "He had executed it in a little garden, situated behind a house in the rue de Rome. The public and the press had not sufficiently taken into account, in arguing about it, that it had to do with a work produced directly in the open air. They had quite simply, as was their habit, been offended by the appearance of lively colors, placed side by side, without interposition of half-tones or conventional shadows.

"To the reproach of being painted in too high a key should be added that of presenting an 'incomprehensible' subject. In fact, 'The Railway' was not, properly speaking, the subject of the canvas, the two persons who figured there did not lend themselves to any significant or amusing action; for the



public almost always seeks and looks in a work for that anecdote which can be seen. The intrinsic merit of the painting, the value of the art due to the beauty of the lines or to the quality of color, things essential for the artist or the true connoisseur, remain misunderstood and ignored by the passer-by. But Manet had put into his canvas of 'The Railway' two persons, in order that there should be something that was alive in it. He thus had to do with true painting and could have referred his picture to the Dutch masters, who have so often kept their figures unoccupied, and not engaged in any definite action. He had represented a young woman dressed in blue seated against a grille and turned toward the spectator, whilst near her, standing, a little girl in white is holding on with her two hands to the barrier. This grille served as enclosure to the little garden, overlooking the deep trench where passes the railroad of the West, near the station of Saint-Lazare. Behind the two girls can be seen the rails and the smoke of the locomotives, whence the title of the picture."

This picture, as well as that entitled 'In the Garden,' belongs to Mr. H. O. Havemeyer's collection in New York.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF MANET  
WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

**M.** THÉODORE DURET in his monograph on Manet, published in 1902, the most complete work that has appeared on the artist, catalogues 327 oils and 78 pastels. We append a list of the more important oils, with their locations in 1902.

**BELGIUM.** BRUSSELS: M. VAN CUTSEN: Argenteuil; At Père Lathuille—  
**ENGLAND.** LONDON: GEORGE MOORE: Portrait of Mme. Manet—**FRANCE.** PARIS, LOUVRE: Olympia (Plate ix); The Balcony (Plate iv); Angelina—M. LE COMTE DE CAMONDO: Lola de Valence; The Fifer; At the Piano; The Port of Boulogne—M. DURAND-RUEL: Music at the Tuileries; The Spanish Ballet; Fishing; The Old Musician; Portrait of Zacharie Astruc; The Water-drinker; Dead Christ and Angels; Jesus Insulted by the Soldiers; The Good Pipe; The Bull-fight; Pier at Boulogne; Portrait of Eva Gonzalès; Portrait of M. Faure in the rôle of Hamlet; Portrait of M. Pertuiset, the Lion-hunter; My Garden—M. T. DURET: Portrait of Théodore Duret; Marine in Storm; Marine in Calm—M. FAURE: The Absinthe Drinker; The Spanish Singer; The Reader; Port of Bordeaux; Good Bock (Plate ii); Sea-fishers The Bun; Portrait of Henri Rochefort (Plate vii); Jeanne (Plate iii)—M. P. GALLIMARD: The Linen—MME. A. HECHT: The Beggar; The Swallows—M. C. LAFONTAINE: Polichinelle—M. LECLANCHÉ: Boy with Cherries—M. MANZI: The Nymph Surprised; Portrait of Mme. Manet in the Conservatory—M. MOREAU-NELATON: Breakfast on the Grass—M. A. PELLERIN: View of the Universal Exposition of 1867; Eva Gonzalès painting in her Studio; Claude Monet in his Studio; The Artist; Nana; The Bun; At the Café; Portrait of Manet by himself, with the Palette (see portrait); At the Bar of the Folies-Bergères—M. A. PROUST: Portrait of M. Antonin Proust—M. ROSENBERG: Boy with the Dog—MME. E. ROUART: Portraits of M. and Mme. Manet; The Lady with the Fans; Young Woman in Black Hat; Portrait of Mme. Eugène Manet (née Mlle. Berthe Morisot)—M. HENRI ROUART: The Music Lesson—M. VOLLARD: Execution of the Emperor Maximilian—M. E. ZOLA: Portrait of M. Émile Zola—**GERMANY.** BERLIN, NATIONAL GALLERY: In the Conservatory—HERR CASSIER: House at Reuil; HERR LIEBERMANN: Roses and Lilacs—**LUBECK, DR.** MAX LINDE: Portrait of Manet by himself, standing; Portrait of George Moore—**UNITED STATES.** BOSTON, M. SEARS: The Street Singer—FARMINGTON, A. POPE:

La Posada—NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Boy with the Sword (Plate 1); Woman with the Parrot (Plate v)—H. O. HAVEMEYER: Young Man in Costume de Majo; Mlle. V. in Costume d'Espada; Matador saluting; In the Garden (Plate VIII); The Railway (Plate x); Ball at the Opera; Boating; Grand Canal, Venice—M. G. VANDERBILT: The Tragic Actor; Rest (Plate VI)—PHILADELPHIA, J. JOHNSON: Combat of the Kearsage and the Alabama—M. WIDENER: Dead Toreador.

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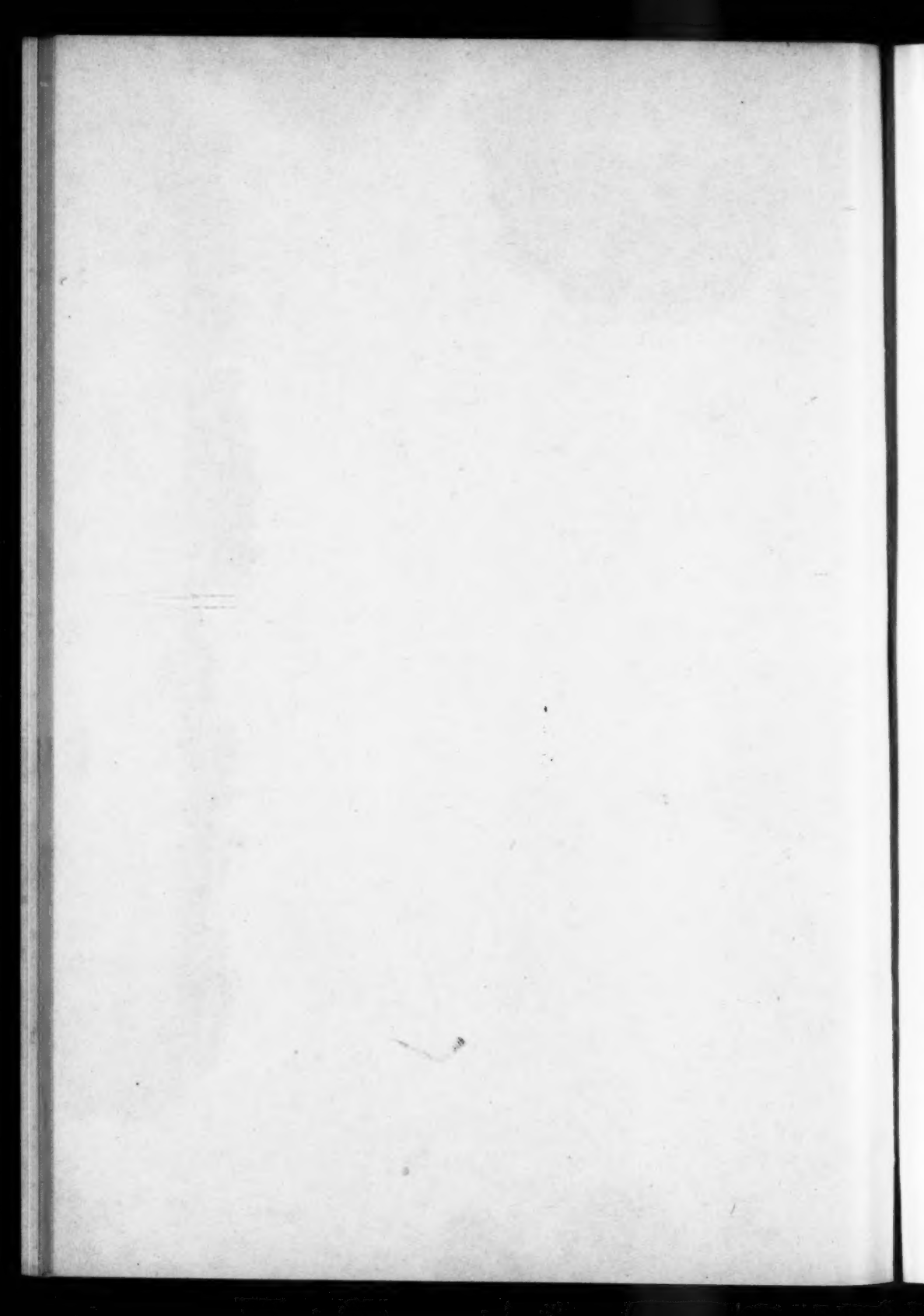
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MASTERS IN ART

**Crivelli**

VENETIAN SCHOOL





SAINT GEORGE

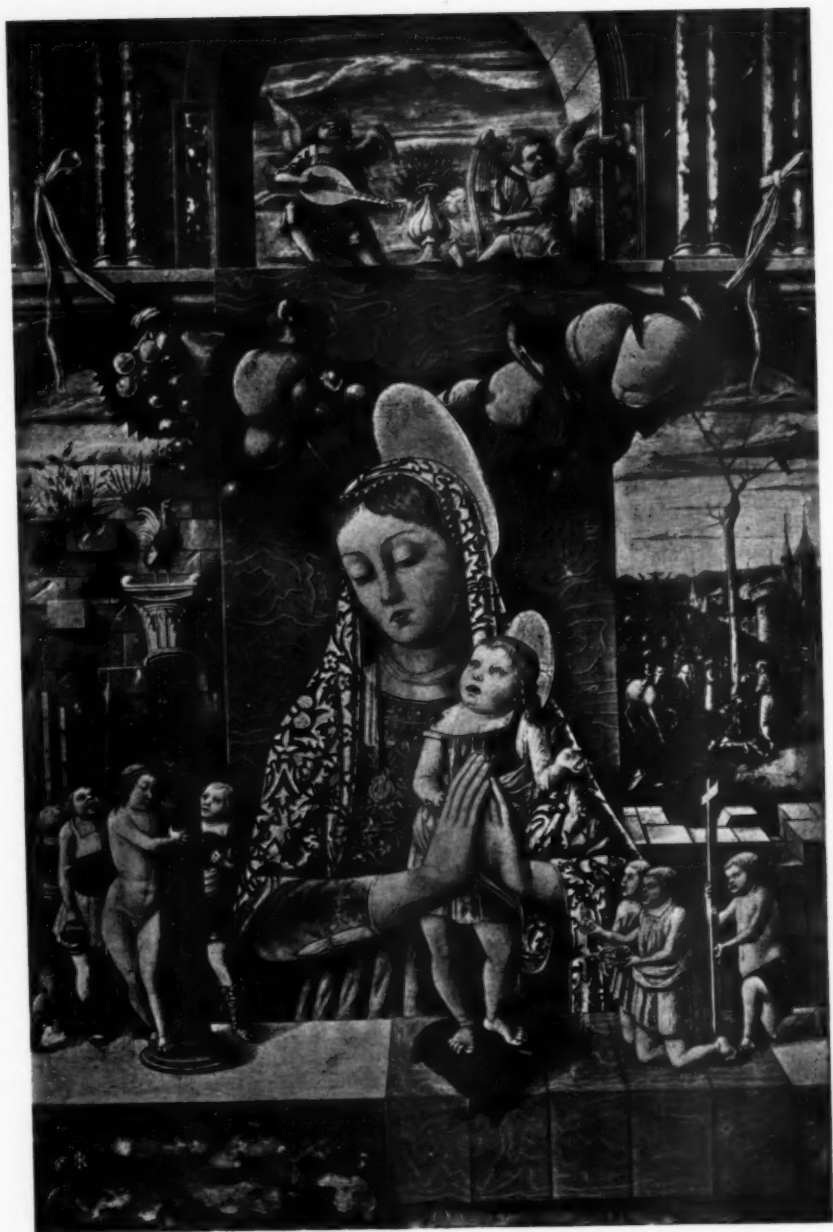
SAINT DOMINIC

PANELS BY CARLO CRIVELLI

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM  
OF ART





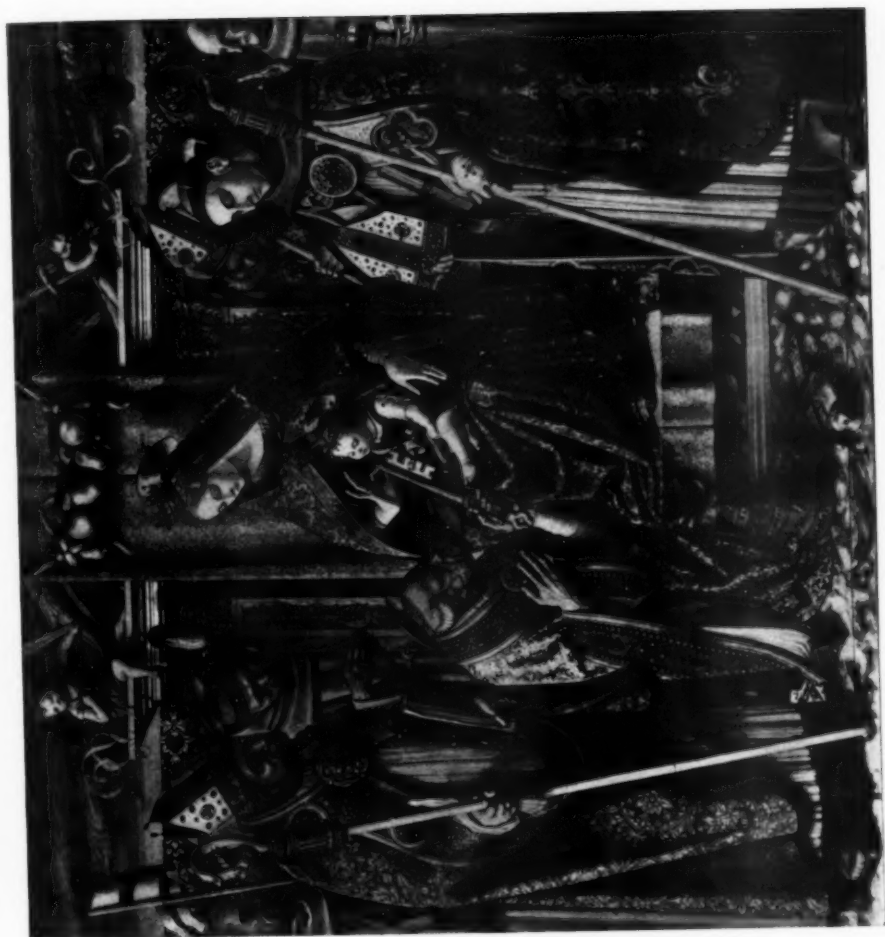






GRIVELLI  
PIETÀ  
LATERAN MUSEUM, ROME

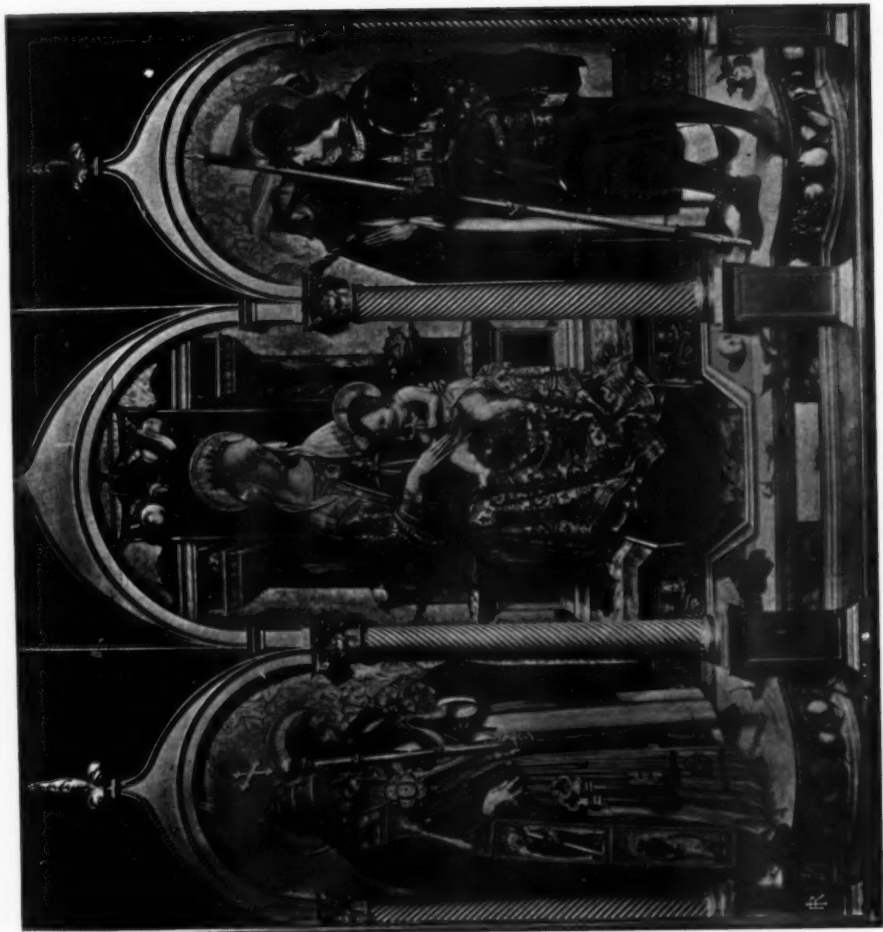




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INFANT CHRIST GIVING THE KEYS TO ST. PETER  
MUSEUM, BERLIN

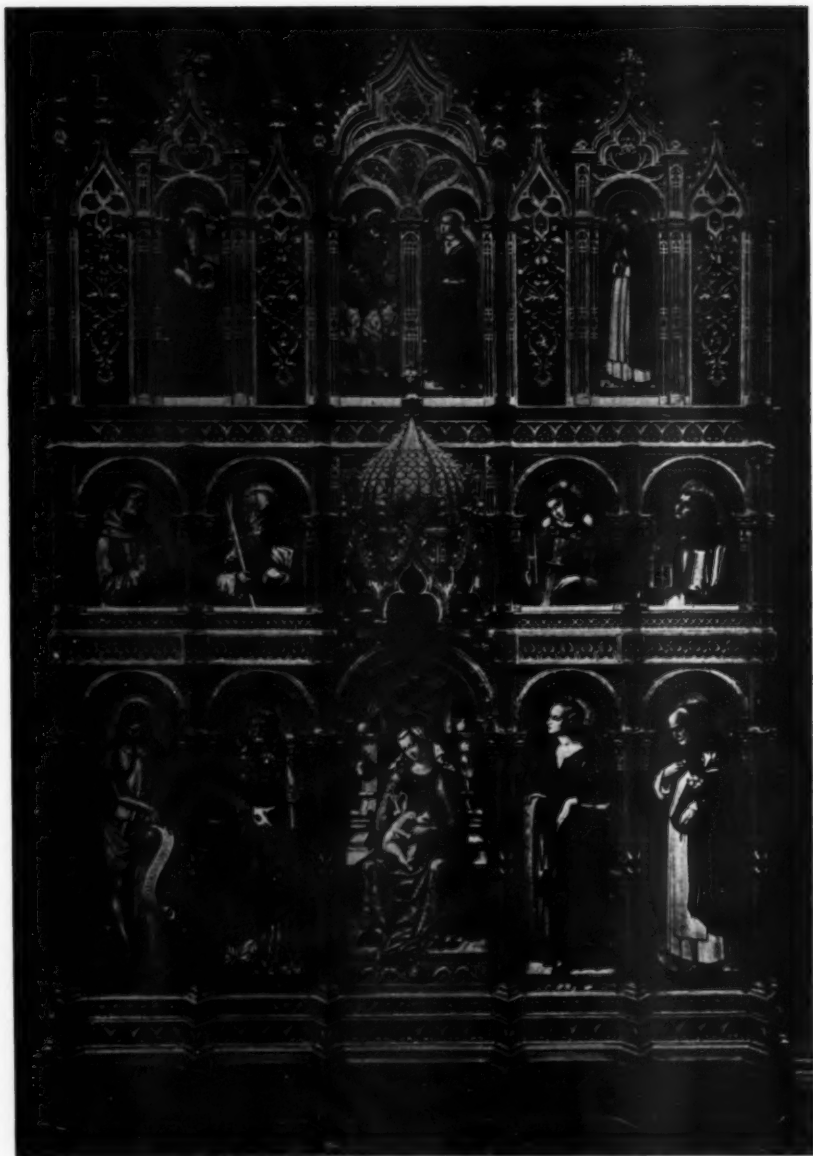




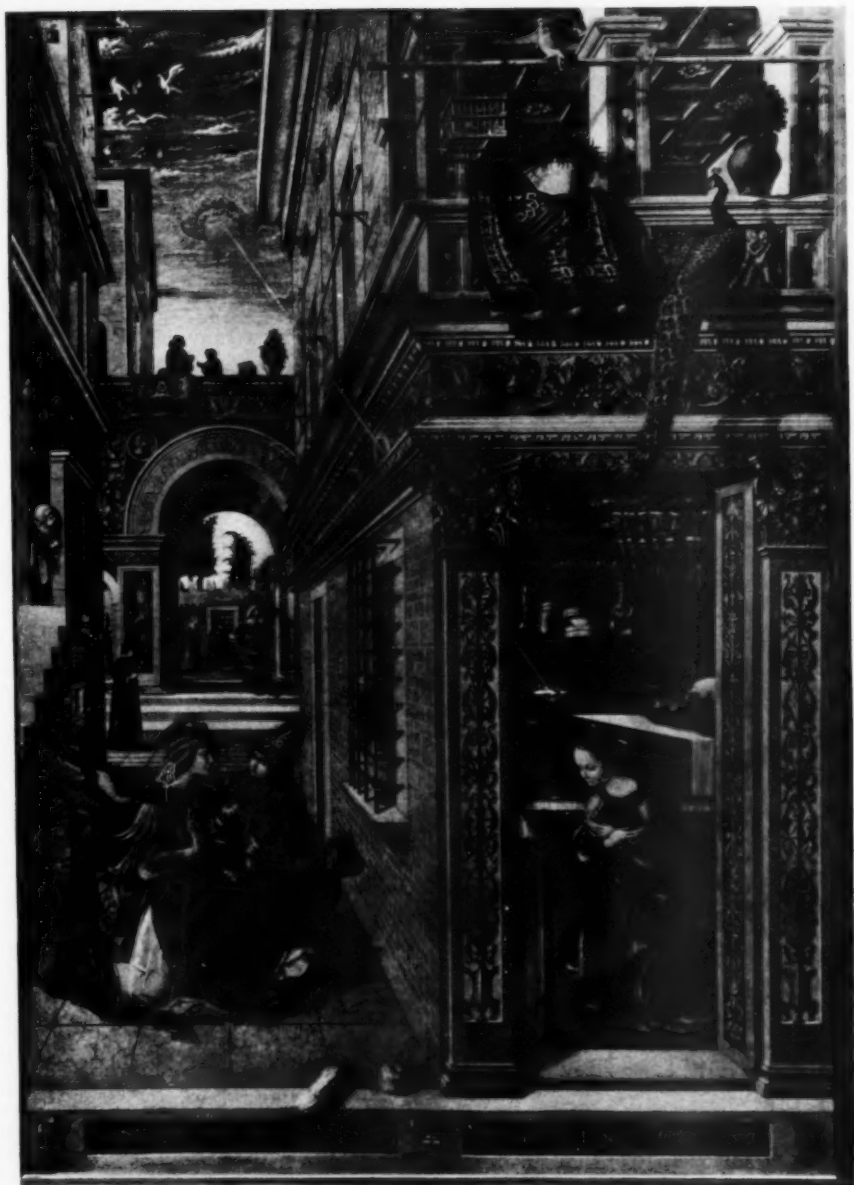


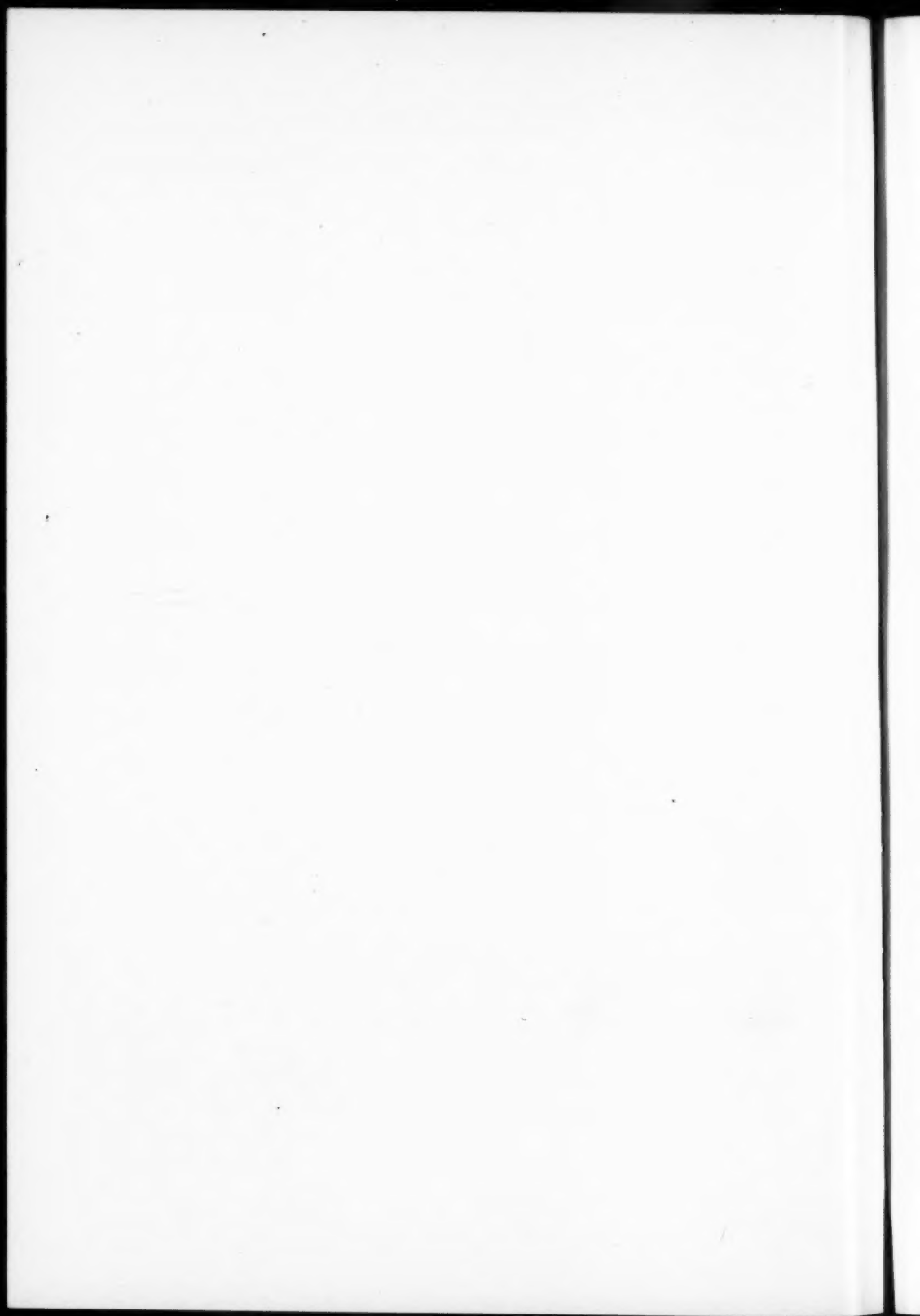
CRIVELLI  
TRIPTYCH: VIRGIN AND CHILD AND FOUR SAINTS  
BREHA, MILAN









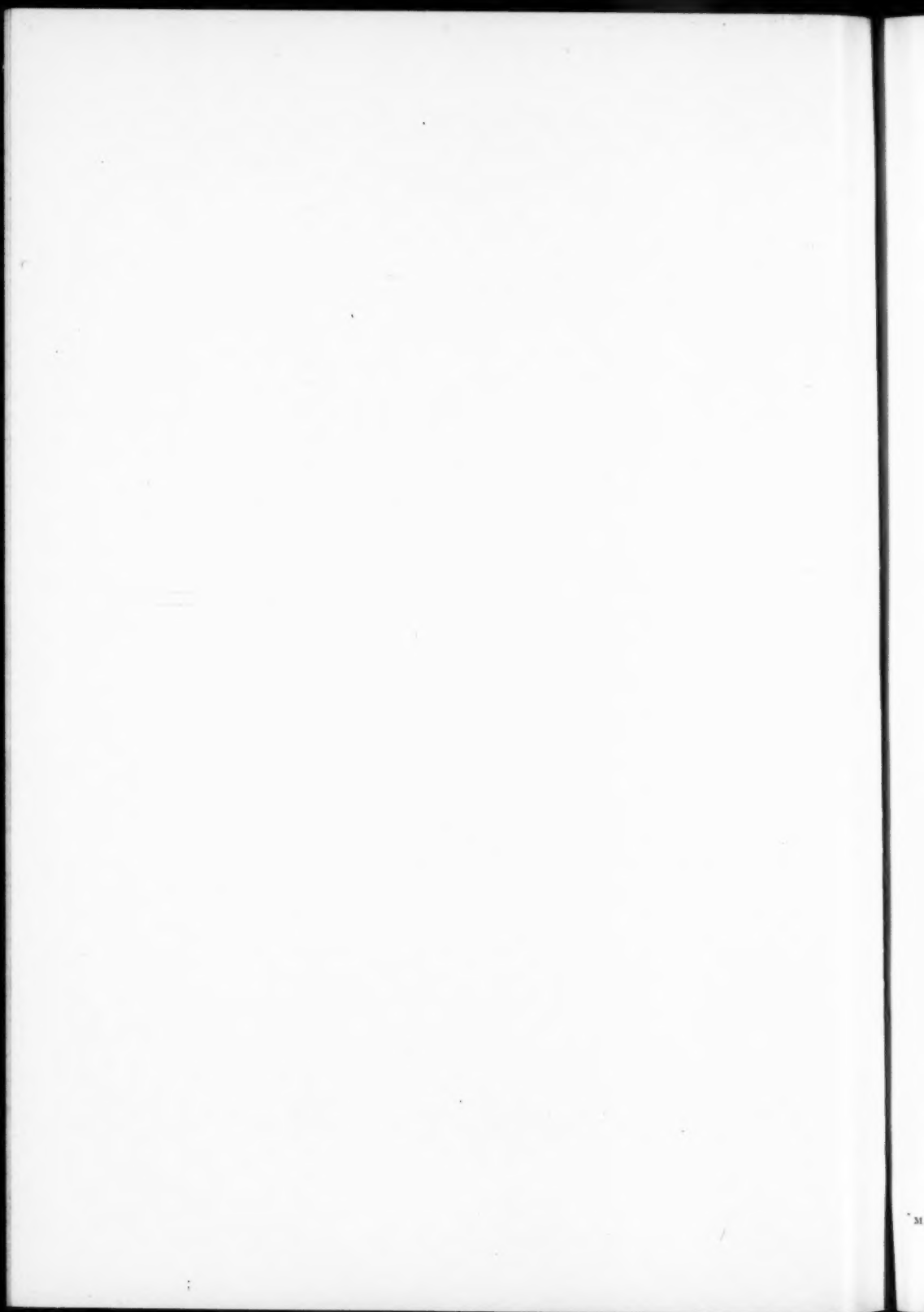




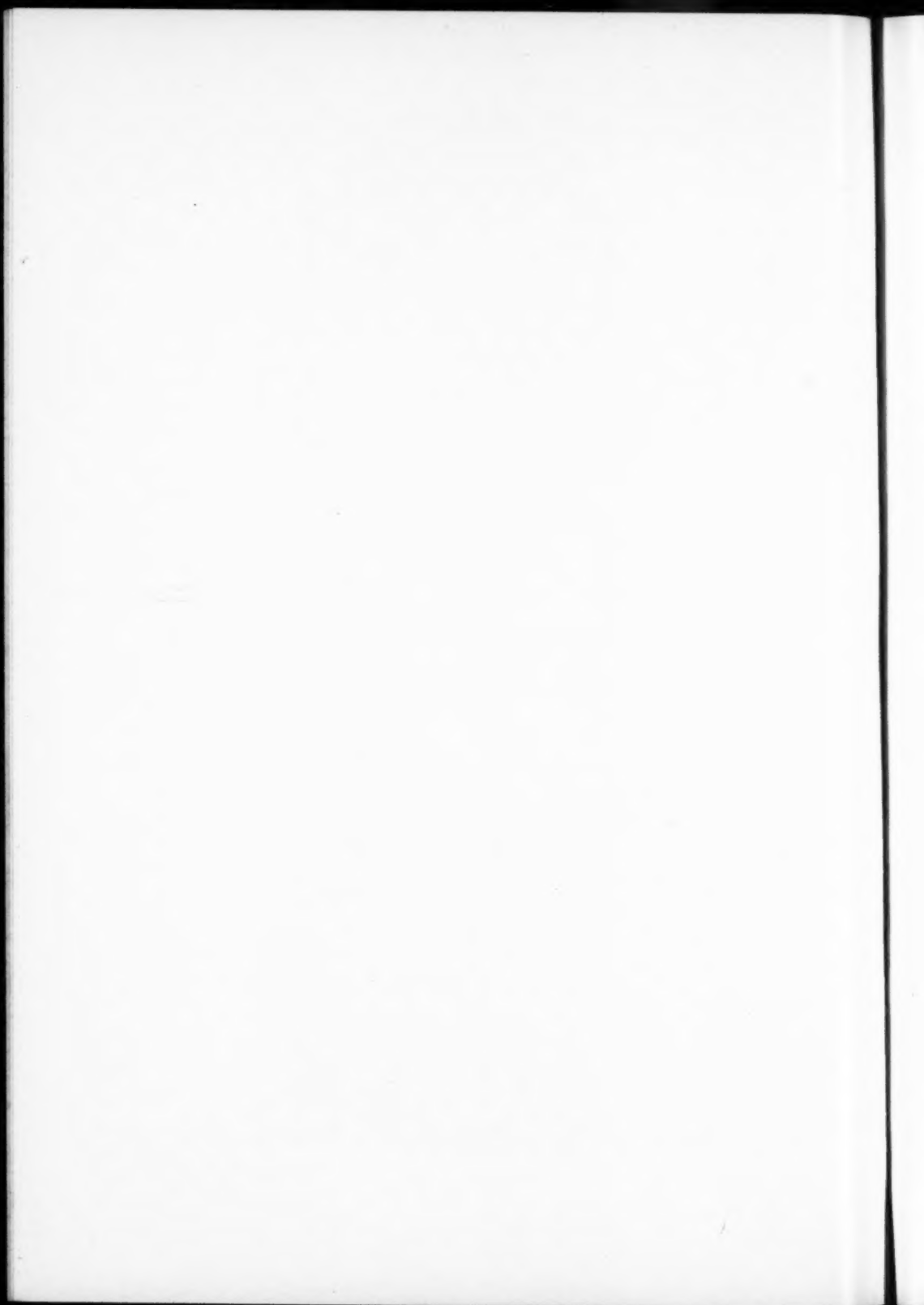






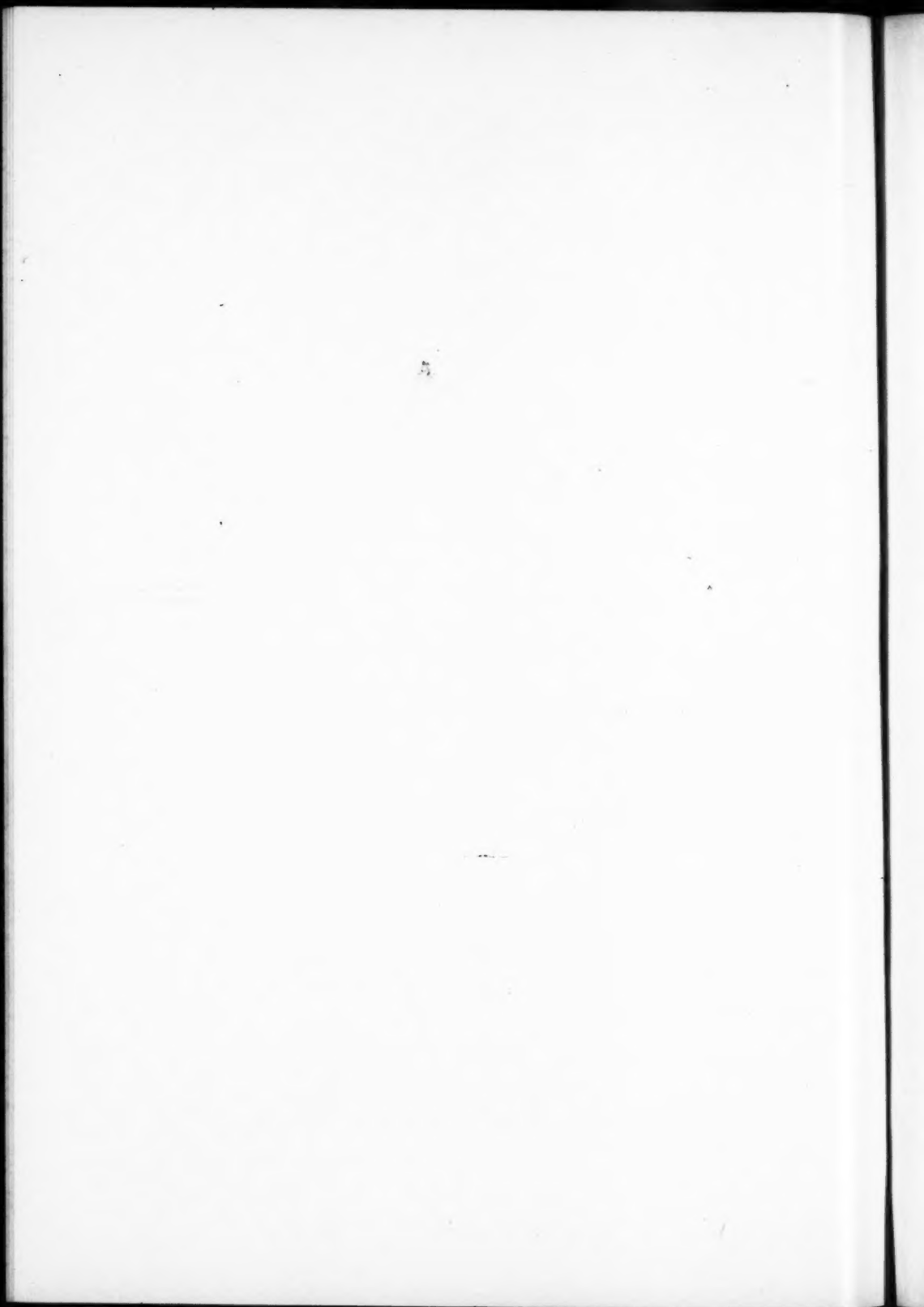












## Carlo Crivelli

BORN 1430-1440(?): DIED AFTER 1493  
VENETIAN SCHOOL

ALMOST nothing is known either through records or tradition of the life of Crivelli, and Vasari does not mention him in his 'Lives.' Therefore all we know about this early master must be gained from internal evidence, through study of the pictures themselves, and their *provenance*, and thus a little mass of information may be gathered concerning Crivelli which is not wholly a matter of conjecture. Fortunately, he always signed his pictures and nearly always dated them. The most significant fact in his signature is that the word 'Venetus' always appears, implying that he came from either Venice or the district around Venice, or at least that his artistic education was due to the Venetians, and that he was proud of the fact and wished to perpetuate it. His earliest dated picture is the altar-piece at Massa Fermana in the Marches, of 1468, and his latest, the 'Coronation of the Virgin' in the Brera Gallery at Milan, which is dated 1493; and as Mr. G. McNeill Rushforth, in his scholarly monograph on Crivelli, points out, this would cover an artistic activity of only twenty-five years. As his earliest works show a fully developed style peculiar to himself, it is safe to infer that his period of apprenticeship, covering the years, perhaps, from 1460-1468, or even earlier, was ended, and that the artist was born about 1440. Thus he would have begun painting at about twenty years of age; Mantegna, his contemporary, was only twenty-one when his early altar-piece, now in the Brera, was painted. On the other hand, Crivelli's latest pictures show great maturity of style but no indication of failing powers, so that we may infer that he was cut off in his prime, and died shortly after 1493.

In judging of Crivelli's masters we must consider first who were the teachers and what the influences prevalent at Venice during the years 1440-1460, and, secondly, to whom the characteristics of Crivelli's style point. Venice, with her trade relations with Constantinople, long was influenced by Byzantine tradition, and the hierarchic style of painting. This tendency may be shown in Crivelli's early predilection for the ancona, the altar-piece in many parts, where the subject of the central panel is generally the Virgin and Child, and the surrounding figures of saints, in full-length and in half-length, are on separate panels, all united by an elaborate architectural frame. Signor

Ridolfi, writing in the seventeenth century, suggests Jacobello del Fiore as Crivelli's master; but a recently edited collection of documents by Professor Osvaldo informs us that the former artist died before 1440. Therefore he could not have been the teacher of Crivelli, though the latter might owe much to the art of Jacobello, as he was a prominent teacher in Venice in his time. But between Jacobello's well-known picture in the Academy of that city, 'Justice between Michael and Gabriel,' and Crivelli's work there is little similarity, excepting in the use of raised gold ornamentation common to the whole Venetian school of that period. Signors Crowe and Cavalcaselle have suggested Giambono as a possible master of Crivelli, but there is even less similarity here.

About this time, however, new life was infused into Venetian art from the neighboring school of Murano. Antonio Vivarini of this school was influenced both by the work of Gentile da Fabriano and Pisanello in the Doge's Palace and by his co-partnership with a German artist, probably from Cologne. This partnership was dissolved later, and in the altar-piece in the Lateran Museum dated 1464, and signed by Antonio Vivarini alone, both in the general form of the ancona and in the half-lengths of the upper tier of saints, we see, in their severity and earnestness, a close similarity to the style of Crivelli.

Contemporaneous with this new movement in Venetian art, a similar awakening was taking place in Padua, due to the famous art school of Squarcione and the coming of Donatello to that city in 1444 to execute the bronze reliefs for the altar of the church of San Antonio. Squarcione had traveled extensively in Greece and Italy, and had for those days a fine collection of sculpture of classic antiquity which his pupils diligently studied. All those young artists who came under these two influences in Padua, the most conspicuous of whom was Mantegna, may be recognized by the plastic character of their work, by the use of elaborate accessories, festoons of fruit and flowers, and sculptured architectural details. These are all characteristic of Crivelli's work, as is witnessed in nearly every picture of his. Mr. Rushforth suggests that this Paduan influence might have come through Bartolomeo Vivarini, Antonio's younger brother, who shows in his work the influence of Squarcione; but this is not a reasonable supposition, as the Paduan influence is shown to be so much stronger in the work of Crivelli than in that of Bartolomeo, pointing to the fact that the former came under the direct influence of the Paduans. Crivelli's pictures can be compared most nearly to those of Gregorio Schiavone, who signs himself "*disipuli Squarcioni*" (pupil of Squarcione). To sum up in a few words, we may say that Crivelli was influenced by the old Byzantine school of painting in Venice; and if not a pupil, he at least came under the direct influence of both Antonio Vivarini of Murano and Squarcione of Padua.

So much for the artistic education of Crivelli. Now we may glean a few facts about his life from the pictures themselves. Although the altar-piece of Massa Fermana bears the earliest date of any picture from his hand, that of 1468, yet the Madonna picture at Verona (plate 1) seems less mature in its

style and closer to Schiavone, and is regarded by all critics as Crivelli's earliest work. The history of this picture can be traced back to the monastery of San Lorenzo in Venice, the only picture of his which can be proved to have come from that city. All his other pictures are to be found either in the small towns of that low land lying along the Adriatic coast of Italy, east of Umbria, and known as the Marches, or have been carried off to the museums of London, Milan, Berlin, and Rome. The next dated picture of Crivelli's of which we have any knowledge is the 'Madonna' at Macerata of 1470, and which states in the signature that it was painted in Fermo. As all the pictures of these early years of his activity, 1468-1473, are for the most part found in a range of small towns lying round about Fermo, it is reasonable to suppose that the artist lived at Fermo during these years, and worked for the monasteries and cities in the north of the Marches. The question arises in one's mind why Crivelli left Venice, the center of so much art interest, to pass the rest of his days in these small towns. It is possible that his birthplace might have been in the Marches, and that after getting his training as an artist in Venice he came back to live here; but Mr. Rushforth thinks the more plausible supposition is that he accompanied Antonio Vivarini to Pausola as an assistant, for in this last-mentioned city there are the remnants of an altar-piece by the older artist, dated 1462. The young Crivelli may have thought it wise to remain in the Marches, where he was without a rival, and the addition of 'Venetus' to his name would have been a great advantage to him in receiving commissions. At least his continued residence here far from other influences had a tremendous effect on his art, which developed along its original lines, and gives us a unique and very individual art.

It is thought that for most of the years between 1473 and 1486 he was a resident at Ascoli, for during this period he painted, in 1473, the great ancona for the cathedral; in 1476, the altar-piece for San Domenico now in the National Gallery (plate v); in 1477, the 'St. Bernard' of the Louvre; and in 1486, 'The Annunciation' (plate vi) of the National Gallery for the Church of the Annunziata. Ascoli was on the borderland of the papal dominions and the Neapolitan kingdom, and a town in which feuds between the papal and the anti-papal party often took place. In 1482 the Pope granted the town municipal autonomy, called "*libertas ecclesiastica*," in return for which the town paid annual tribute and acknowledged the Pope's suzerainty. The granting of this privilege was celebrated on the Feast of the Annunciation, and the town, in 1484, ordered of Petrus Alamanus, Crivelli's pupil, an altar-piece for the chapel of the town hall, the subject to be an Annunciation; and again, in 1486, of Crivelli himself, a picture of the same subject for the Church of the Annunziata (plate vi). On both pictures was inscribed "*Libertas ecclesiastica*," showing that they were painted in commemoration of civic events.

Signor Ricci in the early part of the nineteenth century discovered in the archives of the Vinci family records showing that Crivelli was invited to leave Ascoli for Fermo by Count Ludovico Vinci, taking with him his brother Ridolfo, and for this patron he painted a number of pictures, most important of which was the 'Infant Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter' (plate iii).

Nothing is known about this Ridolfo, but Vittorio Crivelli, a relative and perhaps a brother, is thought to have been with Carlo Crivelli, for two anconas by this Vittorio were long in the possession of the Vinci family, and one bears the date of 1491.

In 1490 the Anti-Papalists obtained possession of Ascoli, and whether because Crivelli allied himself with them or whether because of his artistic gifts, in that same year, in the month of April, he received the title of "miles" (knight) from Ferdinand II of Naples, which henceforth always appeared in his signature. This bit of information was given by one Andreantonelli, a seventeenth-century chronicler, but the document from which he gathered his information seems to be lost to-day. In the 'Virgin and the Child' (plate VIII) of the Brera, there are added to the signature the words, "*equus laureatus*," which Kugler intimates may indicate a further honor conferred upon the artist.

Ascoli again, in 1496, came into Papal power; but it is not probable that Crivelli lived to see this, for, as we have seen, his last dated picture was in 1493. As Mr. Rushforth writes, "Such is the meagre record which, at least for the present, must do duty as a life of Crivelli. We cannot but regret that the facts are not only scanty, but also of so superficial and external a character. Of the man we know nothing; yet, as we look at his pictures and see that firm hand and those mingled types of strength and beauty, we feel that we may have missed a striking and interesting personality."

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## The Art of Crivelli

J. A. CROWE AND G. B. CAVALCASELLE

'A HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTH ITALY'

AS early as 1468 Crivelli found occasion to labor exclusively in the cities of the Marches. He began at Massa, near Fermo, with a vast altarpiece of large pretensions. He then produced several pieces at Ascoli, Camerino, and Fermo, and in the course of twenty-two years there was hardly a town or a village between Potenza and Tronto, in which he did not leave traces of his presence. During the whole of that time, even to the end of his days, he never abandoned the system of tempera in which he had been taught, and he never changed the ground principles of his manner. His hard, metallic types of form, his landscapes, were as consistently maintained as were his primary tints and his ornaments of leaves, of fruit, and of vegetables. His figures were from the first withered and lean; they were frequently lame and unnatural in movement. A bitter ugliness pervaded faces in which melancholy repose was less habitual than grimace, but as age and experience enabled him to progress, he modeled these ill-favored beings into most tragic and impassioned representations, surprising the spectator by the life which he concentrated into their action and expression. He thus attained to a realistic



force which is only second to that of Mantegna. He sometimes tried to be graceful, but rarely succeeded in the attempt; for what to him seemed grace was merely affectation. Of the draftsman's skill he had just the necessary share, and he gave no absolute perfection to any part of the human frame, whether it were the jointing, which occasionally lacks the power of articulation; the hand, which is thin and pointed; the foot, which is flat and clumsy; or the drapery, which is stiff, cutting, and broken. But, as a tempera painter, he is admittedly a master of great energy. His medium, which was always liquid and pure, was of such a durable substance that, when brought up by varnish to a warm brown tone, it never altered, and there is no artist of the century whose panels have more surely resisted the ravages of time. The monotony which is usual to him is due to the habit of hatching with lines in the manner of an engraver; but as he advanced, the flatness and absence of contrasts in light and shade were frequently corrected; and there are some pieces in which a fair relief is produced. As he clung to old technical modes of execution, so he held without flinching to the system of embossed ornament. In this he was Venetian, just as in his fondness for antiquated masks and accidental minutæ in stones and backgrounds he was Paduan. On the whole a striking, original genius; unpleasant and now and then grotesque, but never without strength, and always in earnest.

COSMO MONKHOUSE

'IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY'

CARLO CRIVELLI is another Venetian artist of whom we know little but what can be gathered from pictures. . . . In the first place, he is unique as a colorist. He belongs, indeed, to the old mosaic and illumination school of color, not to the school of great "schemes," in which the masses are blent into one great harmony. The masses or patches of color are isolated, and produce a pleasant variegation, without fusion. His color is thin also, as of a superficial tinting, not affecting the substance. His flesh is hard and opaque, his flowers leathery, his fruit, though finely drawn and beautifully colored, of a stony texture, and his draperies everything but soft. It is only in hard, smooth things, like pottery and glass, as in 'The Madonna in Ecstasy,' or of brick and marble, as in 'The Annunciation,' that you get the true consistency as well as the true color. Yet his color is exquisite of its kind, brilliant and transparent like enamel, and the different tints in themselves are lovely and varied. Such reds and greens, and lilacs and salmon-pinks, and a hundred other combinations of the primaries, are scarcely to be matched in the work of any other artist. Nor has any one been more skilful in the use of gold in connection with color. Like Antonio Vivarini and Pisanello, he used it in relief, even decorating it with real stones, as we see in the keys, the mitre, and the orphreys of St. Peter, and the ornaments of St. Catherine. This was a remnant of Byzantine practice, and in unskilful hands has an unreal effect; but Crivelli's modeling was so forcible and his color so carefully adapted that the passage from paint to relief is scarcely perceptible.

There is scarcely need to call attention to Crivelli's special gift as a designer

of decoration. Almost every square inch of his canvas attests the inexhaustible richness of his invention — an invention fed, no doubt, from the rich products of Oriental looms, of which Venice was the emporium. The patterns of his stuffs and dresses in the eight pictures in the National Gallery are almost enough to set up a modern designer for life; and his sculptural ornaments and reliefs are extraordinary for elegance, spirit, and audacity. . . .

Crivelli wrought only for the Church, and appears to have spent most of his life at Ascoli; but neither restriction of subject and feeling, nor provincial residence, could fetter his genius. There is, indeed, no artist of more striking individuality than Carlo Crivelli, no one who had more complete mastery over his means of expression, or attained more nearly to his ideal. This ideal was not the "beau-ideal" of later art — that is to say, the perfection of physical beauty — it was an ideal of character, the embodiment of the essential qualities of his subject. When beauty was essential, as in the Virgin Mary, or the royal martyr, St. Catherine of Alexandria, it was sought, but only as one out of many attributes. When not essential, as in St. John Baptist or St. Peter, the artist's whole imagination was devoted to the creation of a form which should be the exact expression of the spirit within. In this aim he was not, indeed, original, but he achieved it with singular fervor and completeness. In some of his conceptions, as, for instance, in those of St. John Baptist and St. Catherine, his imagination indulges in the extravagant and touches the grotesque. A refined fantasticism characterizes his work generally, but it is always not only refined but coherent. It may be said that St. Catherine's fingers are preternaturally long, her demeanor affected, her expression a grimace; but if we say this, we must also say that the whole figure, hands and all, is a complete and most dainty conception, and that there is not a degraded line or a vulgar touch throughout. . . .

One cannot help regarding Crivelli as a man of knowledge and intellect, of charming manners, refined almost to fastidiousness, delighting in all things dainty and beautiful, a lover of animals and of his kind. . . .

There are, of course, greater painters and greater men on the roll of artists, but few who have more marked and more varied gifts; many who impress more, but few who amuse so much; many of wider range, but few so complete in themselves.

RICHARD MUTHER

'THE HISTORY OF PAINTING'

CARLO CRIVELLI does not appear to belong to the fourteenth century at all, but to the pre-Giottoesque period of Cimabue. In Huysman's *À rebours* there is a passage describing how Des Esseintes had the shell of a tortoise varnished with a gold glaze and set with rare and precious stones — after which he placed it upon an oriental carpet and rejoiced in the glittering color-effect. Carlo Crivelli's paintings resemble this gilded tortoise: in their sparkling metallic splendor and icy reptilian coldness, they have at the same time an offensive and delicate, a revolting and attractive, effect. Like the mosaicists of the middle age, he could not conceive a painting without rich and glittering ornaments, applied (especially in the case of keys and crowns) in the heavy style of a relief. Like them, his eyes were entranced with the sheen

of fabrics, the sparkle of precious stones, and an amazing wealth of ornament adorns the frames. But he was not satisfied with keeping Grecian stoles, mass-vestments of gold fabric, and brocaded choir mantles, and setting the crosiers of his saints with transparent pearls of a glassy, piercing splendor. Even where ornaments do not belong, upon the sarcophagus of Christ, for example, emeralds, rubies, topazes, and gleaming amethysts sparkle, here a bluish-red, there sea-green in their chilling splendor. He loved the glittering products of the goldsmith's art, the magic of slender goblets and pyxes; monstrances of gilded copper in the Byzantine style; precious altar tables with engraved ornaments, and old quarto volumes clasped in silver. Even the gay plumage of birds must assist to heighten the splendor of his paintings, especially of peacocks, with tails gleaming in gold, green, blue, and silver.

Quite as medieval as this barbaric splendor of color is the effect of his archaic drawing. The position of his Madonnas is as rigid as those of Cimabue; the color of their faces is pale and corpse-like; their emaciated arms are bare to the elbow, and small and withered hands stretch out from their sleeves. Although in other altar-pieces of the day the donors are depicted equal in size to the saints and kneel in the midst of the chief painting, Crivelli reverted to the medieval custom of introducing them as pygmies quite outside of the composition.

Alongside of these Byzantine traits are Paduan and Umbrian tendencies. In the sweetness which he sometimes imparts to his Madonnas, he reminds us of Gentile da Fabriano; he comes in contact with the mystics of the *trecento* when he distinguishes the Christ-Child as a fisher of men by placing a hook in his hand. Even a Netherlandish trait is thought to be observed in his manner of grouping pots and candlesticks, plates and glasses, carpets and cushions, bottles and vases, as still life. His severe types of children and careworn old women are quite Paduan, reminding us of Schiavone and Zoppo; as are also the heavy garlands hanging over the rich marble throne, and the large peaches and stiff flowers scattered upon the ground. Quite Paduan is the pathos which pervades his presentation of the *Pietà*. Howling Megæras prostrate themselves over the corpse, a half-decayed, mouldering body, the skin of which hangs like leather from the ribs; great tear-drops run down the cheeks of the angels, and a convulsive pain distorts the figures and the features of the Redeemer.

Only in his refinement of color, in the subtle manner in which he takes up ancient notes and combines them to new chords, and in the tortuous daintiness with which his women stretch out their nervous hands and crook their spider-like fingers, can we recognize the artist of the *quattrocento*, for whom this archaic style is not natural, but an artificial one chosen with conscious epicureanism.

G. MCNEILL RUSHFORTH

'CARLO CRIVELLI'

THE most important and striking aspect of a painter is, as a rule, his system of arrangement and composition. Crivelli painted but few subject pieces; most of his work is in the form of ancona panels, where each saint appears in a separate architectural framework. The development and perfection

of these isolated figures may be said to have been Crivelli's principal aim during his artistic career, and the form in which he achieved greatest success. It is only rarely that his attempts to express strong emotion move us, as in the case of the versions of the 'Pietà,' belonging to Mr. Crawshaw, and to the Vatican Picture Gallery. More commonly they are rather suggestive of the effort after that which was perhaps beyond his reach. But when dealing with single figures confined to separate panels he was not exposed to this temptation, and all his best qualities have full scope. Calm dignity, strength of character, gentleness and grace, can all be treated by him with perfect success apart from the disturbing elements of emotion and action. Masterpieces of this kind are the saints of the lower tier of the great ancona in the National Gallery (plate III) and the 'St. Emidius,' at Ascoli. . . .

In the use of accessories Crivelli shows a marked tendency as time goes on to increase their splendor and elaboration. His pictures in this sense become more and more purely decorative. Landscape backgrounds occur more frequently in the earlier than in the later part of the list of his works. We are not speaking of the rare cases in which Crivelli depicted an event in the open air, such as the 'Vision of Gabriele Ferretti' (National Gallery), or the 'Crucifixion' of the Brera. These are necessarily placed in a landscape. But among the formal compositions which have the Virgin for their central figure, perhaps the latest, with a landscape background, is the 'Madonna' at South Kensington. In the later works we get a plain or patterned gold surface, or else elaborate architectural and textile backgrounds. . . .

A very few words must suffice for the treatment of Crivelli's technique. About the methods of the old masters we have so little information that we cannot do more than consider the results which we possess in their pictures. In the case of Crivelli, the inferences are fairly obvious. From the beginning to the end of his career he always painted in tempera, to which, as Crowe and Cavalcaselle remark, he "clings with a desperate fondness at a time when all painters were trying oils." But he used it with a perfection which has never been surpassed. Without any marked tendency towards flatness, he has no strong contrasts of light and shade; and his effects, especially in drapery, are mainly produced by the juxtaposition of elaborate patterns with broad surfaces of color relieved by simple hatching. The use of gold, either applied to a flat surface or in the form of raised ornaments, need be only alluded to. Out of these materials Crivelli built up his pictures with patient and painful care. He was never careless. We cannot think of a picture of his which could be described as hurried or superficial. The result is that his clear tones and enamel like surfaces remain to-day as perfect, save for accidental abrasures, as when they left his hands.

With such slow and painstaking methods, it was not to be expected that Crivelli would be a prolific painter. We may think that the number of his pictures is very small, and yet we could hardly expect more. For the twenty-five years which approximately represent his life as a painter, we possess rather more than fifty pictures. Let us suppose that half as many more have perished or otherwise disappeared. That would give us a production of just

three works a year, and when we think of the labor and care to which every panel in existence testifies, the estimate is not unreasonable.

Quite in harmony with this conception of him as a worker is the fact that few if any of his pictures bear traces of the handiwork of assistants. In quality they are astonishingly uniform. Orders, no doubt, came in plentifully as soon as his reputation was established, but apparently he only undertook those which he could carry out with his own hands. The rest were assigned to Vittorio and Petrus Alamanus. We have been saved from much confusion in consequence.

Finally, we must say a word about Crivelli's rank as an artist. When our attention is concentrated on a single painter there is a danger, especially in the case of one like Crivelli, whose isolation makes comparisons difficult, that our judgment on him may be too partial, and therefore we should be unwilling to say anything which might appear exaggerated or paradoxical. Crivelli had certain obvious limitations, existing partly in his circumstances, partly, too, we may believe, in himself. Those limitations do not depend on archaism simply. By an archaic style we generally mean the style of a school or of a painter at an early stage of its historical development, and this only indirectly affects the greatness of a particular artist. A great artist may appear archaic as compared with the future progress of his art, but as compared with his contemporaries he is in advance of his time. The relatively elementary resources which were at the disposal of Giotto do not obscure the fact that he was one of the greatest artists, not only of his own, but of any age. But it is quite a different matter when archaism is the result of a deliberate conservatism, when it falls behind the times, and, as we might say, becomes conscious instead of being the simple and natural form of expression. It is inconceivable that an artist of the very first rank should be a reactionary, and it cannot be denied that, in this sense, Crivelli is a reactionary. It may be true, as we have pointed out, that local circumstances were partly responsible for his remaining so little affected by the art-movements of his time. But not less, perhaps, was due to his own character. As we have insisted more than once, the vocation which he chose, or which was imposed upon him, was that of bringing the old Venetian art to all the perfection of which it was capable. In that he showed himself great. The scope was limited — the treatment of the isolated figure from a point of view, at once ideal and decorative. And in his methods — the use of gold, and the medium of tempera — he was equally loyal to the old traditions, because, no doubt, he felt that they were the best adapted to his purpose. But given those ideals, and given those methods, we can only say, with his greatest works before us, that performance could no farther go. He sums up all the resources of Byzantine practice. The ornamental possibilities of the mosaics, the use of gems and of the precious metals, the feeling for beautiful surfaces, all receive in him the highest employment that can be given them in painting.



## The Works of Crivelli

### DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

#### 'VIRGIN AND CHILD' (VERONA)

#### PLATE I

**T**HIS picture, though signed on the front of the parapet 'Opus Karoli Crivelli Veneti,' is not dated, but is thought to antedate the ancona at Massa Fermana, the work of 1468. Painted originally for the convent of San Lorenzo at Venice, after passing through two private collections, it came into the possession of the municipal museum of Verona.

Mr. Rushforth writes of it: "While nearly all his works testify more or less directly to his derivation from the Vivarini, this one, above all others, demonstrates his connection with the school of Padua. The setting of the picture and the accessories would by themselves be sufficient to prove this. It was in the school of Squarcione that architectural structures of colored marbles forming a framework or background for the figures originated. The realistic treatment of the ruined wall on the left, as well as the festoon of fruit, suggest the same influences. But there is another point of view. It is in the child-types, with their curious pinched-up features, that the connection is most apparent. The picture, and especially its principal figure, the Virgin, is already thoroughly Crivellian. We note, too, the hanging of watered silk, and the brocaded mantle covering the head. The expression of the Virgin's face has been considerably affected by the alteration in the arrangement of the hair. Except for this, it contains the germ of the Crivellian type; only the features are broader and less refined, just as in the hands the anatomical structure is not insisted upon and the fingers have not yet obtained that slender tapering form which became so characteristic with him. It was a curious fancy to represent the actors in the 'Flagellation' scene on the left as children. The figure grasping the column is a reduced copy of the Infant Jesus standing in front of the Virgin."

The picture is in a good state of preservation. We notice behind the Madonna a strip of watered silk, pale red in color, that over the parapet being now a pale gray, though it may once have corresponded in color. The mantle over the Virgin's head is of magnificent red-and-gold brocade. This is an instance in which the artist used the landscape background. In the far distance is a Crucifixion, while nearer the foreground is St. Peter, cutting off the ear of one of the soldiers, and the tree with bare branches is reminiscent of Squarcione, while the little bulfinches resting on the garland of fruit over the Virgin's head give a charming naturalistic touch. The Virgin is standing, supporting the Child as he stands on a cushion on the parapet, while in all later pictures she is either seated or enthroned.

#### 'PIETÀ'

#### PLATE II

**T**HE subject of the Pietà was the usual one for the center of the upper row of panels in an ancona, and Crivelli followed accustomed usage in all those anconas that have come down to us intact. Certain pietàs by his hand,



as the one in Mr. Crawshay's collection, by their shape bear witness to the fact of having once formed part of a now dismembered ancona; but this panel in the Museum of the Vatican was doubtless a separate and independent picture, for the *Pietà* was a favorite subject with Crivelli in his later years. Of a group consisting of the one in Mr. Crawshay's collection in London, one in the Panciatichi-Ximenes Collection, now in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, the one in the Brera now placed above the picture of the 'Coronation' by Crivelli, this of the Vatican is thought to be the most decorative, though perhaps not so intensely dramatic in feeling as the others. The dead body of Christ is resting on a transverse board laid across the tomb, covered with red-and-gold brocade, supported on the one hand by the Madonna and the Magdalen, on the other by St. John, the two latter with their mouths open howling in their grief. The background is unique with Crivelli. It is deep blue in color, with horizontal layers of clouds and filled with winged cherubs' heads, touched with gold, doubtless intended to be represented as floating in air, but packed so closely as to represent rather a background of burnished bronze. On the edge of the tomb near the Magdalen stands a metal box of ointment, and near the St. John, by way of balance, is a lighted candle. Again the soft deep reds and greens are repeated in the marbles of the tomb.

Opinions seem to vary as to the expression of emotion in the figures. Crowe and Cavalcaselle write: "This is a low-toned, carefully drawn piece, with some of the spirit of Alunno in it; very dramatic, especially in the crying St. John; hatched up to a good chiaroscuro in the dark passages." Woltmann and Woermann write that Crivelli is "a master of expression, as for instance in the '*Pietà*' in the National Gallery and another in the Vatican. In both, the grotesqueness of the faces borders on caricature, but they are full of dramatic power, and the expression of vehement and passionate grief is most remarkable." While Mr. Rushforth says: "Of the attendant figures, the most successful expression is that of the Virgin, with her mingled look of speechless sorrow and affection. The Magdalen and St. John, with open mouths and contorted features expressive of their unrestrained outburst of grief, are neither so unaffected nor so impressive. Sometimes the pathetic and the grotesque are separated only by a narrow interval, and in this case Crivelli in his searching after expression has gone near to confusing them."

This picture measures about three and a half feet high by six and a half long and is signed on the cornice of the tomb, and although not dated, is thought in its style to belong to the year 1485.

'INFANT CHRIST GIVING THE KEYS TO ST. PETER'

PLATE III

HERE we see Crivelli in the full maturity of his powers. We see the further progress he has made in composition, grouping the enthroned Madonna and Child, St. Peter, and six other saints in one large panel, instead of in several compartments. The Madonna, crowned again, as in all his later pictures, enveloped in a magnificent brocaded mantle, rather affectedly fingers the large key which the Christ-Child hands to St. Peter, who kneels at the foot of the throne, his triple crown and pallium on the ground, beside which

Crivelli has naïvely placed an apple. On the right is St. Louis of Toulouse, holding in his hands his bishop's staff, mitre, and book, his identity recognizable by the pattern of great golden fleur-de-lis embroidered upon his green cope; behind him nearest the throne are a bearded bishop, St. Augustine, or according to the catalogue of the Royal Museum in Berlin, St. Bonaventura, and a Franciscan friar holding a crystal chalice containing the Sacred Blood, which must be St. Bernard, as he points with his forefinger to the monogram of Christ above in the heavens, though the Berlin catalogue calls him San Giacomo della Marca. To the left, corresponding to St. Louis, stands another bishop, as Mr. Rushforth thinks, a local saint, perhaps St. Alexander — the Berlin catalogue again calls St. Emidius patron of Ascoli — and behind him two more Franciscans, St. Francis nearest the throne and another with red-and-white banner, probably San Giovanni di Capistrano, who preached a crusade against the Turks and died about thirty years before this picture was painted. Behind the Madonna hangs a strip of rich brocaded stuff, and instead of a gold background we have drawn behind the elaborate architectural throne and the assembled saints another magnificent embroidered curtain, with the blue sky above flecked with clouds, and two little angels seated on the ends of the pediment of the throne playing with the ribbons which support the festoon of fruit above the Virgin's head.

Crowe and Cavalcaselle write of this picture that it "is one of the panels in which Crivelli combines delicacy with severity, and most cleverly balances the movements of his figures." Mr. Rushforth writes: "First and in some ways the finest of the series (the third and latest period in Crivelli's life) comes the great picture at Berlin which was lost to this country at the Dudley sale. Originally at Fermo, and with no mention of the knightly dignity in the signature, we may safely assign it to the period 1487-90. The subject is the Infant Christ giving the keys to St. Peter in the midst of an assemblage of local and Franciscan saints. The types of the Virgin in these later pictures do not possess the charm of the earlier ones. The features are more mature and commonplace, and the one before us is no exception. The Child, on the other hand, shows us Crivelli at his best, exquisitely natural and graceful. St. Peter has not the rugged force of the old model with which we have become familiar. Of the other saints, Louis and Bernardino follow the lines of the well-known portraits, while we get a new and very characteristic type in the Bishop, who is prominent on the left — probably St. Alexander, one of the patrons of Fermo. The composition is simple and satisfactory, in so far as the space is well filled, yet free from monotony. But the two saints, peeping as it were round the corners of the throne, are hardly a successful or dignified idea. As a whole, the picture depends for its effect on the interest of the heads, and on the decorative effect of the magnificent fabrics in which the chief saints are vested. Nothing could surpass the execution of this superb picture."

Painted in 1487 by the order of Vincenzo Paccaroni for the church of the Minori Osservanti brothers at Fermo, it is now one of the treasures of the Royal Museum of Berlin and measures over six feet square.

IN this triptych Crivelli has progressed in his composition beyond the primitive form of the ancona. The Virgin and Child as usual occupy the central panel of the triptych; St. Peter and St. Dominic are naturally grouped together in the wing on the right of the Virgin, instead of being placed in separate panels; St. Gimignano and St. Peter Martyr, on the right. The charming Virgin, crowned and seated on an elaborate marble throne with a red hanging festooned with fruit behind her, wears a rich mantle of blue embroidered with gold. The Child, who grasps a little bird around its body in true childish fashion, also wears a blue dress. St. Peter is in full pontifical robes and triple crown, holding crosier, book and keys in raised gilt, to the use of which M. Charles Blanc vigorously objects as being in 'barbaric taste,' though not so to most of the critics. As this was painted for the Church of San Domenico in Camerino, it naturally contained two of the most important Dominican saints in their black-and-white robes: St. Dominic, his hands folded in prayer, with his usual lily and book; St. Peter Martyr in a similar attitude, with sword in his breast and knife in his head, the signs of his martyrdom and by which he can always be distinguished. Opposite St. Peter is San Gimignano, patron saint of Modena, clothed in red and blue and carrying the model of the Cathedral of Modena in one hand and a red-and-white banner in the other.

Of this picture Crowe and Cavalcaselle write: "An immediate contrast to the 'Madonna and Child,' Latetan (plate ix), is afforded by the fine altarpiece of the Brera, also commissioned in 1482 for San Domenico of Camerino. But here the Umbrian delicacy of the Virgin and the tenderness of the Child are more nearly related to nature than in earlier productions, whilst the standing saints in couples at the sides are depicted with varied shades of thought and expression, with a full share of characteristic energy and propriety of action. It is perhaps here that Crivelli most nearly succeeded in accurate as well as careful drawing, and in glowing golden tone; we are nowhere more forcibly struck by the ability of an artist who clings to tempera with a desperate fondness at a time when all painters were trying oils, and who in a remote corner of the March of Ancona perfected his method with almost as much success as Filippo Lippi or Angelico half a century before. But these are not the sole qualities revealed in Crivelli by the works of 1482. We must concede to him a perfectly judicious feeling as regards the correct placing of his saints in their relation to each other."

And Mr. Rushforth writes: "Crivelli never did anything better than this. All his capacities for strong drawing, the grouping and attitude of his figures, the expression of dignity and grace, and general decorative effect are here seen at their highest. And for the first time we get the figures not isolated in their separate panels, but united in a single composition in which each takes its proper place. If this was Crivelli's first experiment in that direction, it was perhaps the most successful. Even taken individually, the figures, in power of expression, show an advance on the picture of 1476.

"It is seldom that he reaches the calm dignity expressed in the St. Gimignano, hardly ever again the intensity of unaffected devotion displayed by St.

Peter Martyr. This is the high-water mark of Crivelli's powers as an artist. He never quite rose to it again."

The triptych is of large dimensions, measuring more than seven feet in height and breadth, and is signed and dated 1482. It was removed to the Brera in 1811, where it has since remained.

'ALTAR-PIECE'

PLATE V

THIS magnificent ancona in thirteen compartments, as we see it now, is not as it originally stood as an altar-piece of the Church of San Domenico at Ascoli. Then it boasted only the lower and middle tiers; the upper, though by Crivelli and in keeping, is thought to have been added when in the possession of Cardinal Zelada. In 1790 the altar-piece was still in its original position, but during the last century it passed through various hands. In 1850 it became a part of the Demidoff Collection; then went to Paris, where it was bought for the National Gallery in 1868. We have in the centre of the lower tier one of Crivelli's most charming conceptions of the Virgin, who, crowned and enthroned on a marble seat, lifts a veil from the sleeping Child in her lap. Behind her hangs the pale red watered silk, common to Crivelli's earlier works, and her mantle is of pink-and-gold brocade worn over a blue dress.

Elizabeth L. Cary writes of it: "The Madonna and Child Enthroned, surrounded by Saints," is the most elaborate and pretentious of the National Gallery compositions, but fails as a whole to give that impression of moral and physical energy, of intense feeling expressed with serene art, which renders the 'Annunciation' both impressive and ingratiating. The lower central compartment is, however, instinct with grace and tenderness. The Virgin, mild-faced and melancholy, is seated on a marble throne. The Child, held on her arm, droops his head, heavy with sleep, upon her hand in a babyish and appealing attitude curiously opposed to the dignity of the Child in Mantegna's group which hangs on the opposite wall. At the right and left of the Virgin are St. Peter and St. John, St. Catherine of Alexandria, and St. Dominic, whole-length figures strongly individualized and differentiated. St. John in particular reveals, in the beauty of feature, and expression, Crivelli's power to portray subtleties and refinements of character without sacrificing the sumptuous taste for accessories and ornament. The Saint, wearing his traditional sheepskin and bearing his cross and scroll, bends his head in meditation. His brows are knit; his features, ascetic in mold, and careworn, are eloquent of serious thought and moral conviction. By the side of St. Peter, resplendent in pontifical robes and enriched with jewels, he wears the look of a young devout novice, not yet so familiar with sanctity as to carry it with ease. The St. Dominic, with book and lily, in type resembles the figure in the Metropolitan, but the face is painted with greater skill and has more vigor of expression. Above this lower stage of the altar-piece are four half-length figures of St. Francis, St. Andrew the Apostle, St. Stephen, and St. Thomas Aquinas; and over these again are four pictures showing the Archangel Michael trampling on the Dragon, St. Lucy the Martyr, St. Jerome and St. Peter Martyr — all full-length figures of small size. The various parts of the altar-piece were en-

closed in a splendid and ornate frame while in the possession of Prince Demidoff in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and the whole is a magnificent monument to Crivelli's art. The heavy gold backgrounds and the free use of gold in the ornaments, together with the use of high relief (St. Peter's keys are modeled, for example, almost in the round, so nearly are they detached from the panel), represent his tendency to overload his compositions with archaic and realistic detail; but here, as elsewhere, the effect is one of harmony and corporate unity of many parts. Even the introduction of sham jewels, such as those set in the Virgin's crown and in the rings and medallions worn by Peter, fails to destroy the dignity of the execution. It may even be argued that they enhance it by affording a salient support to the strongly marked emotional faces of the saints and to the vigorous gestures which would be violent in a classic setting."

In its present state the whole ancona measures about sixteen by ten and a half feet; the central panel of the lower tier, a little more than five feet high by two broad; the side panels, something less than five feet high by about a foot and a half wide. It is signed and dated 1476.

'THE ANNUNCIATION'

PLATE VI

THIS beautiful and elaborate Annunciation was one of the most charming pictures Crivelli ever painted, and one of the few subject-pieces which did not call for symmetrical arrangement. An earlier version of this subject is found at Frankfort, where the angel Gabriel and the Madonna are placed on separate panels octagonal in form, according to many early representations of this theme. The composition of our panel shows great skill and originality in arrangement and great naïveté and delicacy in the accessories. The perspective of the long street gave him an opportunity for depicting a number of amusing incidents, which was quite unusual with him. The vista, though idealized, recalls many an old Italian town with its loggias and archway over the street, its caged birds and flowers. We can only regret that Crivelli did not oftener receive orders from his patrons for pictures of this sort, where his narrative power recalls that of another early Venetian, Carpaccio.

Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse writes: "A high order of invention is seen in the design of the various *mises en scène*, in which his figures are set. Occasionally, as in 'The Blessed Ferretti,' we have a landscape; but by far the most beautiful of the National Gallery — probably the most beautiful that he ever painted — is that of 'The Annunciation,' in which he shows us the inside of the Virgin's Chamber, the outside of her magnificent house, and a street scene at once realistic and romantic. Although, perhaps, 'The Annunciation' is exceeded by 'The Madonna,' etc., in brilliant purity of color, and some of his single figures have more intensity of character, his genius is perhaps more completely represented in this picture than in any other. Here, for once, his lively fancy has had its fullest play and revels in a gorgeousness and elaboration of detail even beyond his wont. Fortunately for him, his imagination was not trameled, like that of artists of the present day, by questions of historical



accuracy or physical possibilities. To him the presence of St. Emidius by the side of the announcing angel suggested no absurdity, and it never occurred to him that the neatly finished orifice through which the Holy Dove has entered the Virgin's Chamber would present any difficulty to the most realistic mind.

"Here, for once, also, he gives us not only the incident, but introduces spectators, as was the custom of the Florentine school of the same period. Besides the frankly anachronistic bishop, there are several figures in the street dressed in the Italian costume of Crivelli's time. One noble-looking gentleman, dazzled by the sudden beam of light that strikes across the road, raises his hand to his brow, the better to investigate the extraordinary phenomenon. Still more naïve and delightful is the little child who timidly peeps from a place of vantage at the mysterious occurrence that is taking place over the way.

"Thus we have the whole scene idyllically, even dramatically rendered, as though we were present at an exquisitely mounted play."

Painted originally for the convent church of the Annunziata, at Ascoli, the words "*Libertas ecclesiastica*" are placed on the base of the picture between two coats-of-arms, that on the right to the town of Ascoli, that on the left to Prospero Caffarelli, Bishop of Ascoli, and separated in the centre by that of the then reigning Pope, Innocent VIII. The picture remained in its original home until 1811, when it was removed to the Brera by order of the government. In 1815 it passed into private hands, and was finally bought by Mr. Labouchère (Lord Taunton), who gave it to the National Gallery in 1864. It is painted on wood, and measures nearly seven feet high by nearly five feet wide.

'ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON'

PLATE VII

THIS is one of the few pictures by Crivelli which has neither the Virgin and Child, nor the painful theme of the Pietà, nor one of the more solemn and pietistic saints for a subject. Instead, we see in a rocky landscape the strong and vigorous young saint on a rearing and cringing horse. With both hands raised above his head, St. George is about to strike down with his sword the dragon, which he has already transfixed with his lance. As Crivelli has treated other saints, in other scenes, as the St. John in the various Pietàs, St. George's mouth is open as if he had just cried out, in this case to hurl an imprecation against the horrible beast. The composition, with the cleverly foreshortened horse seen full face, with his head averted in nervous terror, is original and forceful. In the distance on the left we have the castle-crowned hill, with the tiny figure of St. Margaret kneeling in prayer on the hither slope; on the right a path leads to a clump of trees clipped in layers in the fashion of many Italian gardens.

Mr. Berenson wrote of this picture, when it was exhibited at Burlington House with some other early Crivellis from private houses in England: "Scarcely, if at all, later than these is a work in which Crivelli, in his quality of design, in the enamel of his surface, and in the energy of his line, approaches closer than any other Occidental artist to what is the supreme quality of Japanese art, particularly as manifested in lacquer. Besides all this charm as pat-



tern, the 'St. George and the Dragon'—the work to which I allude (formerly in the Leyland Collection and now the property of Mr. Stuart M. Samuel)—has that feeling of the fairy-tale about it which makes it imperative that it should have, as it has here, a sky of gold. In this respect it recalls another version of the same subject, by some as yet unidentified early Venetian,—the one in the Martinengo Gallery at Brescia, there ascribed to Montorfano."

This panel, which has now become the property of Mrs. John L. Gardner, of Fenway Court, Boston, measures two feet high by one and a half wide. It is not signed or dated, but has been assigned to about the year 1470.

'VIRGIN AND CHILD' (BRERA)

PLATE VIII

**I**N this panel of the Virgin and Child we have the culminating point of Crivelli's art. The Madonna is full of grace and beauty, correct and not exaggerated in drawing, as she is seated on her marble throne, with her deep gold brocaded mantle worn over a red dress, the Child in her lap in his little pink dress, holding a pear. There is hung as usual behind her throne a tapestry of red and gold; but the marble canopy has here given place to an arch of fruit and foliage very naturalistically painted, while an apple rests on the tapestry laid over the foot of the throne, a vase of lilies and roses stands on the step below, where also some cherries have been laid. A rose and a lighted taper seem to be attached to the edge of the step, on the front face of which we see the tablet which reads, "Karolus Crivellus Venetus eques laureatus pinxit." This inscription shows that it was painted when the artist had attained the highest honors that ever came to him, that of a knight crowned with laurel.

Signors Crowe and Cavalcaselle write of this picture that "strong tone and agreeable contours are remarkably united to a copious multiplication of accessories;" and Mr. Rushforth writes: "It is one of the finest of the whole group, and as a work of art forms a worthy conclusion to Crivelli's career as a painter. The Virgin is a grand and statuesque figure of the type with which we have become familiar in these later pictures. That she does not rise to the level of the 'Conception' of 1491 is due to the nature of the subject. The mother with her child upon her knee, if not less queenly, is more human, as she should be. Nothing could be finer than the pose and magnificent drapery of this figure. The Child is less successful. The canopy of the throne is formed by arches of fruit and foliage, full and rich in design. As a whole, nothing more satisfactory was ever produced by Crivelli."

The panel came originally from the Church of San Domenico at Camerino, has been in the Brera Gallery at Milan since 1810, and measures about seven feet high by two and a half wide.

'VIRGIN AND CHILD' (LATERAN)

PLATE IX

**T**HE 'Virgin and Child' painted in 1482 marks a great advance over that one now in the museum at Verona. In a way this is more simply treated. The Madonna is seated on a marble throne; her features and those of the

Child are more pleasing than in the earlier picture. Here she is crowned, and over a red dress wears a deep green (which has become almost black with time) and gold mantle brocaded in a most sumptuous pattern. The mantle is faced with green, and the Child, who holds an apple in his hand, wears a little green garment with a white girdle, a string of pearls with a coral charm around his neck, such as any Italian *bambino* might wear to-day. The main color-scheme of deep red and green is repeated in the fruits and marble of the throne. This harmony of colors is something Crivelli well understood how to preserve. The diminutive figure of a Franciscan brother, doubtless the donor, kneels on the marble step of the throne.

Mr. Rushforth writes of it: "In 1482 he painted the 'Virgin and Child' now in the Lateran. Here Crivelli appears in his most pleasing aspect, a combination of exquisite sentiment and rich decorative effect. The Virgin has nearly the same features as in the picture of the same date in the Brera, which we shall consider next. But here both she and the Child are pervaded by an air of pathetic sadness. With regard to the minor details of the picture, we may note that the form of the throne is like that of the example of 1476 in the National Gallery, and that for the last time in a dated picture we find the watered-silk hanging. The festoon of fruit at the top of the picture is not without interest. It is reduced here to a perfectly simple and naturalistic form — two branches, one of the long-shaped Italian apple and the other of plums, tied together. It is a good illustration of the way in which Crivelli appropriated and impressed a character of his own upon the suggestions which he received from outside. If we compare the festoon in the early picture at Verona we shall see it in the fuller and more formal shape in which he acquired it at Padua. Here he has given it quite a fresh character. Other examples are too obvious to specify. Finally, we may notice how interest is imparted to the step under the Virgin's feet by the fracture in the marble and the signature cut into it like an inscription."

Signors Crowe and Cavalcaselle well characterize this picture when they say, "The extreme of daintiness is apparent in a Virgin and Child of 1482 at San Giovanni Laterano in Rome, where we are easily reminded of the dawn of Sienese art under Lippo Memmi, Luca Tomé, Turino Vanni, or the first Gubbians."

As is habitual with Crivelli, it is painted in tempera on wood, and measures about five by two feet.

#### 'THE MAGDALEN'

#### PLATE X

THIS is without doubt the finest of any of Crivelli's single figures of saints. Like the 'St. Bernard' of the Louvre, the fact that it is turned very decidedly in one direction might indicate that it was a part of a dismembered ancona. However, the fact that both are signed at the bottom of the panel would indicate that they were individual pictures, for in his great altarpieces Crivelli was accustomed to sign only the central panel of the Virgin and Child. It has also been suggested that these figures of saints might be replicas of some great and missing ancona.

The Magdalen is richly dressed in a low-cut and gold-embossed bodice, a long and flowing mantle with embroidered border, with jewels about her neck and in her hair, which is most carefully and elaborately arranged. In her right hand she holds her symbol, the box of ointment in raised gilt, her left holding up her mantle, as she stands on a marble step before a low parapet. Behind her the pale red watered silk with a garland of flowers across the top hangs against a patterned gold background.

Mr. Rushforth writes of it: "The Magdalen' has all the qualities which distinguish Crivelli's art at its best and most characteristic moment — precision, grace, and refinement, with an elaboration of detail which never becomes excessive. The features, with all Crivelli's peculiarities — the long and pointed nose, the almond-shaped eyes, the high, arched eyebrows — have nevertheless a kind of exquisite beauty. The elaborate arrangement of the hair may be compared with that of the female saints in the National Gallery altar-piece. The hands are very characteristic of Crivelli's 'precious' style, and graceful in spite of the affectation. The festoon of small-leaved plants and flowers is unique, and quite in keeping with the general effect of delicate refinement which is the key-note of the panel."

From the Solly Collection it came to the Royal Museum of Berlin. It measures about five feet high by nearly two broad.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY CRIVELLI  
WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AUSTRIA. BUDAPEST, MUSEUM: Virgin and Child — BELGIUM. BRUSSELS, MUSEUM: Virgin and Child; St. Francis — ENGLAND. LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Pietà; The Blessed Ferretti in Ecstasy; Virgin and Child with Saints Sebastian and Jerome; Annunciation (Plate vi); Altar-piece in thirteen compartments (Plate v); Virgin and Child with Saints Sebastian and Francis; Madonna in Ecstasy; Saints Catherine and Magdalen — LONDON, HERTFORD HOUSE: St. Roch — LONDON, SOUTH KENSINGTON: Virgin and Child — LONDON, MR. BENSON: Virgin and Child — LONDON, MR. R. CRAWSHAY: Pietà — LONDON, MR. MOND: Saints Peter and Paul — LONDON, LORD NORTHBROOK: Madonna; Resurrection; Saints Bernard and Catherine — RICHMOND, MR. HERBERT COOK: Virgin and Child — FRANCE. PARIS, LOUVRE: St. Bernard — GERMANY. BERLIN MUSEUM: The Magdalen (Plate x); The Infant Christ giving the keys to St. Peter surrounded by six other Saints (Plate iii) — FRANKFORT A/M., MUSEUM: Annunciation — STRASSBURG, MUSEUM: Adoration of the Shepherds — ITALY. ANCONA, MUSEUM: Virgin and Child — ASCOLI, CATHEDRAL: Altar-piece, with Pietà — BERGAMO, LOCHIS COLLECTION: Virgin and Child — MACERATA, MUSEUM: Virgin and Child — MASSA FERMANA, MUNICIPIO: Altar-piece — MILAN, BREERA: Crucifixion; Virgin and Child (Plate viii); Virgin and Child and four Saints (Plate iv); Saints James, Bernard, and Pellegrino; Saints Antony Abbot, Jerome and Andrew — MILAN, GALLERIA OGGIONO: Coronation of the Virgin with a Pietà above — MILAN, MUSEO CIVICO; COLLECTION DELL' ACQUA: St. John; St. Bartholomew — MILAN, POLDI-PEZZOLI: St. Francis adoring Christ; St. Sebastian — PAUSULA, SAN AGOSTINO: Virgin and Child — ROME, LATERAN MUSEUM: Virgin and Child (Plate ix) — ROME, VATICAN: Pietà (Plate ii) — VENICE, ACADEMY: Saints Jerome and Augustine; Saints Peter and Paul — VERONA, MUSEUM: Virgin and Child (Plate i) — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: Pietà (From the Panciatichi Collection, Florence) — BOSTON, MRS. J. L. GARDNER: St. George and the Dragon (Plate vii) — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: St. Dominic and St. George (Recently acquired from Lady Ashburton's Collection, London).

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MASTERS IN ART

**Maes**

DUTCH SCHOOL







MASTERS IN ART PLATE I  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE  
[87]

MAES  
THE DREAMER  
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



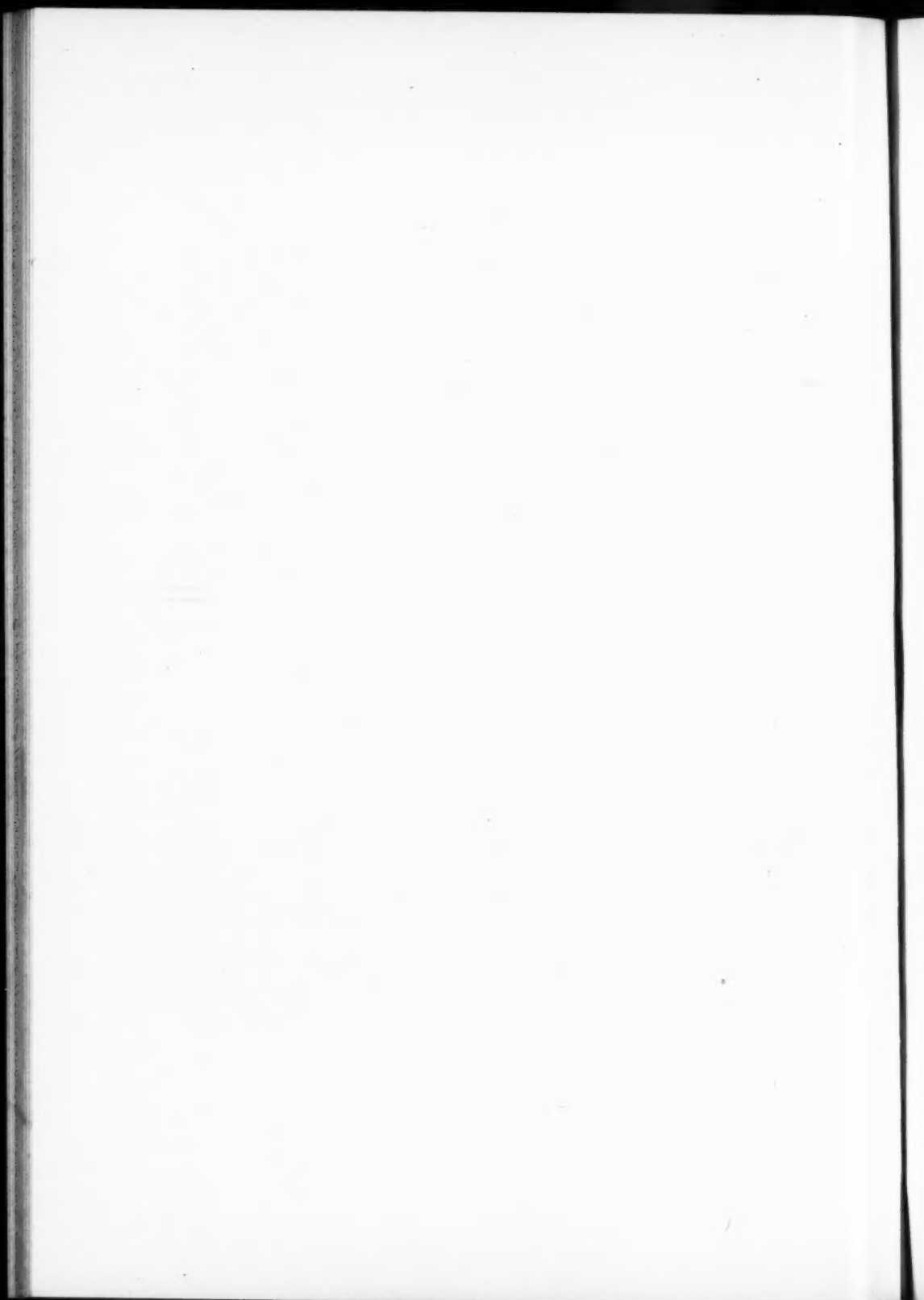


MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL

[89]

MAES  
THE LISTENING SERVANT  
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON





MASTERS IN ART PLATE III  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

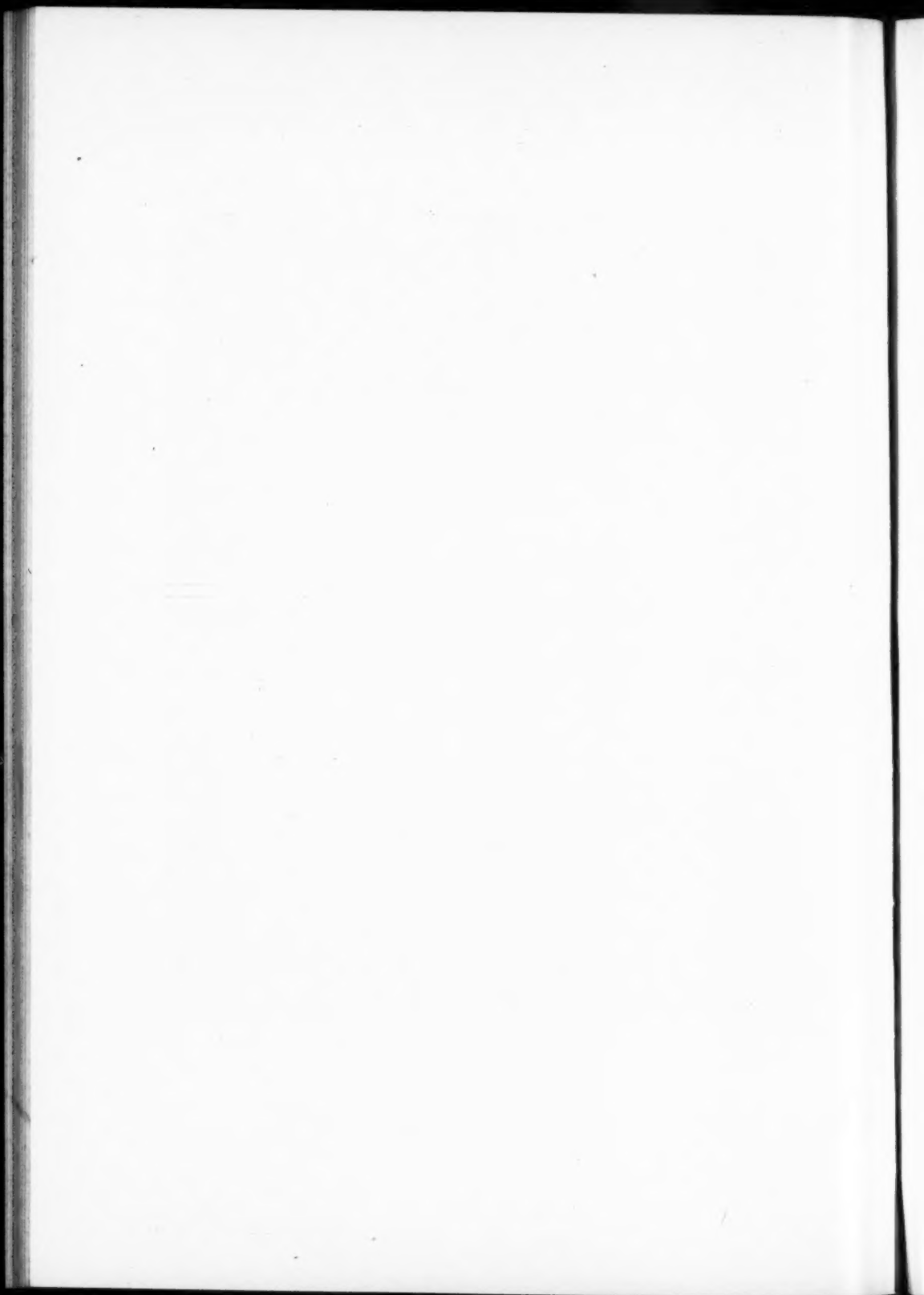
[91]

MAES  
AN OLD WOMAN PARING APPLES  
BERLIN GALLERY















MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

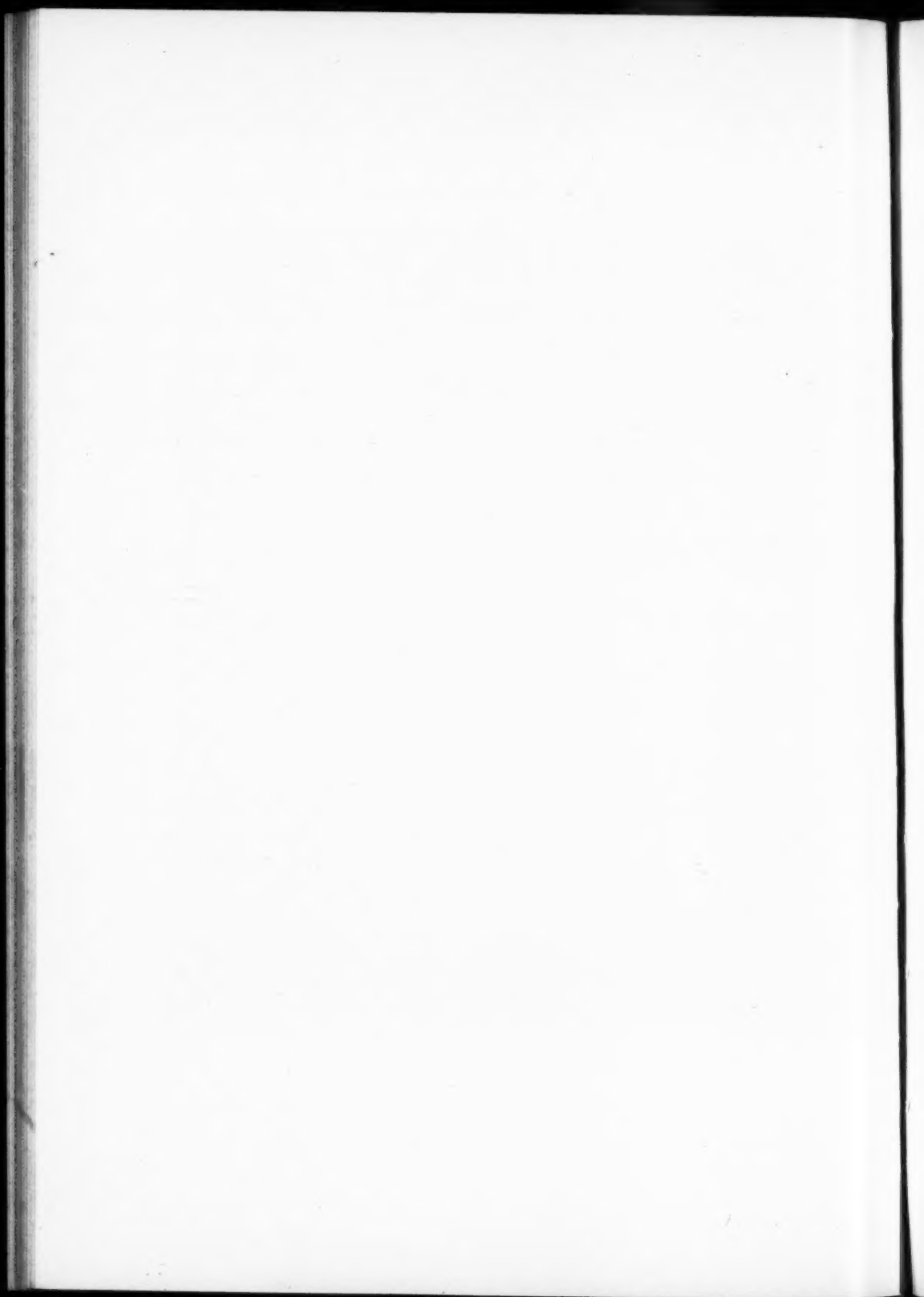
PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL

[97]

MAES

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON





MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANZ HANFSTAENGL

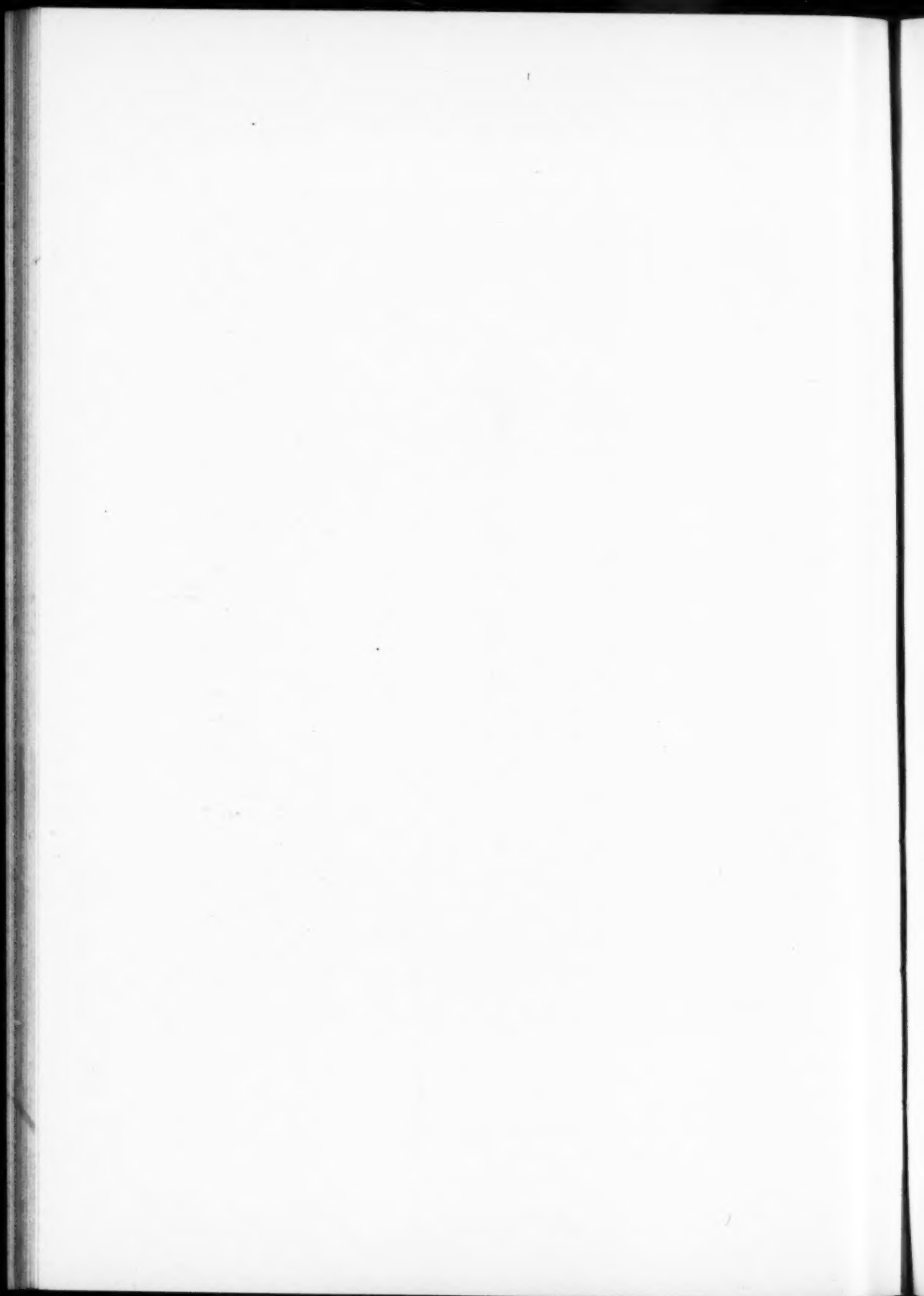
[99]

MAES

THE IDLE SERVANT

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON





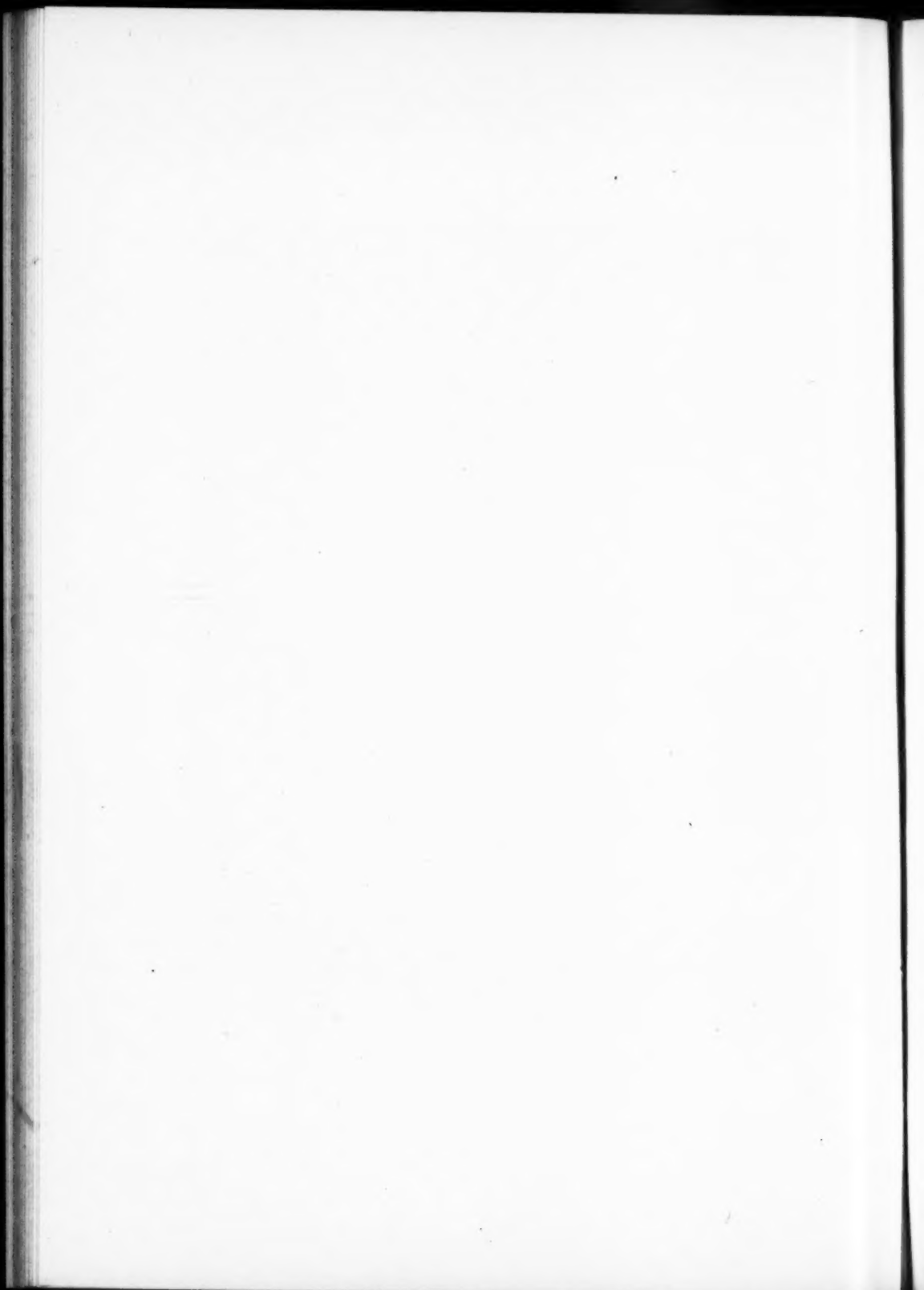


MAESTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

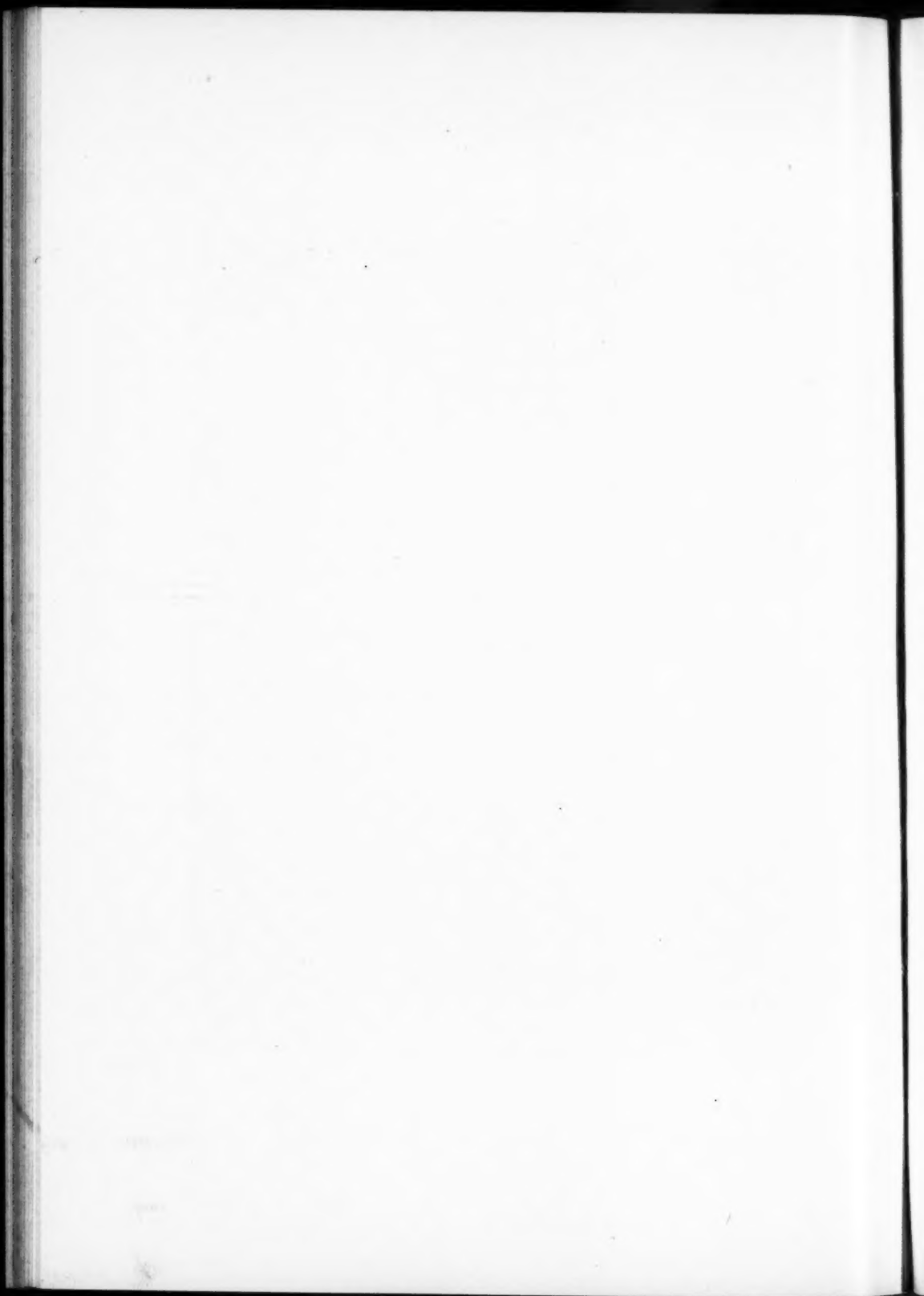
PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK HANFSTAENGL

[101]

MAES  
THE CARD PLAYERS  
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON













# Nicolaas Maes

BORN 1632: DIED 1693  
DUTCH SCHOOL

THE life of Nicolaas Maes or Maas (pronounced Mas) can be told in a few lines, for the facts known about him are very meagre. He was born in 1632 at Dordrecht, whence came also several other Dutch painters — Albert Cuyp, Ferdinand Bol, and Godfried Schalcken. The year 1632 was a significant one in the development of Dutch art, the year that Rembrandt painted the great picture of his youth, 'The Anatomical Lecture.' Maes doubtless studied with some unknown painter before, at the age of eighteen, entering Rembrandt's studio, where he remained four years. M. Bürger says that he learned drawing of some insignificant painter, but that he learned painting from Rembrandt.

Maes's best pictures were his earliest ones, delightful pictures of genre, painted while still in Rembrandt's studio, or at least in the years immediately succeeding, that is, between 1655 and 1660. Generally they were small pictures of interior scenes. Unlike Gerard Terborch and Gabriel Metsu, who depicted gallant scenes of the Dutch upper classes, and unlike Jan Steen and Adrian van Ostade, who painted scenes of rollicking tavern life, Nicolaas Maes chose simple scenes of humble peasant life. Frequently he gives us an old woman, busy about her daily vocations, either spinning, as in the two pictures now belonging to the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam (plate x), or preparing vegetables for dinner (plate iii), or asking a blessing before partaking of her simple repast. The light generally falls from an unseen window on the left of the picture, in the masterly handling of which Maes shows himself a veritable pupil of Rembrandt, though he was never over-influenced by the great master. There is one picture by Maes in the Louvre entitled, 'The Blessing,' a marvelously beautiful picture of an old woman with her hands folded in prayer, as she sits before a table laid out with simple viands for the evening meal, while her cat plays with her slipper. This picture is signed, and dated 1648, but M. Lafenestre thinks the signature is forged and considers the date as doubtful. If genuine, Maes must have painted it when only sixteen years of age, which seems almost incredible, as it is painted in his very best manner and seems hardly the work of an immature lad.

At other times he painted less somber subjects, for example the two versions of the so-called 'Indiscreet Servant,' one in the Six Collection at Amsterdam, the other in Buckingham Palace (plate II). 'The Milkmaid' of the Van Loon Collection of Amsterdam is another charming work of these early years. Here the scene is laid outside an old Dutch house, and the subject is the very simple one of an older woman in white cap with gold ornaments giving some money to a young girl dressed in a straw hat and red petticoat, and holding a milk-pail. This picture Lord Ronald Gower called "a superb specimen of the most Rembrandt-like pupil of Rembrandt; the coloring of this picture is splendid."

It is to be regretted that Maes ever left the master's influence, as he did about 1660, when he went to Antwerp to see the works of the great Flemings and to visit the painters still living. From this time he gave up the painting of simple genre subjects, in which he excelled, for the painting of portraits, for the reason, it is thought, that there was a better livelihood to be gained at that time in this branch of art. Rembrandt had rather lost favor with the public during his later life, and Van der Helst and Dirk Hals, brother to Franz Hals, were the popular portrait artists of the day in Holland. In Flanders the great masters were all passed away. Rubens had died in 1640, Van Dyke in 1641, and Snyder, at the age of seventy-eight, in 1657. Only Jordaens and Teniers the Younger were left, with the former of whom Maes made friends. Maes did not adopt the splendid Rembrandtesque manner of portrait-painting, but rather that of the degenerate Flemings, who had become vitiated by French taste. Most of his portraits are smoothly finished, commonplace, and uninteresting, and he seems to have abandoned his rich color and splendid chiaroscuro.

In Antwerp Maes remained more than eighteen years, and was most successful from a popular and financial point of view. In fact, it was as a portrait-painter that the artist was best known until within a hundred years, when interest was aroused again in his exquisite little pictures of genre. It has been said that the 'Little Masters' of Holland were only successful when they kept to the painting of small canvases; that when they attempted large themes they lost themselves, they became weak and uninteresting; but that the pupils of Rembrandt alone, and among them Maes, were successful at both large and small pictures.

Some of the later portraits attributed to Maes are so inferior in conception and handling that it has been thought by some critics that they may have been painted by another artist of the same name, possibly a son, as the name Maes or Maas is a common one in Holland. The manner of signature, too, on the early genre pictures and that on the later portraits is quite different in character. In the former the artist wrote his name, N. Maes, either in large Roman letters or with the M, A, and E, the first three letters of the surname, joined in a monogram. In the later pictures the initial N and the initial M of the surname were joined together with many flourishes.

On the other hand, M. Bürger points to a portrait of a boy in the Museum

of Rotterdam with the earlier form of signature, and painted in such a manner as to show plainly the transition from the pictures of genre to the later portraits dating from 1675 onward. In this picture is a life-sized, half-length figure of a boy dressed in a handsome costume of gray and white, with knots of gray and white ribbon at his girdle. He is offering cherries to a parrot perched on a balustrade. Behind him is a rich red curtain drawn back to show a sunset. M. Bürger says of this: "We have come to portraits *composed*, with balustrades, curtains, vistas of sunsets, with accessories and pretexts for decorative combinations. From the simplicity of Rembrandt we go to the elegant *recherchés* of Van Dyke, to the emphatic richness of the Flemings." The reds, though rich and beautiful in themselves and recalling the color so often used in the sleeves or jackets of his peasant women, are much too intense for the grays and whites; and, used in strong contrast without moderating half-tones, the shadows have lost their transparence and the clear tones their limpidity. "His future decadence," continues Bürger, "is already prophetic in this portrait, as well in color as in composition." Until we have some further information on the subject, let us consider, as does M. Bürger, that these portraits as well as genre pieces are by the same man, one only Nicolaas Maes.

Among the large canvases containing a number of portraits, members of a guild or trustees of a hospital, and of which Rembrandt and more especially Franz Hals painted so many, there is only one that is attributed to Maes; namely, a picture in the Six Collection at Amsterdam. Formerly it was in the Van der Hoop Collection, and attributed to Jacob Backer. It is now thought to represent the Corporation of Surgeons in Amsterdam, and M. Bredius has pointed out that any one conversant with the history of costume in Holland could see that it was painted too late to be by the hand of Backer, who died in 1651; and also the astute critic has discovered a similarity in the portrait heads to two portraits by Maes in the Brussels Museum, painted in his transitional manner, "when he has still all the power and brilliance of his color, and when he still professes also some respect for the truth of chiaroscuro."

Of the pictures painted from 1665 to 1670, there are few in existence to-day bearing his signature, but there are numerous portraits painted by him after 1675 to be found in many of the Dutch galleries. John Smith, in his 'Catalogue Raisonné,' mentions forty-five pictures of genre, but does not catalogue his portraits. About two thirds of the former are in England, several fine ones in the National Gallery, but many more in private collections.

In 1678 Maes returned to Holland to pass the rest of his days, and settled in Amsterdam. Heer Houbraken says that he was quiet and courteous in manner, that he enjoyed society and entertaining, and was of a cheerful and happy disposition until the last year of his life, when he suffered much from the gout, of which trouble, like Gaspar Netscher, he died, in December, 1693, in his sixty-first year.

As Frederick Wedmore writes, Nicolaas Maes was "one of the strangest instances not of a talent that was promising, but of a genius that was great,

an art consummate and accomplished, though limited, which became too soon perverted, and then was somewhat early buried out of sight — yet a genius and an art that left us after all, in our day, no irritating array of ambitious failures on which attention must be fixed. During ten splendid years, from 1650 to 1660 — or it may be a little later — there is a series of high work. What followed is really known less, and we can afford to ignore it."

## The Art of Nicolaas Maes

H. HAVARD

'THE DUTCH SCHOOL OF PAINTING'

NICOLAAS MAES, of all Rembrandt's pupils, is perhaps the most successful in the management of his light. His interiors, lighted by a sun-beam thrown upon a wall, recall Rembrandt's style. Besides this, they are painted with a fulness and power at once remarkable. His 'Old Woman at the Spinning-Wheel' in the Museum of Amsterdam, his 'Dutch Home,' and his 'Lazy Servant' in the National Gallery are paintings of the very highest merit. His 'Inquisitive Servant' in the Six Collection is a work of the first order, but in this work his light is less concentrated and less brilliant. Maes's favorite color seems to have been red. No artist uses this color with more boldness or more success than he does in his earlier works; and for this reason doubts have been raised if he ever did paint the series of large be-wigged portraits which have been attributed to him, somber and morose faces, uniformly set against a dark background. It is difficult to imagine the brilliant painter of 'The Cradle' forgetting his skill in light and shade and his love of nature to give himself up, as in these commonplace productions, to mannerism and affectation.

LORD RONALD GOWER

'THE FIGURE-PAINTERS OF HOLLAND'

WE should feel puzzled if we had the choice given us between a good example of Pieter de Hooch and one of Nicolaas Maes's pictures. There is much likeness in the subjects which these two charming painters placed on their canvases; much resemblance between them also in the superb coloring and perfect grouping of their figures: these two artists, with Ver Meer of Delft, have in their way never been surpassed, and it would be no easy question to answer which is the greatest of the three.

It is a matter of doubt whether De Hooch and Ver Meer were pupils of Rembrandt, but it is certain that Maes studied under him. During his lifetime, and until the end of last century, Maes was chiefly known as a portrait-painter. When he visited Jordaens at Antwerp he was questioned by that artist what manner of painting he practised. Maes replied, "I am but a portrait-painter." His reputation is, however, not now maintained by his

portraits, which are inferior to Honthorst's, but rests on the superb little pictures of scenes from every-day life — a Dutch housewife nursing her child, or surprising her maid asleep over her pots and pans; a girl leaning out of window, or listening to a group of lovers who imagine they are unwatched and unheard; an old woman saying grace, or peeling potatoes; a child knitting a stocking; an old man reading a book; and other similar objects. To these simple scenes Maes gave a charm and a beauty that only two or three painters have ever equaled; as Charles Blanc observes, his coloring is as fine as that of Rembrandt and of Titian.

FREDERICK WEDMORE

'THE MASTERS OF GENRE PAINTING'

NICOLAAS MAES was one of those gifted and brilliant men who should have died young, for the immense achievements of his youth were never supported by the work of his middle age. The last-century criticism of the sagacious Descamps has nevertheless classed him in chief as a painter of the works by which he is least entitled to live — a painter of portraits, with whom pictures of the kind that we have got to like him for were but a less important business. Some day the laborious historian may accumulate material which shall enable us to trace with accuracy of detail the rise and fall of Nicolaas Maes, from that early but fascinating and already well-nigh masterly picture in the Amsterdam Museum — a portrait ennobled by imagination — and so through the series of his interiors, as splendid in tone as refined and subdued in sentiment, to the later portraits in which his early preoccupation is leaving him, and so to those in which it is utterly gone, and only a painter feebly forcible or avowedly degenerate remains to play fast and loose with the fag end of talent debauched.

Born at Dordrecht in 1632, he enters, in 1650, the studio of Rembrandt at Amsterdam, and for the next ten years the greatest of the Dutch masters has no worthier pupil. Just what De Koninck was to Rembrandt in landscape Maes was to him in pictures whose interest centered in humanity; he was the pupil, that is to say, with whom the seed of Rembrandt's teaching fell on the kindest and fittest ground. He had too much of individual and personal genius to be an imitator, but he had too profound a sympathy with Rembrandt to avoid resembling him. Like his master, he was a painter of shadowed places and of sad and quiet lives. Of course he lacked Rembrandt's endless variety. He shut himself up, in the main, with too few types — narrowed himself, in the main, to the expression of too few characters. Rembrandt himself was interested in, and Rembrandt understood, the men of action; these he grasped no less strongly than the figures of reverie. But with Maes it is the mind that broods, the character that meditates and ponders, rather than acts, which interests him. Others subordinately interest him: even a little the servant in her work; or the servant idle, in a brief sleep which has a snatch of the humor that pleased the age; or the woman at the spinet, but her music is already of reverie; or the child with the Dutch housewife — but the child, I note it, is neither at play nor at work, but, true to her part in



Maes's drama, watching, observing, considering, though it is but the scraping of a parsnip. . . .

We think of Nicolaas Maes, then, as the painter of a home life cheerful with the merry eyes of childhood, or dignified with the gravity of common pursuits, or sobered and saddened with the experiences of age — the age of the lonely and humble. We think of him as one who, by the Queen's 'Listener' (painted when he was yet young), by the noble interior seen at Burlington House in 1875, and by some other pictures, such as that at the Amsterdam club-house, and that in the Lacaze Collection, which carry also another message more purely his own — we think of him by these as one of the band that carried here and again to perfection what their master left incomplete: the subtleties of passage from breadth of sunshine, glowing or cool, to the effects of the interior atmosphere, on room side, chamber wall, where, with tints strangely neutral, it is difficult to say whether light begins to be shadow or shadow begins to be light, and so amid half-glooms to isolated points of brightness the eye may pass to — as in the Queen's 'Listener,' where the rounded baluster-head catches at just one point of its equal curve the stray glimmer, the glimmer breaking out again, yellow and brassy, on the further nails of the straight Dutch chair that peers from background space and wall, cozy in their gathered dimness. With these men — these poetic Dutchmen — light is more than ever before a presence of slow and changeful life, giving life, too, and sense of companionship to else inanimate things. Maes and his fellows followed its subtleties on chamber wall and hanging, and in its narrow yet eventful journey from window to hearth — they played out for us its little drama there within that limited space they knew so well and calculated so acutely — much as the more commonly extolled painters of our last generation watched it in conflicts of sunshine and shadow in English landscape. Nor when prepossessions are once laid aside, is it easy to say whether the greater praise in art belongs to the one or the other. In itself the tree-trunk, the damp herbage, the clod of earth, even the rain-cloud, is hardly a worthier or more proper object to be painted than hearth and hanging, window and wall.

The artist, giving a quality as well as finding one, transmutes and exalts alike the one thing and the other; and so what Turner, Constable, De Wint, did for the country — in revealing beauty and interest hidden till they portrayed them — De Hooch and Van der Meer and Nicolaas Maes did for the home.

A. BREDIUS

'LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DU MUSÉE D'AMSTERDAM'

**A**MONG the numerous pupils of Rembrandt we owe a quite special mention to Nicolaas Maes, who, born in 1632, at Dordrecht, died at Amsterdam in November, 1693. From 1650 to 1653 he must certainly have received lessons of the great artist. In his first manner, comprised between 1654 and about 1660, we possess a series of the best productions of Maes. Their collection furnishes us an even level to which under such instruction a

painter happily endowed by nature could attain, for some of these works would almost bear comparison with those of his master. It pleased Maes to paint aged women, sometimes seated at table, before a frugal repast, for which they give thanks to God; sometimes seated before their spinning-wheel, whereby to gain their livelihood. At other times his compositions are of a more pleasing nature. It is thus, in the beautiful work of the Collection Six, he shows us an indiscreet servant, lending her ear to the conversation of an amorous couple placed in the center of the picture; in the background a party of people at table, with a vista upon another chamber and upon out-of-doors. The truly marvelous charm of the color makes of this work, dated 1607, one of the most clever creations of Maes. An analogous composition (dated 1665) is found at Buckingham Palace, and it is in England, furthermore, that his best productions are found to-day. One of his most remarkable works, 'An Old Woman in Prayer,' belongs to the Amsterdam society "Felix Meritis." The naïve expression of that honest face, furrowed with wrinkles, the admirable execution of the hands, the emotion which disengages itself from a subject so simple, the beauty and power of the color, the picturesqueness of effect — all unite to make this picture one of the most exquisite works which have been executed under the direct influence of Rembrandt. In its dimensions much more limited, the Ryks Museum offers us two little canvases, representing each a 'Spinner.' We give our readers the reproduction of the better preserved of the two, belonging to the Collection Dupper. . . . The picture of the Collection Van der Hoop presents a great resemblance to that, but the light is more vivid and still more brilliant. Unhappily, it has suffered a little. We must cite also as one of the most agreeable productions of his first period, 'The Dreamer,' a pensive young girl who looks out of the window. Has her gaze met in the distance some loved person who from below contemplates her across the apricot and peach vines whose festoons surround the window? However it may be, the picture, although deteriorated, attracts the attention of all visitors to our museum.

Maes did not live a long time at Amsterdam. After a short visit at Antwerp, he made a very long sojourn at Dordrecht, his native town. Did he travel, perhaps, in that event, a sufficiently long time before he definitely settled at Amsterdam, which was certainly after 1678? He had in that interval entirely changed his manner of painting, and several pictures of the last epoch have a character so different that even now one meets a number of incredulous persons who persist in attributing these works to another painter having the same name. It is however proved that there has been only one Nicolaas Maes, and that, although some of his works differ very much from others for various reasons, yet they are in accord with the taste which then reigned. His visit to Antwerp, where he found the painting of portraits carried on in ways so opposed to Rembrandt, and the success of Van der Helst and other painters, who followed this master, all contributed to make the Rembrandt-esque Maes of 1655 the Maes so strongly tainted with mannerism of 1670-1690. He had early acquired the habit of painting his models in fantastic



costumes, disguises '*à la romaine*,' as they said then (I have found a contract by which Johan André Lievens, the son of Jan Lievens the old painter well known, engaged himself to paint a couple of good bourgeois, the husband as Scipio and his wife as Pallas), and that not as Rembrandt did when he worked at his own portrait, at those of Saskia and of Hendrickje, thus putting to use the rare stuffs or the precious objects which with his love of the picturesque or his passion of collecting he had bought at the dealers. No; all the material of Maes consisted for his men in a red cloak, and for his women in a violet shawl with which he draped them. Then supposing a gust of wind, he made the stuffs flutter a little, and the game was played. The red served to soften the too dark complexion of the men, the violet to whiten still more the flesh-tints of the women. Sometimes, when it pleased him, he changed the rôles. The eyes were always a little larger than nature, but this did not go so badly with his models, and Houbraken recounts to us *à propos* a sufficiently pleasing anecdote. Maes having at one time painted a woman too little favored as regards beauty, and having copied her too closely from nature, the woman complained to the artist. To exculpate himself, the latter made haste to observe that the portrait was not yet finished. Then, taking his brush, he obliterated the marks of smallpox and other imperfections. Having adorned her cheeks with fresh colors, he said to her, "Madame, now your portrait is finished," at which the latter exclaimed, "Oh! yes, now it is!" And that was the same Maes who not long since painted those beautiful interiors with beautiful effects of chiaroscuro in the manner of Rembrandt, and those exquisite compositions which we admire, as the 'Woman in Prayer,' of 'Felix Meritis,' or the 'Spinner' of the Ryks Museum. But his portraits were much sought after, and the vogue which they enjoyed explains to us that among the Dutch artists of the seventeenth century we could hardly cite one, Miervelt excepted, who has produced so great a number, and belonging for the most part to persons of the highest condition.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE

'HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE'

NICOLAAS MAES (1632-1693) might be placed as well among the painters of manners (rather than as a pupil of Rembrandt). But a painter of manners, is he truly that? In these last years they have almost given Maes the reputation of a great painter. Without doubt he acquired at the studio of Rembrandt a taste for rich color and generous matter. He profited as well by the lessons in that which concerned the vivid lighting of objects; he knew how to make the reds and blacks vibrate by the clever juxtaposition of gray. In short, of the immediate pupils of Rembrandt we may recognize without too much chicanery that he is the best painter. His 'Card-Players' of the National Gallery would be proof of it; at the same time also, a certain number of pictures of different dimensions, representing old women occupied with spinning, eating, saying grace, reading, or quite simply sleeping. But we perceive quickly that these old women are always the same old woman, that the diversity of her occupations does not give the variety of

interest which her person can inspire; that we find ourselves, in a word, only in the presence of a painter, and not of an observer. This diminishes considerably the place which Maes might occupy in the school. He has only beautiful technique; he is only a dealer in strength of handling, hardly less insupportable in the long run than Gerard Dou, a dealer in its tricks.

To complete the diminution of sympathy in regard to him, we find that Maes, in a moment, seems to have abruptly changed his article of trade without becoming in any respect a man of the first order. After a voyage to Antwerp he was enamoured of Van Dyck, as Bol had been, and he set himself first of all to paint portraits minute in detail, smooth, cold, arranged, not having well understood the delicacy of Van Dyck; in a word, to paint portraits with perruques. It is absolutely impossible to consider as a true artist, or indeed simply as an artist, the man who has produced work of a double character, and of whom the first half of his career or his work seems absolutely foreign to the second. That is to say that both Maes and Dou are devoid of sincerity and true conviction, and the beautiful calling of the artist is a secondary thing after all from the moment that art is lacking. In truth, Gerard Dou and Nicolaas Maes represent in Dutch art an almost hateful element, or, at the least, an extremely antipathetic one: knowledge and cleverness of handling put to the service of truly too mediocre brains.—TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

CHARLES BLANC

'HISTOIRE DES PEINTRES'

THE Count de Vence, a celebrated amateur of the seventeenth century, possessed a picture by Nicolaas Maes which represented a Dutch woman reproaching her young husband, while a pretty servant-girl listens to this reprimand at the foot of the staircase and appears to take some interest in it. But this charming picture, the only picture by Maes which was then known in France, could not have drawn his name out of obscurity. It is only towards the end of the last century that some works of this painter were seen at Paris and that people began to appreciate him. Nevertheless, the biographer Descamps had devoted two pages to Maes in his second volume of his 'Life of the Painters,' published in 1755, and the little which he said about Maes was drawn from the historians Houbraken and Weyermann, who have spoken of Maes only as a painter of portraits.

Nicolaas Maes was born at Dordrecht in 1632. His first lessons were given him by a mediocre artist whom he soon left in order to put himself under the tutelage of Rembrandt. As he was an intelligent man, Maes took good care not to servilely imitate his master, but he profited by his instructions in order to create a manner for himself, a manner which is distinguished by an astonishing vigor of tone, extraordinary relief of the figures, and piquancy of effect. He made use of the fantastic light of Rembrandt in order to make brilliant the most vulgar episodes of common life. He put with magical painting a servant-maid in her kitchen or an old woman in spectacles before her Bible. As Gerard Dou, he took from Rembrandt

only his naturalism; but where Gerard Dou had put fineness of execution he put force, and the extreme finish which his fellow-disciple obtained only with pains, skill, and extraordinary patience, Maes attained without effort, sculpturing all the forms, due to a bold brush and vigorous modeling.

Although the painting of Maes does not show the characteristics of facility, it appears that he developed that quality to such an extent that it came to be the means of his making his fortune, which he by no means neglected. As he had above all the talent for getting resemblances, he became a painter of portraits, and instead of returning to Dort, he established himself at Amsterdam, to practise his art there and become rich. In this ambition Maes was not content to make his heads stand out on the canvas; he flattered his models, they said, and this was the principal cause of the great vogue he had at Amsterdam, almost on leaving Rembrandt's studio, although he rendered great homage to the immense superiority of his master. His polish as well as his good manners, his spirit, naturally merry and accustomed to intercourse with the world, still more augmented his clientele of a painter of portraits, and brought him a reputation which he translated into florins, for he made his sitters pay very dear. Descamps and many others after him have said that the pictures of Maes were clear and that he produced great effects without shadows. That is not very just criticism, for the pictures of Maes are ordinarily very vigorously shaded. If the shadows are not extended in great masses, as with Rembrandt, they are at least strongly charged and surrounded, and as the half-tones are very brief, the passage from light to dark is made brusquely, and it is thus that the painter arrives at so powerful an effect, at so much roundness, so much relief.

Once rich, and tired of always painting the bourgeois and bourgeoisie of Amsterdam, Maes had the desire to see the works of the great artists at Antwerp, of whom people talked at that time, throughout Europe. Initiated at Rembrandt's studio into the free-masonry of art, he was cordially received by the Antwerp painters and soon recognized by them as a confrère. When he paid visit a to Jordaens he was taken into a room full of paintings, which he had time to look over while waiting for the master of the house to appear. Jordaens, who observed his visitor through the keyhole, saw that he stood before the most beautiful picture in the gallery. "I see well," said he, on entering, "that you are a great connoisseur, or perhaps a skilful painter, for the best pieces in my gallery are looked at longer than the others." "I am a painter of portraits," said Maes. "In that case," replied Jordaens, "I sincerely pity you. You are then one of those martyrs of painting who so who merit our commiseration?" "And, indeed," said Campo Weyermann, well recalls this anecdote, "Maes had passed his life of a painter in finding himself under the influence of human vanity, so difficult to manage."

Maes was truly too modest when he said to Jordaens, "I am a painter of portraits," not because the portrait must not be considered as secondary to genre in art, and not because it presents the greatest difficulties in painting; but, in the thought of Maes, this word addressed to an artist of the rank of

Jordaens was pronounced in a modest sense. For the posterity of art-lovers, Maes has remained a painter of familiar scenes, as Pieter de Hooch. Less varied than he in his action, less supple, but not less robust, Maes has equaled that master in the power of his effects. The pictures by him which we have seen at London in the National Gallery are marvelous; the triviality of the subject is relieved by the charm of an execution surprising in vigor and spirit. You look, let us suppose, as you pass, into a kitchen, an old woman who scrapes turnips, having near her some housekeeping utensils, a pail, a spinning-wheel. . . . If it is in a picture by Maes that this humble interior has appeared to you, it will be impossible for you not to stop a long time to look into it and to forget it. The painting of Nicolaas Maes is of the kind which enforces itself upon the remembrance. The light shines, the canvas penetrates, the objects stand out before the eye in making its tour, and if the figures were of life-size they would come to meet you, so powerful is the illusion, so solid the tone, so sculptured in relief and so palpable are the forms.

In his little familiar scenes Maes is not always insignificant or vulgar in the choice of his subject. Often, very often indeed, his composition is ingenious, spirituelle, piquant. In the first place, it is placed in the most picturesque spot in the house; the painter voluntarily puts himself in a place from where he can see at the same time the height and depth of the house, the stairs which descend to the cellar and those which mount to the first story. The frame of the composition thus almost presents to him an optical interest. Now, the figures which the painter puts into the scene have ordinarily some mischief to do, to listen to some secret conversation, to discover a theft, to surprise an infidelity. I remember having seen at Amsterdam, at the house of M. Six, descendant of the famous Burgomaster Six, the picture which they call 'The Listening Servant.' We were in the vestibule of a noble house. Four women were seated round a table playing a game, in a room looking upon a staircase, whose door was open. A fifth person, a young and pretty woman, had quitted the party, had advanced with a foxy step, and, leaning upon the balustrade of the staircase, was listening curiously to the conversation which in low voice an amorous couple were exchanging in a corridor opening upon some gardens. A scarlet cloak hung on a hook in the wall and a suspended sword by its side told sufficiently well that the cavalier whose proposals were listened to by the young woman standing so near him was a soldier. In truth, the painting of Maes is so powerful that for a long time it makes the same effect as nature upon the memory, whether it is a picture which one has seen, or whether one has actually been witness to one of those amusing episodes which the simple observation of every-day life can offer.

The name of Maes or Maas has been borne by many painters. It is for that reason that the Dutch call Nicolaas Maes the Rembrandtesque Maes, 'Rembrandtsche Maas,' and his name, so allied to that of this great master, will not fall into oblivion. Maes was not only the pupil of Rembrandt; he was, in certain lines of art, his rival. Painted with a free and bold touch, vigorously blended and full of gusto, his portraits of men clothed in black, of

women enlivened with gaudy colors, take something at the same time from Rembrandt and from Titian. As for his pictures of genre, they have almost equaled those of Pieter de Hooch, by their solidity of tone, play of light, and prestige of effect.— TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH

JOHN C. VAN DYKE

'OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS'

REMBRANDT'S studio seems to have been a mild sort of lotus-land for his pupils. Once there, they seemed to forget their own individualities, and after they wandered from it they were forever talking about it with the paint-brush. Of the dozen or more pupils, few escaped the impress of the master mind. The explanation of this is perhaps easy enough. They had not master minds of their own. They were able to receive an impression, but not able to create one. There were a few exceptions to this, however; and certainly one of the most interesting of the exceptions was Nicolaas Maes.

If one looks at a picture by Flinck, Bol, or Eeckhout he is reminded of a something that Rembrandt might have done better; but if one looks at the picture by Maes which Mr. Cole illustrates ['The Spinner' in the Ryks Museum, from the Van der Hoop Collection, very similar in conception and treatment to 'The Spinner' of plate x] he is struck with the fact that this is something that Rembrandt never did, or thought of doing. The subject, the sentiment, the feeling, are Maes's very own; and even the technic, the color, the light, are somewhat removed from the Rembrandtesque formula. Maes was a pupil of Rembrandt, yet he had a mind and an individuality that would not stand in absolute abeyance to another mind. He liked and learned Rembrandt's method, but his cast of thought was not in sympathy with Rembrandt's subject, or his psychological view. He painted many portraits, but his heart was not in the study of the human face. They made up his poorest work, and were probably done to keep the wolf from the door. Smooth, flattering impersonations, hued brightly to please the women, they were remarkably successful in a popular way, and it was at one time considered a favor to be allowed to sit to Maes; but the work was never other than just passing fair. His portraits do not show the true feeling of the painter. . . .

That he recognized the power of Rembrandt's method and was apt in learning it is quite true; and yet, even here, he was something more than a follower. Sharp lights and darks, rich tones of color, forceful modeling, were shown by the master and accepted by the pupil; but they were varied, intensified, newly employed by the latter. The shadows were darker, the light was whiter, the reds were deeper and more brilliant. More and more, as we study his pictures, do we find how different he was from Rembrandt in these features. The haunting sense of something like them seen in Italy comes back to us. The sharp light, the blackish shadow, and that intense red are characteristics of Caravaggio's art. He got them from Giorgione, and exaggerated them. But how or where did Maes get them? Did his master and his contemporaries learn them from Italian pictures in the Netherlands; or did the Dutch realize that their type of the human form was not fitted in



proportions and stateliness for line treatment, and so, from necessity, originated the picturesque treatment, with light and shade, to meet their subject? The pictures of Maes seem to ask these questions, but fail to answer them. They are Dutch pictures with something very like Neapolitan color and chiaroscuro. All of which is further proof that Maes was not swept off his feet by the genius of Rembrandt to his own detriment as a painter.

In composition Maes was very simple, and as a draftsman and a modeler he was very strong. He knew how to give the substance and the character of objects, and he did it with a force second only to that of his master. In light and shade he was violent in contrast at times; and then again he would diffuse light through a whole interior. Some of his shadows are to-day almost black and wanting in depth; while his lights are often quite as arbitrary as those of Rembrandt. He was given to handling sunlight in spots, throwing it upon a wall or a floor, as after him Descamps, the painter of the Orient. He gained forceful effects by these means, but with some loss of truth in tone. This is especially noticeable in his famous ruby red, which, in conjunction with black, he was continually using. Oftentimes his colors "sing," as Mr. Cole observes; but they "sing" falsely, because they are out of key. Again at times they are noisy, flickering, and spotty — made so purposely for effect. The Meulenaer portrait at Amsterdam and the Godard portrait at Dresden are illustrations of the flashy play of light in his later style. In them he seemed striving after a jewel-like brilliancy in color, which, when attained, hardly "sang" in harmony with the half-lights and half-tones. In handling he seems to have had two styles, one for the public and one for himself. His portraits are usually smooth, thin, and of a porcelain-like surface. Even the little genre piece, the 'Idle Servant,' in the National Gallery, London, charming as it is in color and composition, is as smooth as though polished and rubbed to an ivory finish. His best pictures, however, such as the 'Two Spinners' at Amsterdam, are broader in every way, the textures are not insisted upon, and the brush is a little drier.

Maes knew how to paint, but doubtless the necessities of life often dictated what he should paint. He seems to have made a business of portraiture and a pleasure of genre. The portraits are too pretty; the genre pieces are too scarce.

RICHARD MÜTHER

'A HISTORY OF PAINTING'

**W**ITHIN the bounds of Dutch art, that of Rembrandt stands isolated. However much his pupils superficially resemble him, his works are the revelations of a genius, theirs are merely good oil-paintings. It is related that Rembrandt in the beginning devoted much time to his teaching. Himself the most individual of all artists, he encouraged individuality in others, and had the atelier in which they labored partitioned off, that no one might influence the others. But while he protected them from each other, he could not rescue them from the power of his own personality. Whatever was transferable they adopted: fabrics, costumes, and the treatment of light. In the be-

ginning, when he was the most admired painter of Holland, it was their highest merit to have their works taken for his; but later, when the favor of the masses turned from him, they trod more conservative paths, along the broad road of the easily comprehensible.

At the beginning of the decade following 1650 . . . several excellent masters issued from the school of Rembrandt. Women peeling vegetables, young girls standing dreamily at the window, old women at the spinning-wheel, carcasses of animals — such is the content of the quiet, delicate, and very modern pictures of Nicolaas Maes. The light plays upon the red table-cloth, gray walls, and bluish white jugs. In pictures like his family scene with a little drummer-boy every chronological estimate is silent: they might be exhibited to-day and signed Christoph Bischof.

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## The Works of Nicolaas Maes

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'THE DREAMER'

PLATE I

THIS picture is recognized by all critics to be a masterpiece. Though M. Bürger refers to it as a study, he calls it a "*chef-d'œuvre* of naturalism, grace, and color." It was probably painted while Maes was still working in Rembrandt's studio. Unlike many of his works, this figure is life-size.

Frederick Wedmore describes it as "in technical qualities high already, though not perfect, and in expression sweet, tender, reticent, and true. In an olive-green gown, whose color is set against the deep yet glowing red of the open window-shutters, a girl stands leaning from the window; dark green leaves and clusters of large apricots are around the window and below it. Already there is a pleasant arrangement of form and hue, color sober and yet rich and splendid rather than subtle, and the picture grapples with no special intricacies of light. But here already is the figure of reverie — no reverie, indeed, of the ascetic or the disappointed or the feebly sentimental; but a healthy Dutch girl, rounded in form and supple of flesh, her thoughts adrift in strange places of the life that is before her." It has been suggested, however, that she may be looking at her lover, who is standing below on the pavement, and in this connection it is interesting to note what Timothy Cole writes: "A beautiful girl leans from a window, gazing into vacancy, quite lost in delicious oblivion of the beholder. She is in the heyday of youth, and it is easy to see that she is dreaming of her lover."

The beginning of the artist's signature in large Roman letters is discernible on the window-ledge below the cushion on which the girl leans. The picture was bought for the Amsterdam Museum in 1829 for two thousand florins. It measures two feet high by one foot nine inches wide.



## 'THE LISTENING SERVANT'

## PLATE II

**T**HIS picture, generally called the 'Listening' or 'Indiscreet' servant, another version of which is one of the masterpieces of the Six Collection at Amsterdam, perhaps represents mistress instead of maid, if we may judge by the fur-trimmed jacket she wears, who, as she descends the winding staircase, is about to pull a bell-rope as she listens to her servants regaling themselves in an adjoining cellar, dark excepting for the glimmering light which comes from a lantern that one of them holds. In the Amsterdam picture she is listening to a pair of lovers talking in the hallway. A strong light coming from an unseen window falls full upon the figure of the woman with her white kerchief and apron, upon the newel-post, and brass bowl standing in the hall chair beside the banister. This picture is said to surpass the one at Amsterdam in the management of the light, and John Smith writes that "it is not less distinguished for the surprising power of chiaroscuro than for the interesting expression of the cautious mistress."

In 1811 this picture was sold for one hundred and fifty guineas (about seven hundred and fifty dollars). It now belongs to His Majesty's fine collection of Dutch masters at Buckingham Palace. It is signed, and dated 1665, and measures two feet four inches by one foot nine inches.

## 'AN OLD WOMAN PARING APPLES'

## PLATE III

**T**HIS old woman of the Berlin Museum, paring apples or, as some people think, turnips, gives us another picture of the humble, busy life of the Dutch peasant. Near her stands her spinning-wheel ready for work; on the window-ledge an open book, perhaps her Bible; at her feet a receptacle with a colander over it to receive the fruit. As in 'The Spinner' and 'The Reader,' the chief interest and charm of the picture lies in the transfiguring touch of the light from the window. Mr. Van Dyke says that only in pictures of this sort do we see the poetry in Maes's nature, a quality not to be found in his contemporaries, Steen, De Hooch, Terborch, or Ostade, and that in his intimate feeling for the humble life of his peasant women he is comparable to Millet.

This is number fifteen in Smith's 'Catalogue Raisonné,' which calls it "an admirable example of the master." In 1826 it belonged to the Collection of Count Pourtales; in 1842, the time that Smith's Catalogue was published, to that of H. Phillips, Esquire, who bought it for two hundred guineas (about one thousand dollars). It seems to have passed through many hands, for in 1899 it was bought from the collection of Lord Francis Hope for the Berlin Royal Gallery. It measures something less than two feet square.

## 'PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN'

## PLATE IV

**T**HIS portrait, recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum from the Ehrich Galleries, represents an elderly woman seated in dignified mien, with arms folded, holding in one hand a fan. Her cap and dress are of black

silk, and she wears a broad white linen collar reaching to the shoulders, and white undersleeves. We think this one of the better portraits by Maes, though totally unlike his master Rembrandt. He has added the accessories of drawn curtain and landscape in accordance with the prevalent taste of his later years.

Elizabeth L. Cary, writing in the 'Scrip,' says of this picture: "The portrait of an old lady by Nicolaas Maes is a particularly striking composition, with wonderful painting of black in the silk gown and a delicate feeling for the diaphanous quality of the kerchief and undersleeves. The face has no suggestion of the peasant type; it is that of a well-born, well-nurtured aristocrat, and this impression of inherited refinement is emphasized by the hands, in which the pale color, the long, slender fingers, the smooth texture, speak of beauty faded but lingering."

The canvas measures nearly four feet high by three broad.

'THE READER'

PLATE V

HERE we have another picture of a woman in her declining years, though she seems to belong to a higher class socially than the 'Spinners.' The full light from an unseen window strikes her as she sits in an armchair on the further side of a table, reading a heavy volume. The color-scheme is rich and dark. She is dressed in a black skirt and red jacket, the thick tapestry table-cloth being yellowish brown in tone. The spacious room with its pillared wall has more pretensions than many others painted by Maes. In a niche in the wall behind her are some jugs and a classic bust; on the table are books, ink-well, and scroll. M. Bürger believes that this must have been painted in Maes's early years, but after 1656, for the head of the statue seen in this picture, as well as a similar one in a portrait in the gallery of Arenberg, he believes came from the studio of Rembrandt, whose effects were inventoried and sold in June, 1856.

The canvas came from the ancient Lyversberg Collection at Cologne, and was bought for three thousand two hundred and forty-five francs (six hundred and forty-nine dollars) in 1858 at the Fraikin Sale. It measures two feet three inches high by nearly two feet long.

'PORTRAIT OF A MAN'

PLATE VI

"THE 'Portrait of a Man' of the National Gallery is," writes Edward T. Cook, "a singularly life-like portrait of a singularly unattractive face." This picture seems, however, to belong to the earlier and better class of Maes's portraits painted only a few years after he went to Antwerp. It is very simply treated. The sitter, who shows considerable force of character in his face, is placed in an armchair in a natural attitude, one hand resting on the arm, the other with the fingers placed between the leaves of a book. He is dressed in a black robe edged with brown fur, and behind him hangs a deep red curtain.

The portrait recalls Rembrandt somewhat in the chiaroscuro, the most intense light falling on the flesh, the white linen collars and cuffs, and the edge of the book, the head and the figure, being merged with soft outlines into the background. One does not feel that Maes has flattered his sitter in the least. Flattery in addition to skill in obtaining a good likeness were the qualities alleged to have given the artist such a vogue among the wealthy upper classes.

The canvas is signed on the wall N. Maes, and dated 1666. It was a gift to the National Gallery in 1888 from Sir Theodore Martin.

'THE IDLE SERVANT'

PLATE VII

'THE IDLE SERVANT' gives us the interior of a kitchen, where in the foreground the maid-servant has fallen asleep over her work, her pots and pans being scattered over the floor, while a cat is stealing a young duckling from a plate on the dresser. The young housewife has just discovered her sleeping maid, and, with a humorous expression on her face, holds out her hand as if appealing to the sympathy of the spectator for her maid's delinquency. In the background, through an open door looking into another room and raised by a few steps, is a group of three people seated at a small table near a window, perhaps waiting for the roasted fowl which has not appeared.

"This is one of the master's most estimable productions," writes Smith, "possessing extraordinary effect, combined with admirable finishing." Smith imported it into England and it formed part of the collection of R. Simmons, Esquire, until he bequeathed it to the National Gallery in 1846. It measures two feet three and one half inches by one foot nine inches. It is signed and dated, 1655.

'THE CARD-PLAYERS'

PLATE VIII

'THE CARD-PLAYERS' is rather a unique example by Maes. It undoubtedly gives us two portraits, perhaps a brother and sister, at the same time that it recalls his early pictures of genre in that the two figures are occupied in a most natural manner with playing their game. The young man is dressed in a black velvet suit with gold embroidery; the girl, in a gown of deep red. The table is covered with a brown cover, while the background is dark olive-brown in tone, showing the base of a pillar behind the girl.

The picture was purchased from the Monson Sale by the National Gallery in 1888. The auctioneer attempted to sell it for a Rembrandt, but from its style and color it was adjudged to be by Nicolaas Maes, though some critics have wished to attribute it to another pupil of Rembrandt's, Carl Fabritius, because of its large size, unusual with Maes. A contemporary article written for the 'Times' says: "In any case it is unmistakably of the Rembrandt school, and owes its inspiration to the method of presentation peculiar to the master. From every technical point of view it is first-rate. It is infused with

the largeness of style, the just appreciation of character, and the glowing color to be found in Rembrandt's matured works. It is the turn of the girl to play. She regards her hand in evident perplexity, doubtful which card to throw down. The man is apparently sure of his game."

The equivalent of about six thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars was paid for this canvas when it was purchased for the National Gallery in 1888.

'PORTRAIT OF THE DUCHESSE DE MAZARIN'

PLATE IX

THIS amusing portrait of a young girl very much over-dressed and be-decked with jewels doubtless belongs to Maes's later years, when his chief aim was to please and flatter rather than to create a work of art. The young duchess with her dark eyes and hair and full lips is pretty and attractive, though she does not give much promise of intellectuality in her later years. She is represented standing, in three-quarters length, gowned in a handsome décolleté dress of white satin embroidered in gold and trimmed with jewels. A red cloak is thrown loosely about her, which her hand clasps as it falls over her left shoulder. Her curling brown hair is elaborately coiffeured, and she wears a head-dress, which seems to be a sort of turban of red and white feathers. The background is dark and somber, showing on our right an indistinct landscape with a troupe of allegorical figures playing on musical instruments.

This canvas was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum in 1871, and measures three feet and a half high by two feet eight inches wide.

'THE SPINNER'

PLATE X

THERE are two pictures of an old woman spinning in the Ryks Museum of Amsterdam, one bequeathed in the Van der Hoop, the other in the Dupper, Collection. They are similar in composition and treatment. Mr. Cole engraved the former in 'Old Italian Masters,' but said that there was nothing to choose between them. Our plate gives us the latter, that of the Dupper Collection, which is slightly the larger of the two. An old peasant woman busy at her spinning-wheel is seated in the background near a table covered with a red cloth of that warm tone so much beloved by Maes. She wears a black cap and jacket with red and green sleeves and green skirt. Upon the table lie the bobbin and spindle, upon the walls are hanging jugs of common blue-and-white ware, while another jug stands upon the floor. This is the simple subject, but the picture is rendered immortal by the handling of the light that falls from a window upon the aged worker, transforming the humble scene into one of great beauty.

M. Bredius, speaking of this picture, exclaims: "What perfection in the *finesse* of the chiaroscuro! What brilliancy in the red of the sleeve of the jacket!" And M. Bürger remarks that these two 'Spinners' of the Ryks Museum and 'The Milkmaid' of the Van Loon Collection in Amsterdam are worthy to be hung on a line with the Rembrandts.

The picture is signed to the right, N. MAES. Before going to the Dupper Collection it belonged to the Collection Rombouts of Dordrecht, the artist's native town. It measures two feet by one foot nine inches.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY NICOLAAS MAES  
WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

**AUSTRIA.** BUDAPESTH, GALLERY: Portrait of a Man — **BELGIUM.** ANTWERP, COLLECTION KUMS: The Frugal Repast — **BRUSSELS,** MUSEUM: A Woman reading (Plate v); Portrait of a Man; Portrait of a Woman — **BRUSSELS,** ARENBERG GALLERY: Portrait of a Man — **DENMARK.** COPENHAGEN, GALLERY: Portrait of a Man; Portrait of a Woman — **ENGLAND.** LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: The Idle Servant (Plate vii); The Cradle; The Dutch Housewife; The Card-Players (Plate viii); The Portrait of a Man (Plate vi) — **LONDON,** HERTFORD HOUSE: A Boy on Horseback; The Servant on the Stair; Boy with a Hawk — **LONDON,** BUCKINGHAM PALACE: The Listening Servant (Plate ii) — **LONDON,** DULWICH GALLERY: Old Woman seated, eating — **LONDON,** APSLEY HOUSE: A Girl selling Milk; A Girl listening — **LONDON,** BRIDGE-WATER HOUSE: A Girl threading her Needle — **LONDON,** COLLECTION OF LORD NORTHBROOK: The Sleeping Servant-Maid — **LONDON,** LORD LANSDOWNE: Girl seated by a Cradle — **LONDON,** COLLECTION OF MR. LABOUCHÈRE: The Listener; The Lace-Worker — **FRANCE.** PARIS, LOUVRE: The Blessing — **GERMANY.** BERLIN, GALLERY: Old Woman paring Apples (Plate iii); Bishop Reading — **DRESDEN,** GALLERY: Two Women in a Kitchen; Portrait of Baron Godard von Rude-Agrim; Portrait of Graf von Athlone, Herr of Ameronghem — **MUNICH,** PINAKOTHEK: Portrait of a Young Man in a Landscape; Portrait of a Young Woman in a Landscape — **HOLLAND.** AMSTERDAM, RYKS MUSEUM: The Dreamer (Plate i); Old Woman spinning (From the Van der Hoop Collection); Old Woman spinning (From the Dupper Collection) (Plate x); Grace Before Meat (From the Society Felix Meritis); Portrait of Cornelis Evertsen — **AMSTERDAM,** SIX COLLECTION: The Listening Servant; Six Members of the Guild of Surgeons at Amsterdam; Portrait of Willem Six as a Child — **AMSTERDAM,** VAN LOON COLLECTION: Milkmaid at the Door of a House — **DORDRECHT,** GALLERY: Portrait of Jacob de Witt — **HAARLEM,** GALLERY: Portrait of Versyl; Portrait of Catherina de Sadelaer — **THE HAGUE,** GALLERY: Portrait of a Man; Diana and Nymphs Bathing — **THE HAGUE,** COLLECTION STEENGRACHT: An Interior — **THE HAGUE,** COLLECTION PRINCE FREDERIK HENRI: Portrait of a Man; Portrait of a Woman — **THE HAGUE,** COLLECTION STUERS: Portrait of a Man; Portrait of a Woman — **ROTTERDAM,** GALLERY: Portraits of a Family; Portrait of Maria Colve; Portrait of a Boy — **ITALY.** FLORENCE, UFFIZI: Young Girl praying — **RUSSIA.** ST. PETERSBURG, L'HERMITAGE: An Interior, a Mother with her Children; A Woman Fallen Asleep while winding Thread — **UNITED STATES.** NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Portrait of the Duchesse de Mazarin, (Plate ix); Portrait of a Woman (Plate iv).

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CENTURY, 1894: J. C. Van Dyke; Nicolaas Maes — SCRIP, 1906: E. L. Cary; The Galleries, Note on the 'Portrait of a Woman' (Plate IV), recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum.



MASTERS IN ART

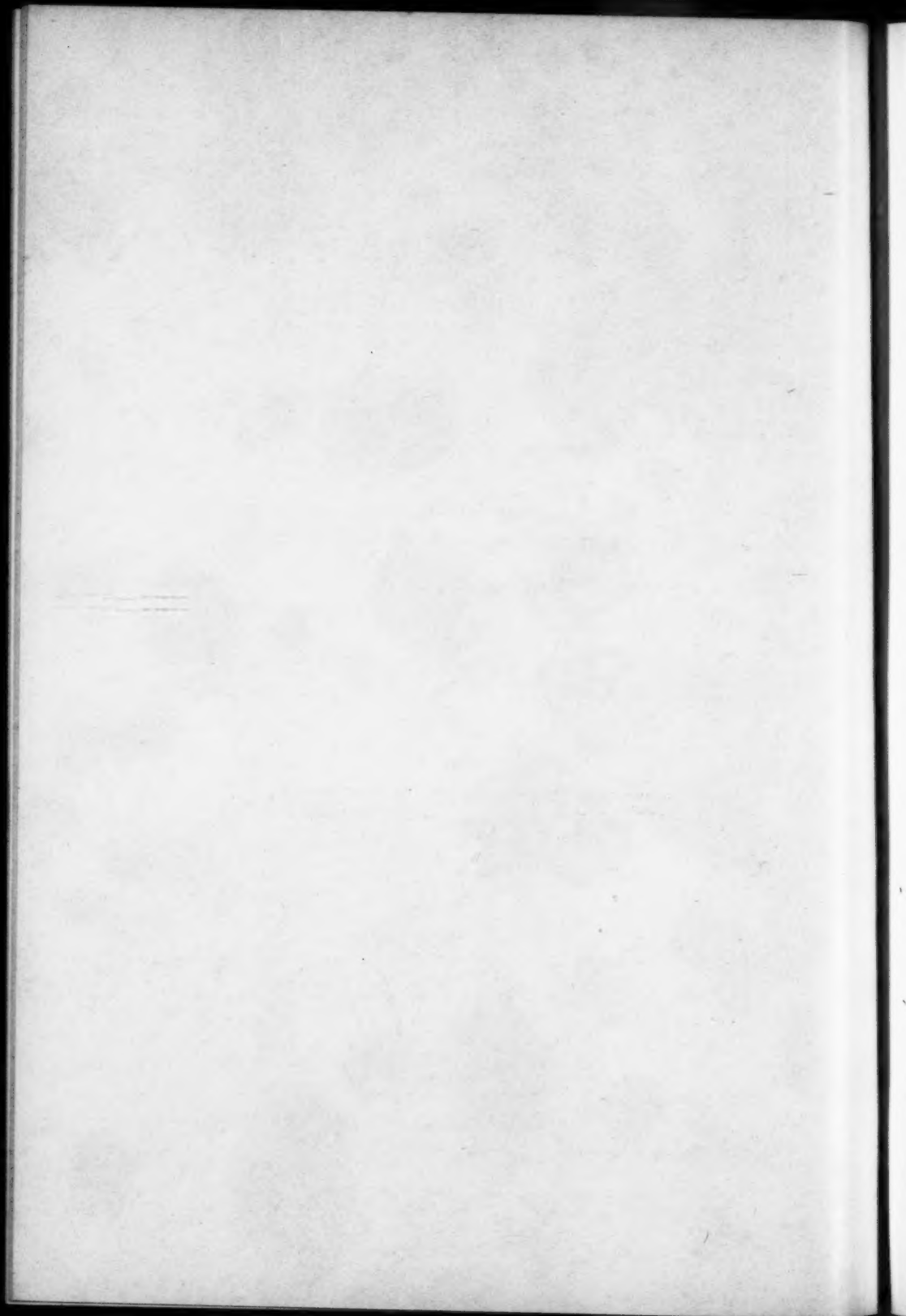
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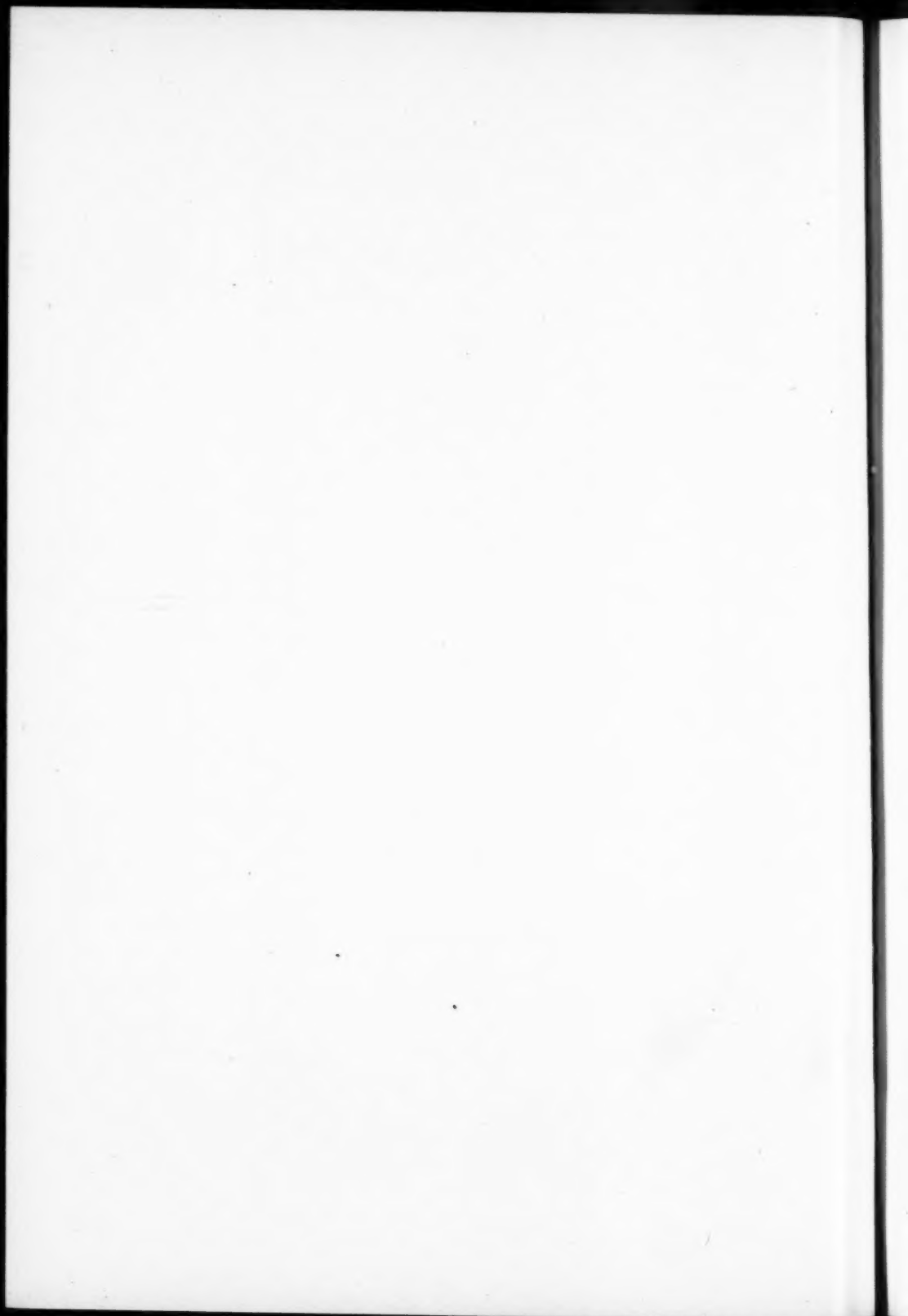
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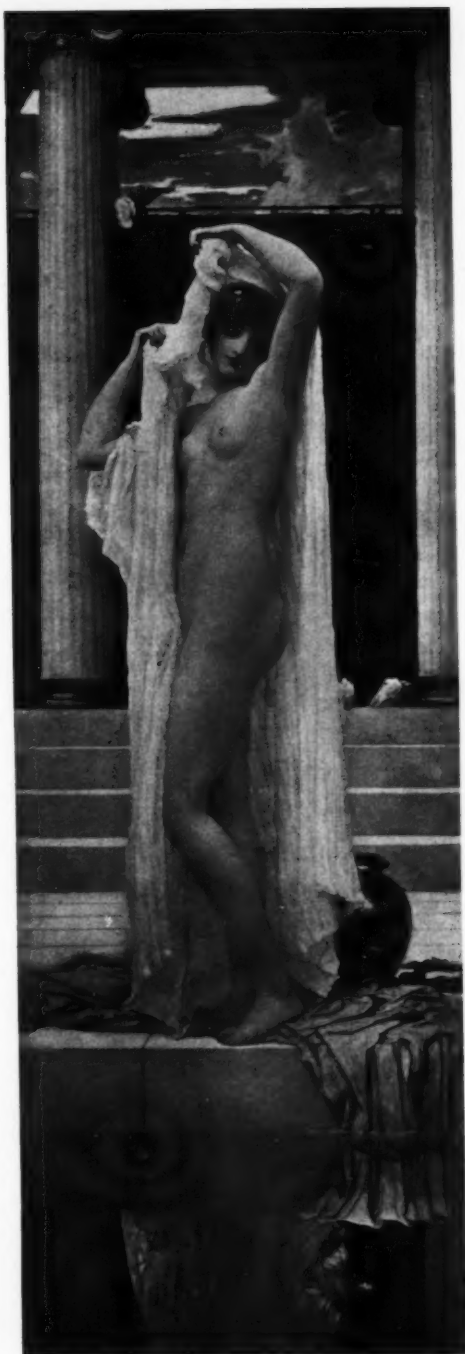
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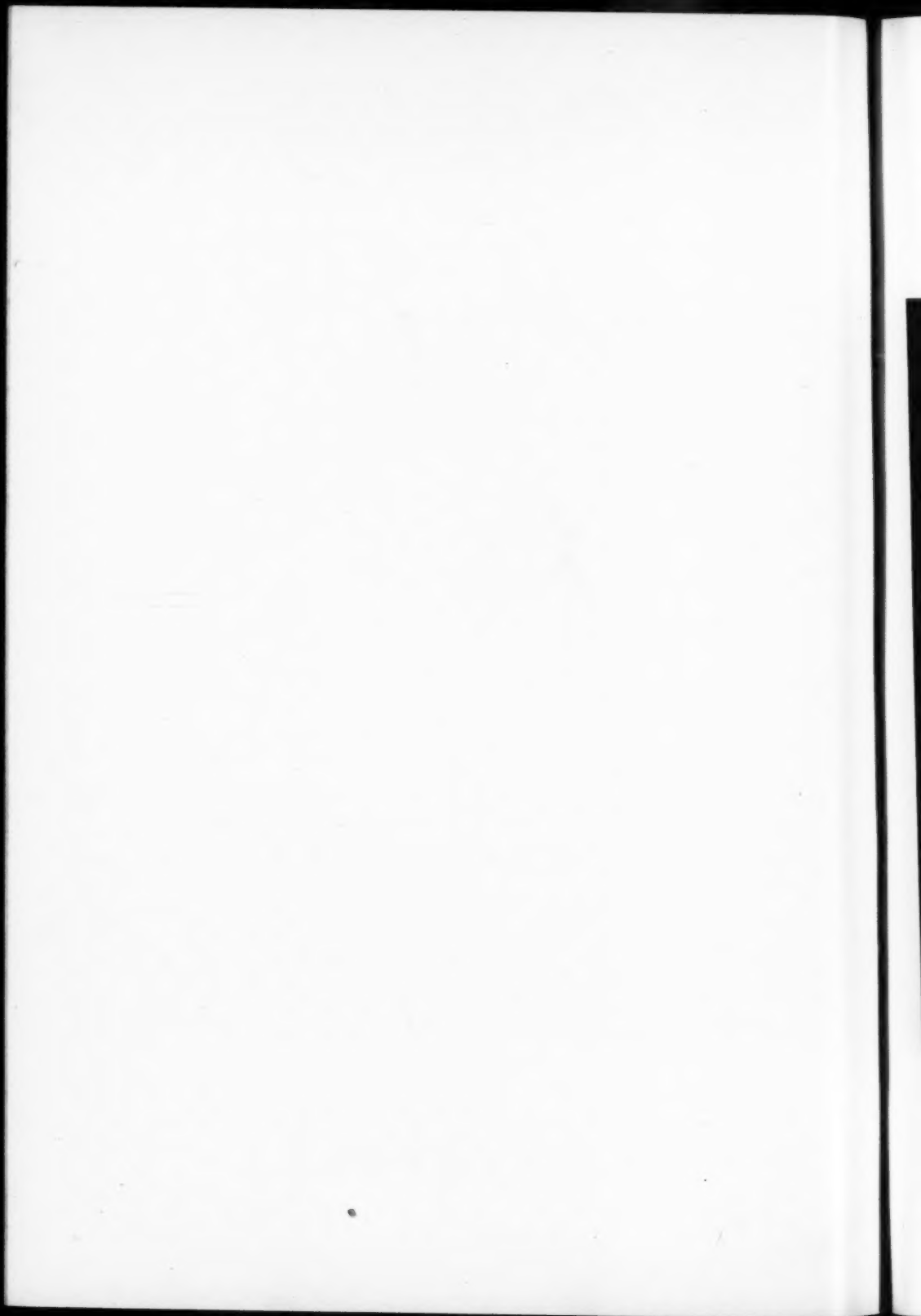
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MASTERS IN ART PLATE III  
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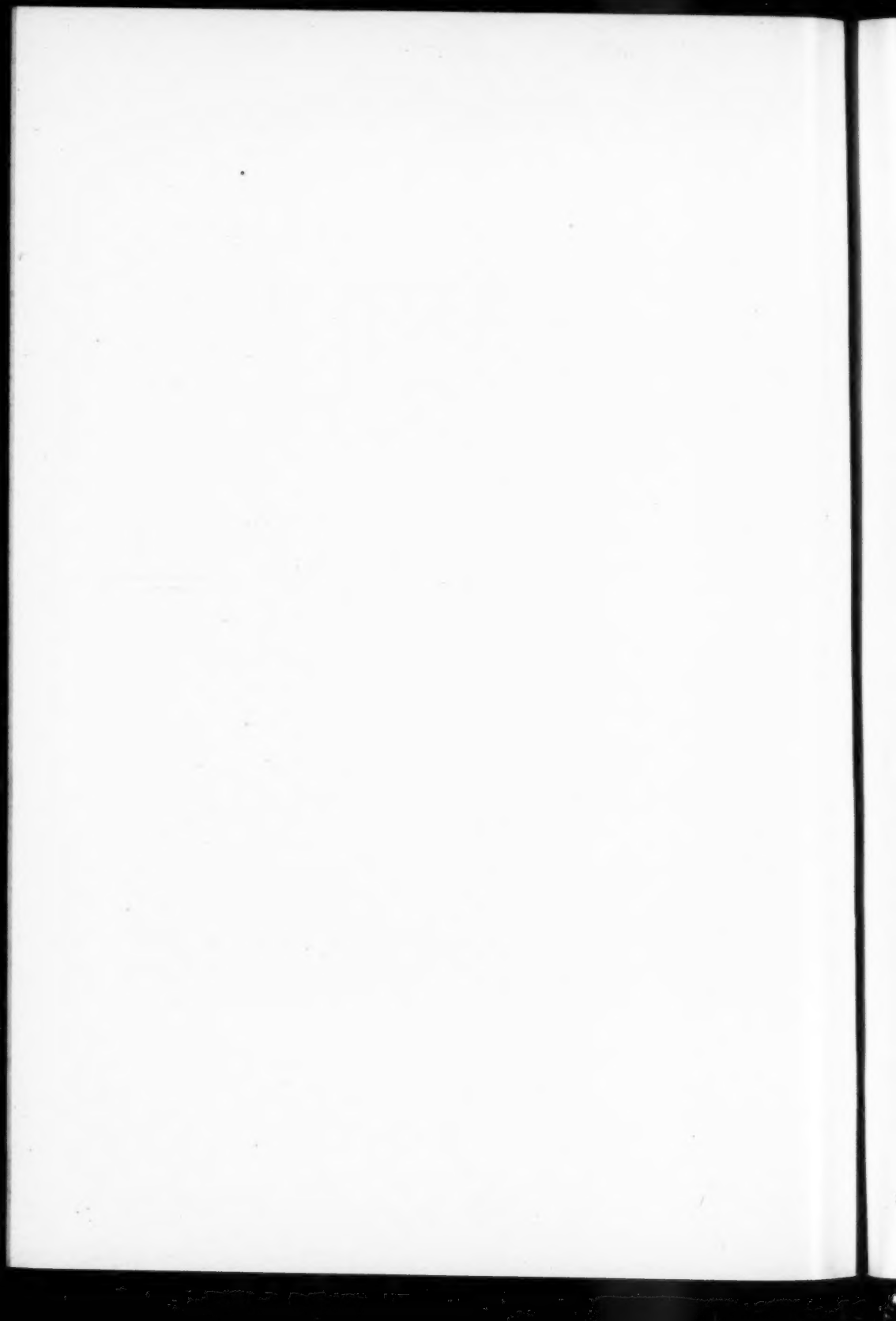
LEIGHTON  
BATH OF PSYCHE  
TATE GALLERY, LONDON







LEIGHTON  
THE MUSIC LESSON  
COLLECTION OF E. M. DENNY, ESQ.



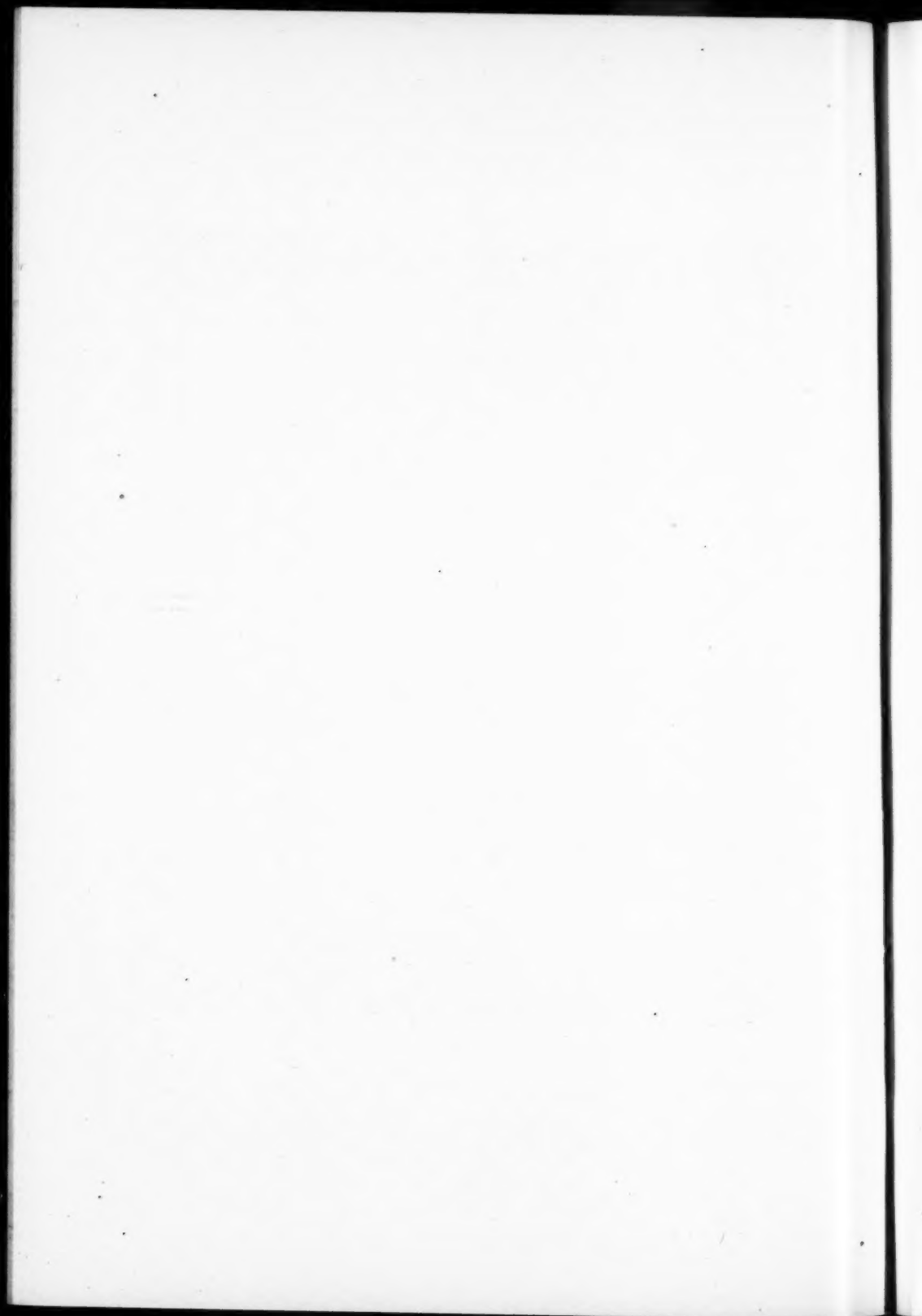


MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLVER

[187]

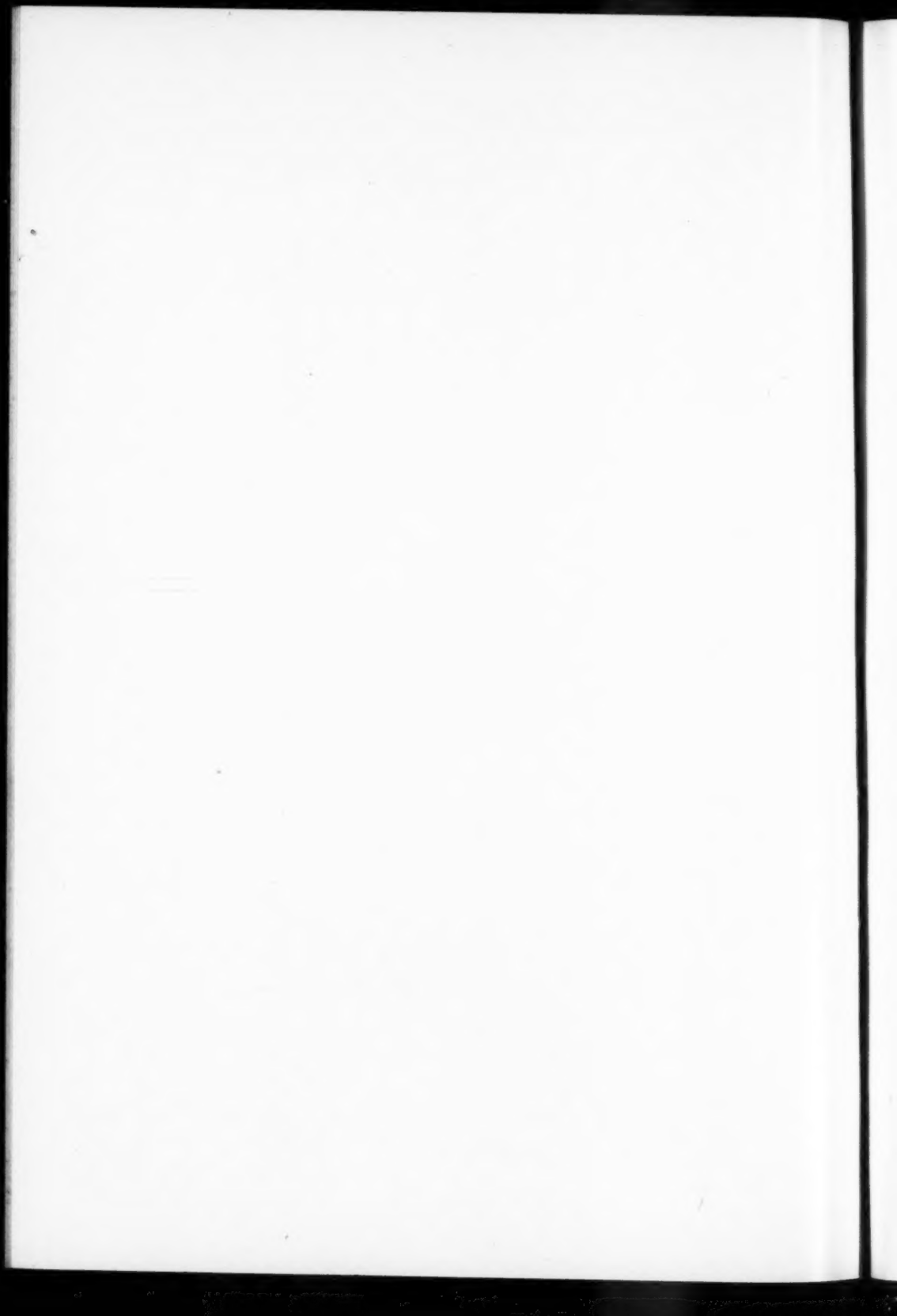
LEIGHTON  
PORTRAIT OF SIR RICHARD BURTON  
NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON





LEIGHTON  
CAPTIVE ANDROMACHE  
GALLERY, MANCHESTER

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.  
[1890]





MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY PERMISSION

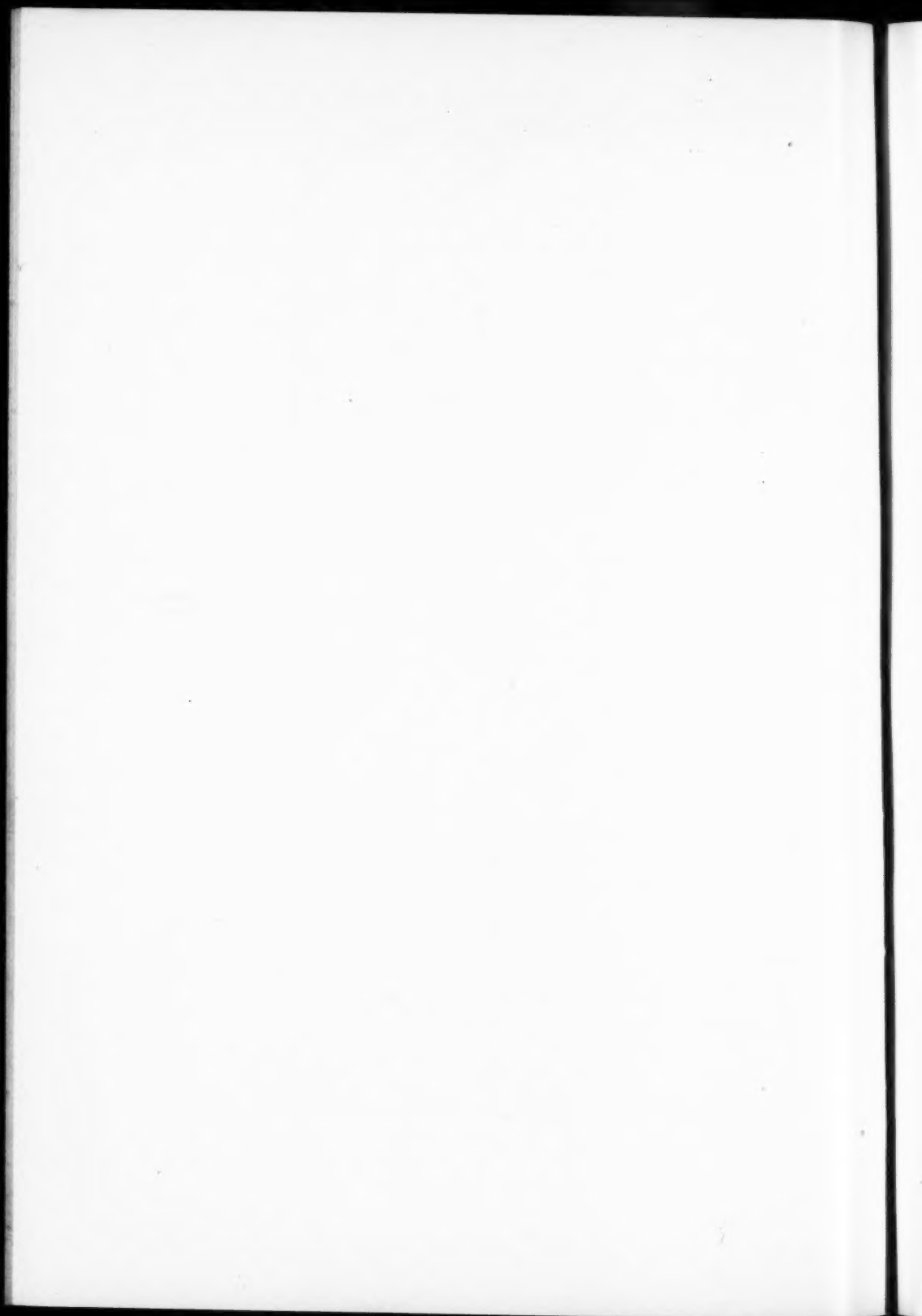
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LEIGHTON

LACHRYMAE

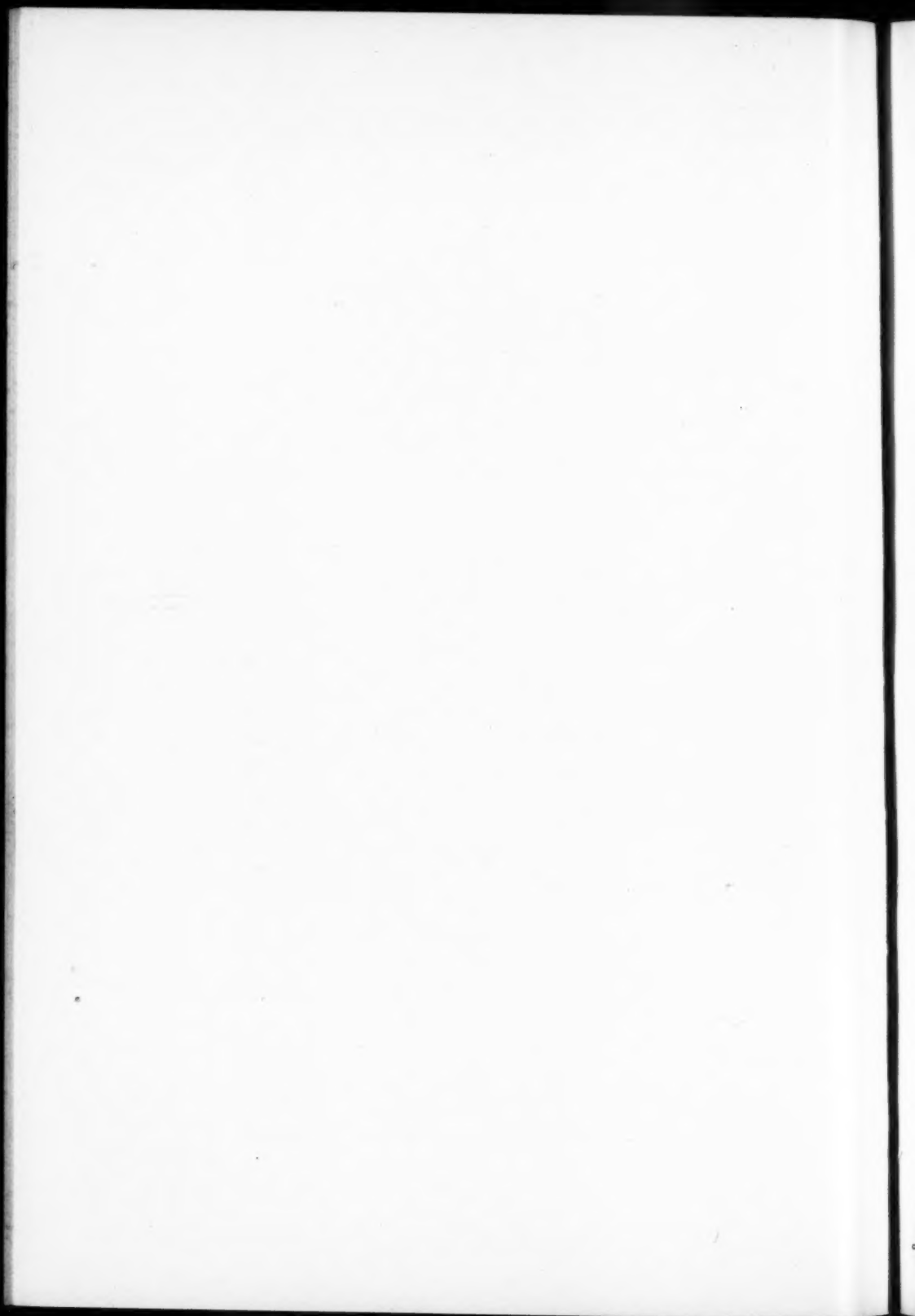
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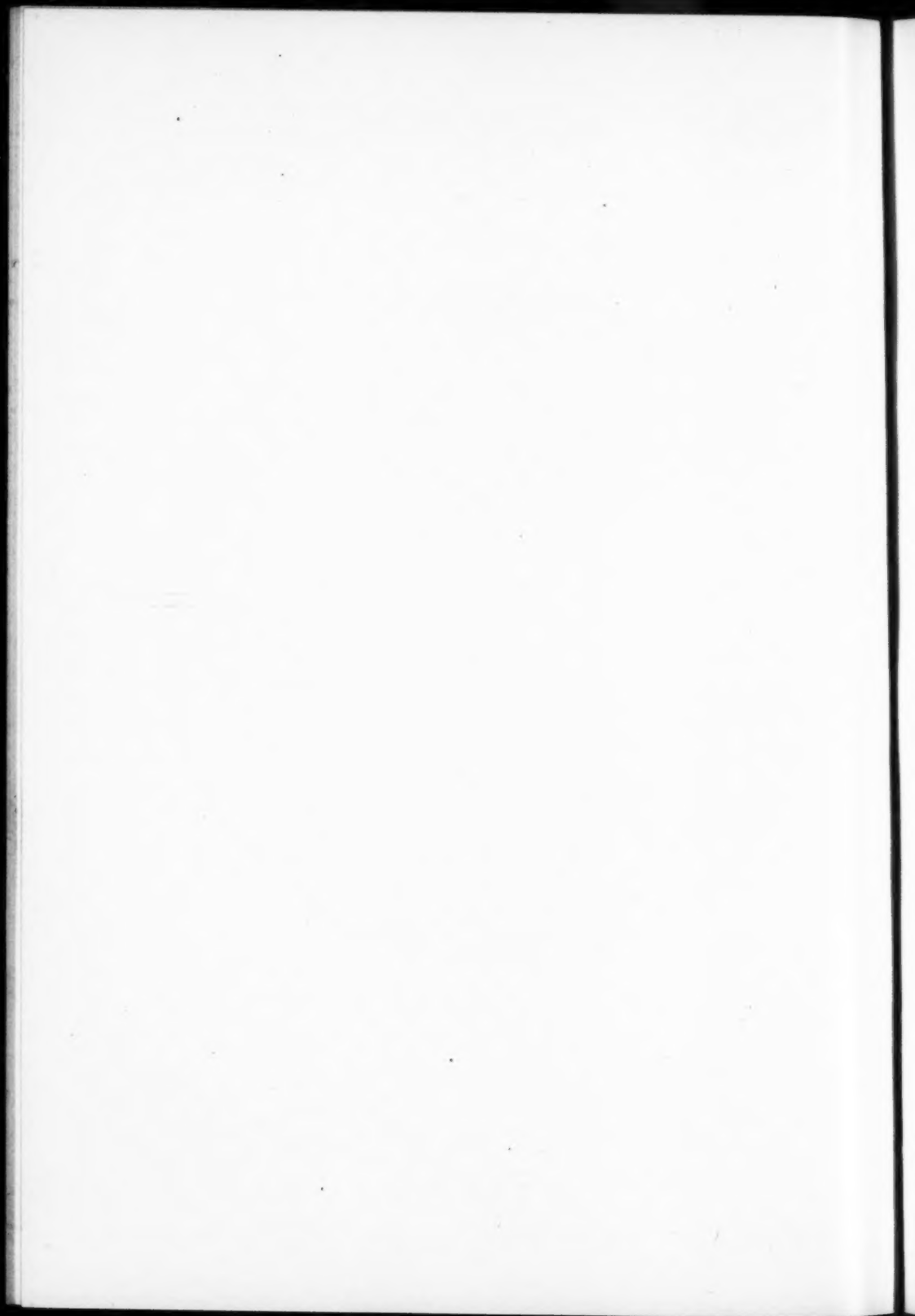




LEIGHTON  
GREEK GIRLS PLAYING AT BALL  
COLLECTION OF J. M. FRASER, ESQ.









LEIGHTON  
THE DAPHNEPHORIA  
COLLECTION OF GEORGE McCULLOCH, ESQ.



PORTRAIT OF LORD LEIGHTON

UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

Lord Leighton painted this portrait in 1881, on the invitation of the directors of the Uffizi, who wished it for the room devoted to portraits of artists painted by themselves. It is considered by some critics to be Leighton's best work in portraiture. M. de la Sizeranne writes of this picture: "In the Uffizi, at Florence, in the room filled with artists' portraits painted by themselves, may be seen the fair, handsome, curly head of the President of the Royal Academy, rising out of a rich red mantle with a gold chain, and with a bas-relief from the Parthenon for a background. The portrait is a symbol. At the back of all English academic painting, as at the back of its president's portrait, may be vaguely seen the horsemen of Phidias passing by."



## Frederic, Lord Leighton

BORN 1830: DIED 1896  
ENGLISH SCHOOL

FREDERIC LEIGHTON came of a family of intellect and culture, which was, however, not especially artistic. His grandfather, Sir James Leighton, was physician to the Court at St. Petersburg and received the honor of knighthood. His father, Dr. Frederic Leighton, also followed the profession of medicine, and in his early married life, in the hope of inheriting Sir James's position, settled in the Russian capital, where his two eldest children were born. A partial deafness contracted through taking cold necessitated his giving up active practice, and from this time he devoted himself to the study of natural and mental philosophy, and was noted for his keen intellectual ability and general culture. His wife's ill-health made it imperative that they should leave St. Petersburg, so they returned to England and settled for a time in Scarborough, Yorkshire, where Frederic, the third child, was born, on December 3, 1830. There were two other children in the family, but only Frederic and two sisters, Alexandra and Augusta, who became respectively Mrs. Sutherland-Orr and Mrs. Matthews, survived childhood. Frederic, who never married, was a most devoted son and brother.

When the lad was only ten years old the family traveled to Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. In fact, on account of his mother's health the family life seems to have been a wandering one for a number of years, Bath, England, being finally determined upon as a place of residence. These travels were a great opportunity to the young Frederic, who took lessons in drawing at Rome of Signor Meli, and filled a number of sketch-books with drawings said to have been very precocious. In 1844 the boy declared his passion for art, and his father showed his work to Hiram Powers, who lived in Italy, asking, "Shall I make him an artist?" to which the American sculptor replied, "Sir, you have no choice in the matter; he is one already."

The boy learned anatomy most thoroughly from his father, and was placed in the Florence Academy under Bezzuoli and Servolini, rather mannered painters and not the best teachers, and whose influence it took some years to shake off. In Frankfort, where the family lived for some years, Frederic finished his general education, and at seventeen went for a year to the Städlet-sches Institut. He studied for a short time in Brussels and also in Paris

without much result, then went back to pursue his art education under Johann Eduard Steinle, his much honored and revered master. Steinle was one of the so-called school of 'The Nazarenes,' from their inclination to paint religious subjects, and who owed their inspiration to Overbeck and Pfühler. To quote from a letter that Leighton wrote to Mrs. Mark Pattison, who, in 1879, the year after his election to the presidency of the Royal Academy, was collecting material for his biography: "My desire to be an artist dates as far back as my memory, and was wholly spontaneous, or rather unprompted. My parents surrounded me with every facility to learn drawing, but, as I have told you, *strongly* discountenanced the idea of my being an artist unless I could be eminent in art." And speaking again in the same letter of his art training: "For *bad* by Florentine Academy; for good, far beyond all others, by Steinle, a noble-minded, single-hearted artist, *s'il en faut*. Technically I learnt (later) much from Robert Fleury, but being very receptive and prone to admire, I have learnt, and still do, from innumerable artists, big and small. Steinle's is, however, the indelible seal. The thoroughness of all the great old masters is so pervading a quality that I look upon them all as forming an aristocracy."

He stayed with Steinle until 1853, when the master, appreciating the pupil's love and sympathy for Italy, advised his going to Rome and gave him a letter of introduction to the German artist, Cornelius. These years in Rome were the happiest, perhaps, of the artist's life. There was a distinguished English colony living in the 'Eternal City' at this time, to which the young Leighton was a welcome addition. His greatest friendship, and one that was destined to be life-long, was with a woman thirty years older than himself, Mrs. Adelaide Sartoris (née Kemble), a singer of note and a woman of fine character and presence. Other friends were Henry Greville, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, George Mason, the painter, Gibson, the sculptor, Lord Lyons, and Thackeray, who on his return to England prophesied to Millais, "Millais! my boy, I have met in Rome a versatile young dog called Leighton, who will one of these days run you hard for the presidency!"

During these winters in Rome, and his travels during the summer, he sketched and worked at his first great picture, 'Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence,' which was finally exhibited at the Royal Academy in the spring of 1855, and which called forth much favorable criticism from the public, the press, and Ruskin. It was bought by the Queen for eight hundred pounds, much to his father's satisfaction. The young artist's fame was thus established. It is characteristic of his generous nature and his desire throughout life to help young artists, that with this first money earned he bought pictures of three then little known painters, one of whom was George Mason, of later renown in England.

Leighton's father now insisted on his return to England, and during the next five years he had a studio for a time in London, for a time in Paris, making frequent visits to Italy; but it was not until 1860, when the artist was thirty years of age, that he definitely settled in London, taking a studio at 2 Orme Square, Bayswater. Here he remained until his removal, in 1866, to

the beautiful house which was built for him after designs by his friend the architect George Aitchison, in Holland Park Road. The famous Arab Hall faced with tiles from Damascus especially selected by his friends was not added until about eleven years later. It has been said that the house was as much a work of art as any of his pictures, but eclectic in its collection of beautiful things, like its cultured master. After his death the house was acquired by the government as a national monument to his memory.

As we have seen, Leighton's entire education was acquired on the continent, and he was also a great traveler, having both the means and the inclination to be one. He made almost yearly visits in the autumn to Italy, which he called his "second home." In 1857 he visited Algiers; in 1866, Spain; the following year, Austria, Constantinople, Athens, and the Levant; and the year following that he went up the Nile with De Lesseps. In 1873 he visited Damascus; in 1877 he revisited Spain. All landscapes, though of widely different character, appealed to him; in his later years he was accustomed to spend August and September either in the rugged mountains of Scotland or on the coast of Ireland. His foreign education and his love of travel and appreciation of beauty in all forms account for his extreme eclecticism. In his early years he was wont to choose Italian subjects, as witness his 'Cimabue's Procession' and the still earlier subject painted in Paris of 'Cimabue finding Giotto in the Fields of Florence,' as well as 'The Death of Brunelleschi,' 'The Plague at Florence,' 'Paolo and Francesca,' and 'Michael Angelo nursing his Dying Servant.' After his visits to Greece he chose subjects for the most part from Grecian mythology or literature.

Leighton was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy. Each year he sent one or more canvases. Among so many it is difficult to choose the most important. Among some of his early pictures may be mentioned 'Golden Hours,' 'Lieder ohne Worte,' 'David,' 'Helen of Troy,' 'Syracusan Bride leading Wild Beasts in Procession to the Temple of Diana,' 'Venus disrobing for the Bath,' 'Ariadne abandoned by Theseus.' In 1864 he was made an Associate of the Royal Academy, and a full Academician five years later. For a diploma picture he painted 'St. Jerome.' In the foreground kneels the aged saint in anguished prayer before a crucifix; in the background the back of a seated lion silhouetted against a lurid sky has a somewhat bizarre and fantastic effect. He also sent in for exhibition in 1869 three pictures, entitled 'Dædalus and Icarus,' 'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon,' and 'Helios and Rhodes,' the last remarkable for its passionate color.

Besides the work on these easel-pictures, in 1861, on the death of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, he designed her monument for the English cemetery in Florence, having during her lifetime once made an illustration for her poem 'The Great God Pan.' In 1862 he illustrated George Eliot's 'Romola' as it appeared in 'The Cornhill Magazine.' He also illustrated Dalziel's 'Bible' and Mrs. Sartoris's novel 'A Week in a French Country House.' In 1860 he painted in fresco 'The Wise and Foolish Virgins' for the village church at Lyndhurst, and later received the commission for two lunettes for the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington, as well as for some

figures for a frieze. The first lunette, 'The Arts of War,' was begun in 1870 and finished ten years later; the second, 'The Arts of Peace,' begun in 1881, was completed in six years' time. In the first he drew his inspiration from the Middle Ages, the Age of Chivalry; in the latter, from the classic life of Greece.

Mrs. Barrington, one of his recent biographers, says that during the ten years after he was made an Academician he painted thirty-six important pictures, twenty-six slighter works, and produced his first statue, and that after his election as President of the Royal Academy in 1878, on the death of Sir Francis Grant, he exhibited at the Royal Academy eighty canvases, two statues, and two designs, one for the Jubilee Medal of 1887 and the other for the proposed decoration of the dome of St. Paul's, 'And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it' (plate ix).

In considering the relative importance of these works we might mention first two canvases painted in 1871, 'Herakles wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis' (plate i), and 'Greek Girls picking up Pebbles by the Seashore.' 'Summer Moon,' a decorative composition most sumptuous in color, was Watts's favorite of all Leighton's pictures, doubtless because, as Mrs. Barrington thinks, it was "looser and more vibrating" in treatment and has more atmosphere than is customary in his work. In 1876 he painted the 'Daphnephoria' (plate x), a large canvas considered by some to be his finest work, and a portrait of Sir Richard Burton (plate v); in 1879, 'Elijah in the Wilderness,' into which the artist affirmed that he put more of himself than into any other picture. In 1877 his most important work was a bronze figure of an 'Athlete struggling with a Python,' so graceful in its attitude and so perfect in its anatomy that many were led to believe that Leighton's province lay in sculpture rather than in painting. A replica of this statue in marble was made for the Glyptothek of Copenhagen, the original being now in the Tate Gallery, as well as another bronze sculptured later from the same model, called at first 'The Athlete resting,' but which is generally known under the title of 'The Sluggard.' Leighton also modeled figures in clay to use as studies of foreshortening for his work in oils.

The artist in his youth wrote to his master, Steingle: "You will be surprised, but in spite of my fanatic preference for color, I promise myself to be a draftsman before I become a colorist." Leighton was an accurate and diligent workman. He made a number of cartoons and sketches for each picture, studies of the model nude, of the model draped, and of the drapery alone. Each picture went through seven or eight stages before its completion. Indeed, it has been said by those critics who do not admire his style that the moment he took up the pencil inspiration vanished. Even George Frederick Watts, his devoted friend for over forty years, felt that Leighton often labored too assiduously over his pictures, thereby destroying their spontaneity.

Other canvases of Leighton's later years were 'Elisha raising the Son of the Shulamite,' 'Phryne at Eleusis,' 'Wedded'—standing before which Robert Browning exclaimed, "I see more poetry in that man's painting than in any other." 'Cymon and Iphigenia' (plate ii) he chose to represent himself

at the Exposition in Berlin in 1885. He had modeled the same subject in clay, which Watts extravagantly praised when he declared "Phidias could not have done better." The artist presented his friend with the group, but it was unhappily destroyed in the attempt to cast it in bronze.

In 1888 Leighton painted the third of his large canvases with many figures, 'Captive Andromache' (plate vi), followed in later years by 'Perseus and Andromeda,' 'Return of Persephone,' in all of which is seen his preference for the classic subject. The picture called 'Clytie,' an unusually passionate one for Leighton, remained unfinished at his death, as well as 'Phœnicians bartering with Britons,' designed as a decoration for the walls of the Royal Exchange. In 1895, the last year that he exhibited, 'Lachrymæ' (plate vii) and 'Flaming June' were the canvases which he sent in.

As President of the Royal Academy Sir Frederic Leighton was most efficient and punctilious, although he never let official duties interfere with the regular morning and afternoon hours he spent at his easel. He instituted the biennial addresses to the students of the Academy and inaugurated at Burlington House the winter exhibitions of Old Masters.

Always delicate in health, the last two years of his life the artist suffered from angina pectoris. He revisited Algiers in the winter of 1895 in the hope of regaining his health. After having been knighted in 1878, created a baronet in 1886, on New Year's Day, 1896, he was granted a peerage to be called Lord Leighton of Stretton, a town in Shropshire, from which the family had formerly emigrated to Yorkshire. This was the first time that such an honor had ever been given a painter; but the artist did not live long to enjoy it, for, three weeks later, he was taken very ill, and died on the twenty-fifth of January. His will left all to his sisters, though he had previously expressed the wish that they should give ten thousand pounds to the Academy. Almost his last words after signing his will were, "Give my love to the Academy." His body remained in state at Burlington House before the grand public funeral took place at St. Paul's, on February the third. The Archbishop of York, Chaplain of the Royal Academy, officiated at the services, and Lord Leighton was laid to rest in the cathedral beside Sir Joshua Reynolds. Thomas Brock designed the monument for his tomb and also his bust, which stands in the hall of Leighton House.

In addition to the honors already mentioned that came to him, he was made an Associate of the Institute of France and Commander of the Legion of Honor, he received the "Order of Leopold," and was made a knight of the Prussian Order "Pour le mérite." He was also an honorary member of eight foreign academies and had honorary degrees conferred upon him from five universities.



## The Art of Leighton

COSMO MONKHOUSE

BRITISH CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS

"THE enemy, then, is this indifference in the presence of the ugly; it is only by the victory over this apathy that you can rise to better things; it is only by the rooting out and extermination of what is ugly that you can bring about conditions in which beauty shall be a power among you." These words are taken from the Presidential Address by Lord (then Sir Frederic) Leighton at the Art Congress of Liverpool in 1888, and they embody, in a few words, the artistic creed of the speaker. From the beginning to the end of his career the aim of his art was to cultivate the spirit of pure, unalloyed beauty. He was not content to make a beautiful whole out of imperfect or unlovely elements, but, like the ancient Greeks, he determined that every item of his compositions, to the very smallest detail, should be beautiful of its kind and wrought with the utmost care. If the millennium is to be brought about by the "extermination of what is ugly," he did his best by precept and practice to hasten its advent.

It may be stated as the distinction of Leighton among his peers that he worshipped beauty, and especially beauty of form, more exclusively than they. There is little or nothing of the mystic or the didactic in his art, which exists to create beautiful images. Often beauty is their sole motive; sometimes they clothe a beautiful idea, sometimes they present a fine dramatic scene; but in all cases the treatment is essentially æsthetic, whether the subject be the face of a woman, or some tremendous theme like 'Herakles wrestling with Death' or 'Rizpah defending the Dead Bodies of her Children.' No violence is sufficient to make his draperies fall in ungraceful folds; no passion will disturb his features to disfigurement; with the pathos of deformity his art has no concern, and it has little toleration even for strength without refinement. In these respects he followed the traditions of the finest artists of Greece; and in others also, for he went to nature for his models, and his ideal was no fantastic offspring of his own imagination, but the perfect development of a normal body. It was not confined to one type of beauty, and perhaps, therefore, I should have said his "ideals;" for there have been few other artists so devoted to beauty in the abstract, who had also so wide a feeling for its different manifestations. If we could gather together all his female heads we should find Greek and English, Turkish and Italian, French and Spanish, blonde and brunette, severe and lively, robust and delicate — a very gallery of different types, but each beautiful after its kind, with a beauty of pure form, independent of accident or expression. These heads are studies from nature, but they are ideal also, for they are all molded with an elegance, draped with a refinement, and colored with a charm which are personal to the artist. . . .

Leighton painted but few portraits, but among them are two at least which are masterpieces. One of these is Sir Richard Burton, the famous traveler and oriental scholar, and the other of himself, painted for the Gallery of the Uffizi. As a colorist Leighton was original and effective, and his palette was

select and varied. He was as fastidious in the beauty of his individual tints as in the selection of his forms. He had a lovely gamut of red, plum, crimson, olive, cinnamon, chocolate, saffron, orange, amber, pink, and other nameless broken tints, and closed it with a very fine and pure purple of which he was very fond. With this affluent and luxurious scale, which may be compared to that of a box of preserved fruits, he constructed many harmonies grave and gay, dainty and luscious, which often give much pleasure and are always highly ornamental; but the general effect is somewhat artificial, and misses the quietude, the fulness, and the depth of the greatest color-poets.

J. COMYNS CARR

'EXAMPLES OF CONTEMPORARY ART'

THE bronze figure by Mr. Leighton of an athlete struggling with a serpent is to be regarded as perhaps the highest achievement in the Exhibition [at the Royal Academy, 1877]. The first essay in sculpture of one who is by profession a painter, this figure not only takes high rank according to the particular laws of the art in which it is expressed, but it far excels, in our judgment, any work in painting which Mr. Leighton has produced. It is conceived in a spirit more masculine; it has an energy that comes nearer to the truth of life, and a grace that is more consistent with strength. As a painter, Mr. Leighton is constantly yielding to the charms of an effeminate beauty; the tendencies of his style serve to weaken his invention; whereas the process of sculpture would seem to have inspired him with a new vigor and a more nervous force. The peculiar limitations of the art exercise a bracing effect upon his artistic constitution, and give to the result of his labors a certain austere dignity which as a painter he has never been able to command. On the other hand, the sacrifice is not so great as it would have been to a great colorist. Mr. Leighton's color was always carefully balanced, highly polished, and scrupulously smooth; but it never possessed the kind of magic and charm by which we may recognize the work of a true colorist. It was the fruit of study and good taste, but not of that direct inspiration which is able without any loss of harmony to preserve a reminiscence of the strength and purity of natural tints. He has, therefore, lost little and gained much by the exchange of canvas for bronze. The exceptional gifts of design which he possesses, the technical knowledge and skill which he can command, are of equal service to him in the new material, and they have enabled him to produce a work in which we find more to admire and less to criticize than in any of his paintings. It is true, of course, that an artist can be no more than himself, whatever may be the means he employs; and it is possible to discover in this bronze figure some traces of those essential defects of style which are inseparable from his artistic individuality. The grace of Mr. Leighton's forms is always a little conscious. They are always aware, even in their freest and most energetic movements, of the presence of their author, who is on the watch to see that they do not transgress any of the laws of art; and they are, therefore, never entirely absorbed in their own concerns.



H. QUILTER

'PREFERENCES IN ART'

AMONGST our other great painters, there are only four who can be said to seriously attempt to paint the nude figure: these are, Sir Frederic Leighton, Mr. Edward Burne-Jones, Mr. E. J. Poynter, and, occasionally, Mr. Albert Moore and Mr. Alma-Tadema, the latter a Belgian by birth. Of these artists, Sir Frederic Leighton's method is probably the hardest to characterize in a few words, if only because it combines such various qualities. This most accomplished artist has studied in the chief schools of England, France, Germany, and Italy; and one result of the various teaching he has undergone has been to make him a sort of artistic Achitophel. He has been too much taught to have learnt anything worth the learning; like some of the unfortunate youths who take high honors at their university, he has more knowledge than he knows what to do with; and while capable of painting anything in any style, he feels little inclination to use his powers for purposes of expression. The contours of a woman's back, the softness of a woman's limbs, the sweetness of a woman's eyes, and the languor of a woman's love — these are nearly all the subjects that occupy his pencil, and, as might be expected, the continual pruning away of human imperfections and human emotions to which he has subjected his pictures has resulted in their having but little interest, and even, in the best sense of the word, but little beauty. The loveliness that "comes from no secret of proportion, but from the secret of deep human sympathy," is alien to Sir Frederic Leighton's work, and he keeps, as far as his pictures tell us, no corner of his heart for "the few in the forefront of the great multitude whose faces we know, whose hands we touch, for whom we have to make way in kindly courtesy." This want of sympathy shows clearly enough in the artist's treatment of the figure, which, with all its delicate correctness, has a smoothness and softness that are not of nature. Under the delicate peach-bloom of his maidens' cheeks, and the clear brown skin of his athletes, there is felt the same want of reality; his lovers whispering in the twilight, as in last year's Academy picture, call forth little emotion; they are as unhuman in their perfection as the voices of the earth and air in Shelley's 'Prometheus.'

Hands that have done no work and hearts that have known no sorrow; soft robes that have never been soiled with rain or torn by storm; a blue sky above their heads and a fruitful earth beneath their feet, and an atmosphere of the land where it seems always afternoon — such are the actors and their surroundings of Sir Frederic Leighton's later works. Is it any wonder that they have little appeal for us who live, *girt by the beating of the steely sea*, in an age which has certainly little in common with that of Arcady?

In fact, Sir Frederic Leighton plays upon the human body with as much skill and with as much indifference as a practised musician, and one day, perhaps, he will be astonished to learn that

"There is much marvelous music in this little pipe"

that he cannot compel to utterance.

R. DE LA SIZERANNE

'ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY ART'

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON was not only the official representative of English painting on the Continent, he was virtually the representative of Continental painting in England. There is no greater, or less insular, master of painting than he, across the Channel. President of the Royal Academy, decorator of the National Museum at Kensington, Director of the official schools, speech-maker at the distribution of their prizes, this Englishman of good birth and great talent would appear, at first sight, to have been in his great works a second Overbeck and in his easel-pictures an earlier Bouguereau. He visited all countries and schools, learned all languages, reproduced all styles, and attempted almost every art. At an age when our future artists are filling their students' manuals with caricatures he had already studied at Rome, at Dresden, at Berlin, at Frankfort, at Florence, running through Europe and through æstheticism, before he had time and taste for discrimination and decision. Later, he visited the ruins of the Coliseum with Robert Browning, the Banks of the Nile with M. de Lesseps, old German castles with Steinle, Paris salons with Decamps and Ary Scheffer; working everywhere, imbibing sunshine at Damascus and fog at Frankfort, painting dreary seas in Ireland and rocks in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, orange-trees in Andalusia and olive-trees in Italy; filling his trunks and his imagination with all he could see of the best, the most beautiful, the purest. When he returned to London, in his prime, he displayed all his acquisitions. His sumptuous dwelling in Holland Park Road was the Temple of Eclecticism. . . . It was a Pantheon with altars to all forms of art, to all the gods of æstheticism, and you looked involuntarily for an empty altar dedicated to "the unknown God." . . .

In all his work, though you may find many various inspirations and many different subjects, you will never find a single low or sensual idea, a single appeal to appetite, a single playing with the brush. Nor will you find a figure made by rule, by chance, without a studied attitude or a careful definition of gesture. Subjects which raise the mind to the summits of life or of history, so that you cannot recall a nose or a leg without the remembrance of some lofty moral lesson, or at least of some great social need, are what Sir Frederic Leighton has painted, in a more sober style than Overbeck's, and a more manly one than Bouguereau's. Moreover, he has never extracted from the annals of nations the agitation and horror of scenes of war, as our great historical painters are so apt to do; his are scenes expressing union, concord, and the communion of minds tending to the same goal; the moments when all hearts beat in unison; the 'Madonna of Cimabue carried in triumph through the streets of Florence,' or 'The Daphnephoria.' . . .

The grandeur of human communion, the nobleness of peace, are the themes which have best and oftenest inspired Sir Frederic Leighton. And he did not find this theme in France or elsewhere. It is essentially English. He did not bring it back from his many voyages, packed up with his Persian enamels. We were looking in his studio just now for an altar to the unknown God.

This is the unknown God who met the artist when he set forth in his own land, and who has supplanted all the rest.

RICHARD MUTHER

'MODERN PAINTING'

ENGLAND is the country of the sculptures of the Parthenon, the country where Bulwer Lytton wrote his 'Last Days of Pompeii,' and where the most Grecian female figures in the world may be seen to move. Thus painters of antique subjects still play an important part in the pursuit of English art — probably the pursuit of art, rather than its development; for they have never enriched the treasury of modern sentiment. Trained, all of them, in Paris or Belgium, they are equipped with finer taste, and have acquired abroad a more solid ability than James Barry, Haydon, and Hinton, the half-barbaric English classicists of the beginning of the century. But at bottom — like Cabanal and Bouguereau — they represent rigid conservatism in opposition to progress, and the way in which they set about the reconstruction of an august or domestic antiquity is only distinguished by an English *nuance* of race from that of Couture and Gérôme.

Lord Leighton, the late highly cultured President of the Royal Academy, was the most dignified representative of this tendency. He was a classicist through and through, in the balance of composition, the rhythmical flow of lines, and the confession of faith that the highest aim of art is the representation of men and women of immaculate build. In the picture-galleries of Paris, Rome, Dresden, and Berlin he received his youthful impressions; his artistic discipline he received under Zanetti in Florence, under Wirtz and Gallait in Brussels, under Steinle in Frankfort, and under Ingres and Ary Scheffer in Paris. Back in England once more, he translated Couture into English as Anselm Feuerbach translated him into German with greater independence. Undoubtedly there has never been anything upon his canvas which could be supposed ungentlemanlike, and as a nation is usually apt to prize most the very thing which has been denied it, for which it has no talent, Leighton was soon an object of admiration to the refined world. As early as 1864 he became an associate, and in November, 1879, President of the Royal Academy. For sixteen years he sat like a Jupiter upon his throne in London. An accomplished man of the world and a good speaker, a scholar who spoke all languages and had seen all countries, he possessed every quality which the president of an academy needs to have; he had an exceedingly imposing presence in his red gown, and did the honors of his house with admirable tact.

But one stands before his works with a certain feeling of indifference. There are few artists with so little temperament as Lord Leighton, few in the same degree wanting in the magic of individuality. The purest academical art, as the phrase is understood of Ingres, together with academical severity of form, is united with a softness of feeling recalling Hofmann of Dresden, and the result is a placid classicality adapted *ad usum Delphini*, a classicality foregoing the applause of artists, but all the more in accordance with the taste of a refined circle of ladies. His chief works, 'The Star of Bethlehem,' 'Orpheus

and Eurydice,' 'Jonathan's Token to David,' 'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon,' 'The Daphnephoria,' 'Venus disrobing for the Bath,' and the like, are amongst the most refined although the most frigid creations of contemporary English art.

## The Works of Lord Leighton

### DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

#### 'HERAKLES WRESTLING WITH DEATH FOR THE BODY OF ALCESTIS' PLATE I

THE large canvas of Herakles, or, as the Romans denote him, Hercules, wrestling with Death for the body of the fair Alcestis, was one of Lord Leighton's most important canvases. The unusual feeling shown in this picture is said to have been occasioned by the fact that his friend Mrs. Sartoris lay very ill at about the time the picture was painted. In the center of the canvas under the lee of the trunks of two enormous cypresses, stretched on a bier, lies the beautiful body of Alcestis, clothed in flowing white robes and with a wreath of bay-leaves crowning her auburn hair, while at her feet the muscular, bronzed figure of Herakles is engaged in a fierce struggle with Death,— a repulsive figure, clad in a thin gray drapery with greenish flesh and ball-less eyes. Against the background of the deep blue Aegean Sea, beyond which rise the purple mountains of the opposite coast tinged with sunset hues, an old man is restraining a half nude figure of a woman frantic with fear at the struggle going on. At the head of the bier are huddled together a number of women clothed in various shades of deep red, purple, and gray.

Mr. A. G. Temple writes of this picture: "The exalted Greek ideal of form never before found itself so pictured on canvas. The verse of Browning inspired him (Leighton) to the 'Orpheus and Eurydice;' but seven years later the poet himself was inspired towards the production of that truly beautiful poem 'Balaustion's Adventure' by the masterly painting of 'Herakles wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis.' He was forty when he painted this.

' There slept a silent palace in the sun,  
With plains adjacent and Thessalian peace.'

Thus the poem opens; arriving at this palace, Herakles hears of the grief for the dead Alcestis, and goes to her tomb, where he encounters Death and compels him to give back his prey. This splendid canvas, with one or two others of its kind, seems to stand apart from his other work, not only in the intensity of its feeling, but in its manner of work: there is less of the deliberate and assured touch, and more of the striving to attain; the work has a solidity, whether or no secured by this effort to attain matters not; the effect arrived at is that of substantial richness in keeping with the august dignity of the theme. If any one work more than another rooted more firmly Leighton's reputation, it was this, and by many it is thought, for its collective merits, not to have been sur-

passed by any subsequent production. There is a spontaneity in its action which cannot be readily pointed to in any other example. The very airs of Thessaly seem coming from the blue Ægean to the frightened bearers of the beauteous burden. All that Leighton had to go upon was a passage such as this from Euripides: 'Yea, I will go and lie in wait for Death, the king of souls departed, with the dusky robes, and methinks I shall find him hard by the grave drinking the sacrificial wine. And if I can seize him by this ambush, springing from my lair, and throw my arms in circle round him, none shall snatch his panting body from my grasp till he give back the woman to me.' From this evolved his idea of the scene; fear, beauty, strength, in presence of the deadly foe, there was the drama.

"In an early design for this work there were no 'women wailers in a corner crouched,' as Browning writes; but what an accession of strength to the composition, and loveliness in themselves, these finely expressed forms 'neath manifold crease of red and purple bring into the work."

The picture belongs to Sir Bernhard Samuelson, who has most generously loaned it for exhibition on many occasions, at one time it having been sent as far away as Australia. It was painted in 1871, and measures four and a half feet high by a little more than eight and a half feet long.

'CYMON AND IPHIGENIA'

PLATE II

'CYMON AND IPHIGENIA' was the most important picture that Leighton exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1884. Mr. Rhys writes of it: "A more original effect of light and color, used in the broad, true, and ideal treatment of lovely forms," said a French critic, 'we do not remember to have seen at the Academy, than that produced by the "Cymon and Iphigenia."' Engravings and other reproductions of the picture have made its design, at any rate, almost as familiar now as Boccaccio's tale itself. There are some divergences, however, in the two versions. Boccaccio's tale is a tale of spring; Sir Frederic, the better to carry out his conception of the drowsy desuetude of sleep, and of that sense of pleasant but absolute weariness which one associates with the season of hot days and short nights, has changed the spring into that riper summer-time which is on the verge of autumn; and that hour of late sunset which is on the verge of night. Under its rich glow lies the sleeping Iphigenia, draped in folds upon folds of white, and her attendants; while Cymon, who is as unlike the boor of tradition as Spenser's Colin Clout is unlike the ordinary Cumbrian herdsman, stands hard-by, wondering, pensively wrapt in so exquisite a vision. Altogether, a great presentment of an immortal idyll; so treated, indeed, that it becomes much more than a mere reading of Boccaccio, and gives an ideal picture of Sleep itself,—that Sleep which so many artists and poets have tried at one time or another to render." While another critic, more discriminating, perhaps, calls the picture "sugary" and "mawkish in sentiment." The canvas measures five feet nine inches by ten feet nine inches.



## 'BATH OF PSYCHE'

## PLATE III

HERE we see the figure of the fair Psyche laying off her last diaphanous white garments as she stands on the edge of the luxurious marble bath. A strong contrast to her pearly flesh-tints is given by the brilliant yellow drapery that she has already thrown down and which dips into the water. Behind her hangs a purple curtain, the plinths and capitals of the marble columns are gilded, while a brazen jar adds another strong note to the color-scheme. This picture was an enlargement of a panel once painted by Leighton for his friend Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, at the latter's request, for a screen he was forming with panels painted by his artist friends. When given the dimensions for the original Leighton exclaimed at the difficulty of painting a picture upon a knife-blade, and in order to get the desired proportions caused the lower part of Psyche's figure to be reflected in the water. In this enlargement he somewhat curtailed the length of the reflection. Mrs. Russell Barrington, one of Leighton's latest biographers, feels that in the modeling of this torso and in that of the head of 'Neruccia' the artist reaches the zenith of his powers as a draftsman.

The picture as we have it here was exhibited first in 1890, and measures six feet three inches by two feet.

## 'THE MUSIC LESSON'

## PLATE IV

"NOT indeed the most elevated in thought," writes Cosmo Monkhouse, "but perhaps the most perfect of his pictures is 'The Music Lesson,' in which a lovely little girl is seated on her lovely young mother's lap, learning to play the lute. It is a dream of the purest and tenderest affection, a collection of dainty and exquisite things, arranged with inimitable grace, and executed with a skill which leaves little to desire."

And Mr. Ernest Rhys writes of the same picture: "To realize the full charm of this picture one must see the original, for much depends upon the beauty of its coloring. Imagine a classical marble hall, marble floor, marble walls, in black and white, and red — deep red — marble pillars; and sitting there, sumptuously attired, but bare-footed, two fair-haired girls, who serve for pupil and music-mistress. The elder is showing the younger how to finger a lyre, of exquisite design and finish, and the expression on their faces is charmingly true, while the colors that they contribute to the composition — the pale blue of the child's dress, the pale flesh-tints, the pale yellow hair, and the white and gold of the elder girl's loose robe, and the rich auburn of her hair — are most harmonious. A bit of scarlet pomegranate blossom, lying on the marble ground, gives the last high note of color to the picture."

The canvas dates from 1877, and its dimensions are nearly three feet square.

## 'PORTRAIT OF SIR RICHARD BURTON'

## PLATE V

IN addition to the large picture of 'The Daphnephoria,' the portrait of Sir Richard Burton, then British consul at Trieste, was also exhibited at the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1876. This life-size bust in profile of the fa-

mous Orientalist vies with Leighton's own portrait in being the best piece of work in that line that the artist ever painted. The subject must have inspired Leighton more than usual, for it is painted with much more vigor and spontaneity than is customary with him, and the technique shows greater breadth in handling and less minute finish.

"There was nothing of the ideal about Richard Burton," writes Mr. Edgecumbe Staley. "He was a forceful personality, with no beauty of feature. Leighton has attempted no pose, but an easy, natural, wide-awake expression glances upwards in profile. The skin is tanned; the hair — rather unkempt — is brown. The black coat and dark brown red-spotted tie further project the head and features by sharp contrast. The grays and browns are played upon by a sunny light, and the effect is rich and animated."

In accordance with the expressed desire of Sir Richard Burton, who died in 1890, this portrait was given to the National Portrait Gallery by his sisters in 1896, when the collection had found a permanent home. It measures twenty-three and a half by nineteen and a half inches.

'CAPTIVE ANDROMACHE'

PLATE VI

MR. TEMPLE writes of this picture: "'Captive Andromache' was a composition of formidable difficulties, and may be counted among his greatest achievements. After the death of Hector, Andromache was taken captive to Argos, where she was subjected to the scornful taunts of those among whom she went to draw water at the Hyperion well. In the picture she stands waiting, her jar at her feet, while others, almost as beautiful as she, are thronging the well. More than twenty figures are in the picture, equal care being shown in the portrayal of each, a proud display of his power of delineating form and of his sense of the dignity of color. For many years he dwelt on this work. The city of Liverpool at one time entertained its purchase, but it was ultimately secured by Manchester."

Another critic, less enthusiastic, points to the fact that there are six distinct groups in the picture; that Andromache, contrary to the best canons of art, divides the picture into two nearly equal halves; and that in places the color is discordant; that the artist has not seen this composition of figures grouped together thus in real life, but has concocted it in his studio.

And Richard Muther writes: "Perhaps the 'Captive Andromache' of 1888 is the quintessence of what he arrived at. The background is the court of an ancient palace, where female slaves are gathered together fetching water. In the center of the stage, as the leading actress, stands Andromache, who has placed her pitcher on the ground before her, and waits with dignity until the slaves have finished their work. This business of water-drawing has given Leighton an opportunity for combining an assemblage of beautiful poses. The widow of Hector expresses a queenly sorrow with decorum, while the amphora-bearers are standing or walking hither and thither in the manner demanded by the pictures upon Grecian vases, but without that sureness of line which comes of the real observation of life. In its dignity of style, in the noble composition and purity of the lines which circumscribe the forms



with so much distinction and in so impersonal a manner, the picture is an arid and measured work, cold as marble and smooth as porcelain."

The canvas measures six feet four inches by thirteen feet four inches.

'LACHRYMÆ'

PLATE VII

THIS single statuesque figure in full length, of which Leighton painted many during his lifetime, under such titles as 'Helen of Troy,' 'Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon,' 'Nausicaa,' and many others, was, with 'Flaming June,' one of the two pictures exhibited for the last time at the Royal Academy, in 1895, the spring before the artist died. The picture seems almost prophetic of his death, as the female figure in her somber blue-black draperies leaning against a fluted column, supporting a mortuary urn wreathed with laurel, symbolizes 'Tears' and seems as if designed for a funeral monument. Mr. Edgecumbe Staley writes: "The time of day is evening, with a harsh, coppery sunset. In the background are some solemn-looking cypress-trees, from a very early study in water-color done at Florence in 1854."

This canvas was purchased for the Wolfe Collection of the Metropolitan Museum in 1896. It measures five feet two inches high by about two feet wide.

'GREEK GIRLS PLAYING AT BALL'

PLATE VIII

THIS picture is one of four pictures that the artist exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1889. Mr. Edgecumbe Staley has somewhat extravagantly praised this picture, and the critic whom he quotes and with whom he disagrees seems to have formed a more just estimate of the canvas than he. Mr. Staley writes: "Of 'Greek Girls playing at Ball' one is not sure whether to admire most the landscape and sea in front of the town or the strikingly posed and draped girls. Of course, we are in Greece and on the shores of one of her most beautiful islands — Rhodes. The sea is sapphire blue, reflecting the azure sky with its flecking cloudlets, whilst the brilliant green of laurel and myrtle offers a splendid contrast to the dazzling white marble houses and housetops. This is one of Leighton's best landscapes. The two girls — one fair, one dark — are drawn and painted with extraordinary freedom. Their movements are rapid and strained, in vigor quite Michael Angelesque. Indeed, some critics said, 'The postures are impossible and hideous. . . . No draperies under any circumstances of wind or rough play could assume such folds.' This is a typical example of the shallow dogmatism that brings art criticism into deserved contempt with painters."

"Leighton has again, as in 'Dædalus and Icarus,' taken us up on to the housetop, which is white and bare, save only for some tossed-about drapery and, of course, a pomegranate or two.

"The contours of the girls are clearly indicated under their thin and clinging garments — they are very beautiful in proportion and development, whilst the flesh-tints are rich and clear. There is something of Correggio about them. Their flowing draperies have caught the hurrying wind. In order to secure the true effect of light and shade in the drapery, Leighton

arranged cotton-wool on the floor of his studio in the particular form he desired, and then he cast the drapery over the heap and let it settle as it would, and painted what he saw."

The dimensions of this canvas are three feet nine inches by six feet four inches.

'AND THE SEA GAVE UP THE DEAD WHICH WERE IN IT'

PLATE IX

THE cartoon for this circular panel was executed many years before the finished picture. It was the only one completed of eight which were proposed as a decoration in mosaic for the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The design was made into a finished picture when Sir Henry Tate asked the artist for a picture to represent himself in the National Gallery of British Art, familiarly known as the Tate Gallery. Leighton was already represented in the Chantrey Bequest, which formed the basis of the collection, by the 'Bath of Psyche' and the bronze figure entitled 'An Athlete struggling with a Python.' He therefore chose a subject of an entirely different character in response to Sir Henry Tate's request.

Mr. Edward T. Cook, in his 'Handbook to the Tate Gallery,' writes that: "Lord Leighton regarded the present picture as the best thing in its kind that he had ever done, and as that by which he wished to be represented to and judged by posterity." Mr. Cook, furthermore, calls this picture "an attempt to realize upon canvas a portion of the tremendous picture of the Last Judgment drawn in 'The Revelation' (Ch. xx):

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from Whose face the earth and the heavens fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. *And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works.*"

"The man in the center of the composition, the only living being of the group, supports with his right arm his wife, while his left clasps his child, a boy who clings with filial affection to his side. The three are being slowly drawn upwards by some unseen, mysterious, all-compelling force from the depths of an inky and turbulent sea. The man's eye is fixed upon the heavens, which are strangely troubled and filled with an unnatural light. Occupied with thoughts of his earthly career, in fear tempered with hope, he gazes with awe upon the great white throne. His wife still sleeps the sleep of death; but a certain warmth of color in the limb of the half-naked boy indicates his approaching return to existence. At the foot of this central group is a half-risen corpse, whose arms are folded across the breast, and who is still clad in the garments in which he was committed to the deep. In the background, kings and men of all estate — 'the dead, small and great' — are rising to stand before God."

This canvas was finished in 1892, and measures seven feet nine inches in diameter.

## 'THE DAPHNEPHORIA'

## PLATE X

'THE DAPHNEPHORIA' was Leighton's second attempt at depicting a procession, though the figures, unlike those in 'Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence,' are here keeping time to a choral song as they march. The latter picture was the début of his youth; the original of our plate was painted in 1876, twenty-one years later, when the artist was in the full height of his powers. The picture represents a religious procession which took place at Thebes every ninth year to celebrate the victory of the Thebans over the Æolians at Arne. It is headed by a standard-bearer draped in reddish purple, carrying a heavy standard hung with balls and crowns symbolic of the sun, moon, and stars. He is followed by a youthful priest, the "Daphnephoros," clad in a flowing robe of white and gold and bearing the laurel-branch, whence came the name of the procession. Next came three lads in red, blue, and green draperies, bearing pieces of armor — the one in the center a gilded cuirass with puffings of pale pink silk. These last seem to be halting, whilst the leader of the chorus, a splendidly modeled figure of a young man with gold-embroidered white draperies, holds a golden lyre in his left hand and beats time with his right for the band of chanting young Theban maidens who advance carrying laurel-branches. The first row is composed of five little girls clad in pale shades of purple, blue and pink, followed by two rows of older girls, and these in turn by boys with cymbals. The procession is not without spectators; in the foreground on the left are two young girls in pale and dark blue drawing water, while seated on the wall against a distant landscape are a mother and daughter.

Mrs. Russell Barrington writes of it: "From some points of view 'The Daphnephoros' is Leighton's greatest achievement. The difficulties he surmounted successfully in the work were of a character with which few English artists could cope at all. The size of the canvas alone would certainly have insisted on ten years' devotion to it from most modern artist-workmen. The extreme breadth of the arrangement of the masses, united with great beauty of line and form in the detail; the sense of the moving of a procession swinging along to the rhythmic phrase of chanted music; the brilliant light of Greece, striking on the fine surface of the marble platform along which the procession is moving and on the town below, which it has left behind, contrasting with the deep shadowed cypress grove rising as background to the figures; — all this is more than masterly: it is convincing. It is probably quite unlike what took place at Thebes every ninth year; — but Art is not Archæology. The written account of what took place fired Leighton's imagination to create a scene in which he treated the Greek function as the text; the wonderful light and the fineness of Greek atmosphere as the tone; the processional majesty and grace of movement as the action. The element of beauty which the record suggested to him was the truth of the scene to Leighton, and he has recorded the essence of it in an extraordinarily original work."

This canvas was painted originally for Mr. Stewart Hodgson, who paid fifteen hundred pounds (\$7,500) for it in 1876. It was resold in 1892 to Mr.

George McCulloch for three thousand seven hundred and fifty guineas (about \$18,750). It measures seven feet five inches high by seventeen feet long.

#### LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL WORKS BY LORD LEIGHTON

**T**HE important works exhibited by Leighton in public galleries number about two hundred and seventy. Many small landscape sketches, painted during his travels, and studies for finished pictures were never exhibited during his lifetime. These either remain in Leighton House on exhibition to-day, or were sold at auction after his death. Many of his large pictures have passed into private collections and become widely scattered, and in many instances the whereabouts are unknown at the present time. Therefore it seems best first to give a list of those works which are in public collections and secondly a list of the most important works in private collections, without giving the names of the owners.

#### A LIST OF THE WORKS OF LORD LEIGHTON IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

**ENGLAND.** BIRMINGHAM, MUNICIPAL ART GALLERY: *A Condottière* — HAMPSHIRE, LYNDRHURST CHURCH: (Fresco) *The Wise and Foolish Virgins* — LEEDS, GALLERY: *Return of Persephone* — LEICESTER, GALLERY: *Prometheus on Pegasus with the Gorgon's Head* — LIVERPOOL, WALKER ART GALLERY: *Elijah in the Wilderness* — LONDON, BURLINGTON HOUSE, DIPLOMA GALLERY: *St. Jerome* — LONDON, LEIGHTON HOUSE: *Clytemnestra watching for the Return of Agamemnon*; Innumerable sketches and studies for finished pictures — LONDON, NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY: *Portrait of Sir Richard Burton* (Plate v) — LONDON, ROYAL EXCHANGE: (Fresco) *Phœnicians bargaining with Britons* — LONDON, TATE GALLERY: *The Bath of Psyche* (Plate III); *And the Sea gave up the Dead which were in it* (Plate IX); (Bronze statue) *Athlete struggling with a Python*; (Bronze statue) *The Sluggard* — LONDON, VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: (Two lunettes in fresco) *Industrial Arts as applied to War*, *Industrial Arts as applied to Peace* — MANCHESTER GALLERY: *The Last Watch of Hero, with a Predella, Leander*; *Captive Andromache* (Plate VI) — GERMANY. FRANKFORT, STEINLE INSTITUTE: *Othello and Desdemona* — ITALY. FLORENCE, UFFIZI: *Portrait of Himself* — UNITED STATES. NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: *Lachrymæ* (Plate VII); *Lucia*; *An Odalisque*.

#### A LIST OF THE MORE IMPORTANT WORKS OF LORD LEIGHTON IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS ARRANGED CHRONOLOGICALLY

**PORTRAIT** of Himself; *Cimabue finding Giotto in the Fields of Florence*; *Duel between Romeo and Tybalt*; *Death of Brunelleschi*; *The Pest in Florence*; *A Persian Pedlar*; *Portrait of Miss Laing*; *Cimabue's Madonna carried in Procession through the Streets of Florence*; *Reconciliation of the Montagues and Capulets*; *Triumph of Music*; *Salome, Daughter of Herodias*; *The Mermaid*; *County Paris claims his Bride*; *Pan*; *Nymph with Cupid*; *Sunny Hours*; *La Nanna*; *Samson and Delilah*; *Capri, Sunrise*; *Portrait of Mrs. Sutherland-Orr*; *Portrait of J. H. Walker, Paolo e Francesca*; *A Dream*; *Lieder ohne Worte*; *Capri-Paganos*; *The Star of Bethlehem*; *The Sisters*; *The Duet*; *Michael Angelo nursing his Dying Servant*; *Sea-echoes*; *Eucharis*; *Dante in Exile*; *Orpheus and Eurydice*; *Golden Hours*; *Portrait of Miss L. I'Anson*; *David*; *Helen of Troy*; *Portrait of Mrs. J. Guthrie*; *Portrait of the Countess of Carlisle*; *Syracusan Bride leading Wild Beasts in Procession to the Temple of Diana*; *Greek Girls dancing*; *Venus disrobing for the Bath*; *Portrait of Mrs. J. H. Walker*; *Ariadne abandoned by Theseus*; *Portrait of J. Martineau*; *Portrait of Mrs. S. P. Cockerell*; *Daedalus and Icarus*; *Electra at the Tomb of Agamemnon*; *Heiios and Rhodes*; *A Nile Woman*; *Herakles wrestling with Death for the Body of Alcestis* (Plate I); *Cleoboulos instructing his Daughter Cleoboulina*; *Greek Girls picking up Pebbles by the Seashore*; *Summer Moon*; *Portrait of Rt. Hon. E. Ryan*; *Moretta*; *Egyptian Slinger*; *Little Fatima*; *Antique Juggling Girl*;

Interior Grand Mosque, Damascus; Portrait of Mrs. H. E. Gordon; The Daphnephoros (Plate x); The Music Lesson (Plate iv); Portrait of Miss Mabel Mills; Portrait of H. E. Gordon; Nausicaa; Winding the Skein; Portrait of Miss Ruth Stewart-Hodgson; Neruccia; Portrait of Signor Giovanni Costa; Portrait of the Countess Brownlow; The Light of the Harem; The Sister's Kiss; The Nymph of the Dargle; Elisha raising the Son of the Shulamite; An Idyll; Whispers; Bianca; Viola; Portrait of Mrs. Stephen Ralli; Portrait of Mrs. A. Sartoris; Day-Dreams; Phryne at Eleusis; Wedded; (Frieze) The Dance; Memories; Portrait of Miss N. Joachim; Cymon and Iphigenia (Plate ii); Letty; (Frieze) Music; Serenely wandering in Trance of Sober Thought; Phoebe; Portrait of Mrs. A. Hitchins; Portrait of Lady Sibyl Primrose; Design for ceiling for music-room; Portrait of Amy, Lady Coleridge; Portraits of the Misses Stewart-Hodgson; Sibyl; Invocation; Greek Girls playing at Ball (Plate viii); Portrait of Mrs. F. A. Lucas; Solitude; Tragic Poetess; Perseus and Andromeda; Portrait of A. B. Freeman-Mitford; The Garden of the Hesperides; A Bacchante; At the Fountain; Phryne at the Bath; Hit; Farewell; Atalanta; Corinna of Tanagra; Rizpah; The Frigidarium; The Spirit of the Summit; Fatidica; The Bracelet; Summer Slumber; Flaming June; Miss Dorothy Dene; Candida; A Fair Persian; A Vestal; Clytie.

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A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL BOOKS AND MAGAZINE ARTICLES  
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AS with Whistler, much criticism has appeared in magazine articles upon Lord Leighton, especially in 1896, the year of his death. We give only the most important articles. A complete list can be made by consulting the Indices to Periodical Literature in any library.

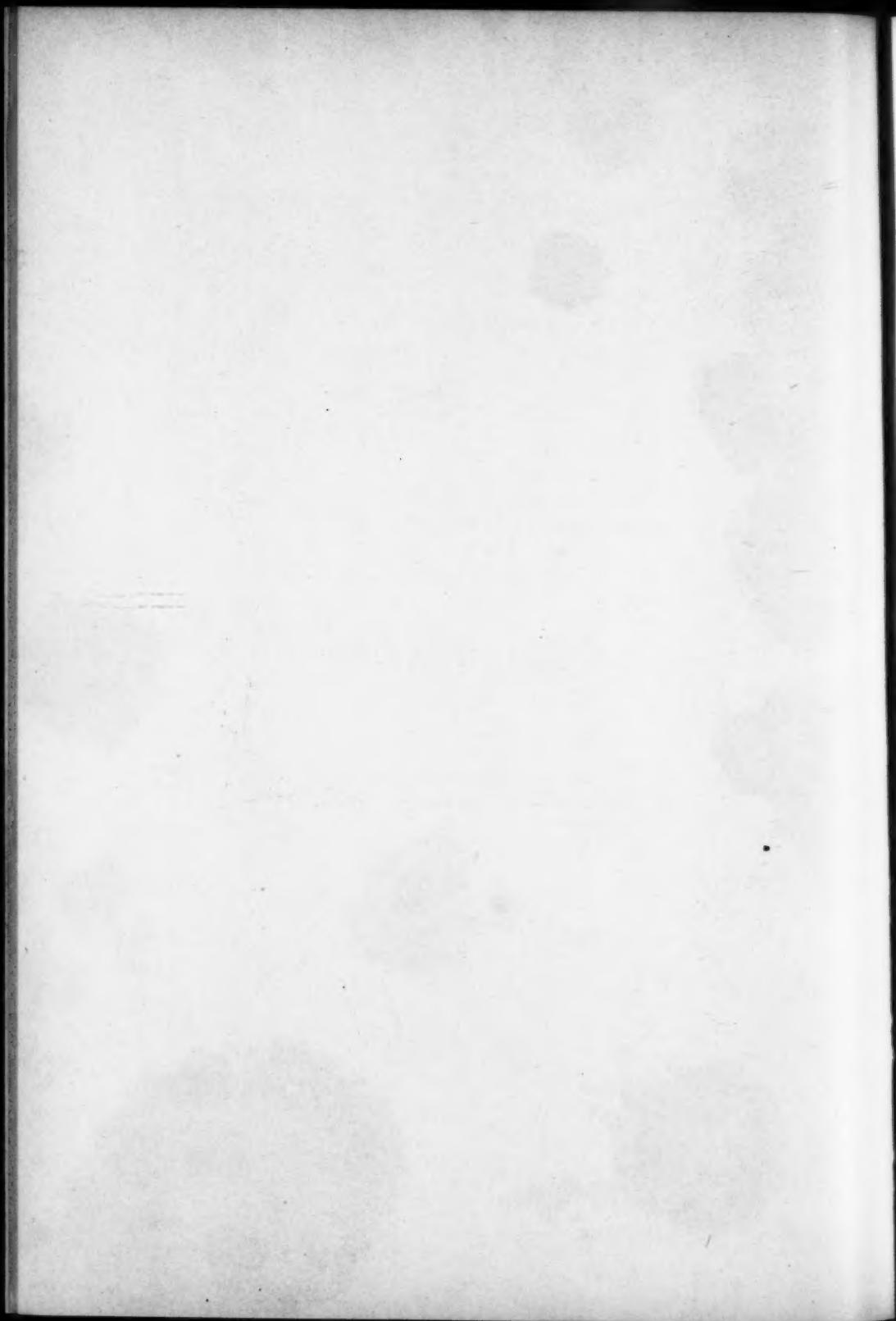
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MASTERS IN ART

**Duccio**

SIENESE SCHOOL





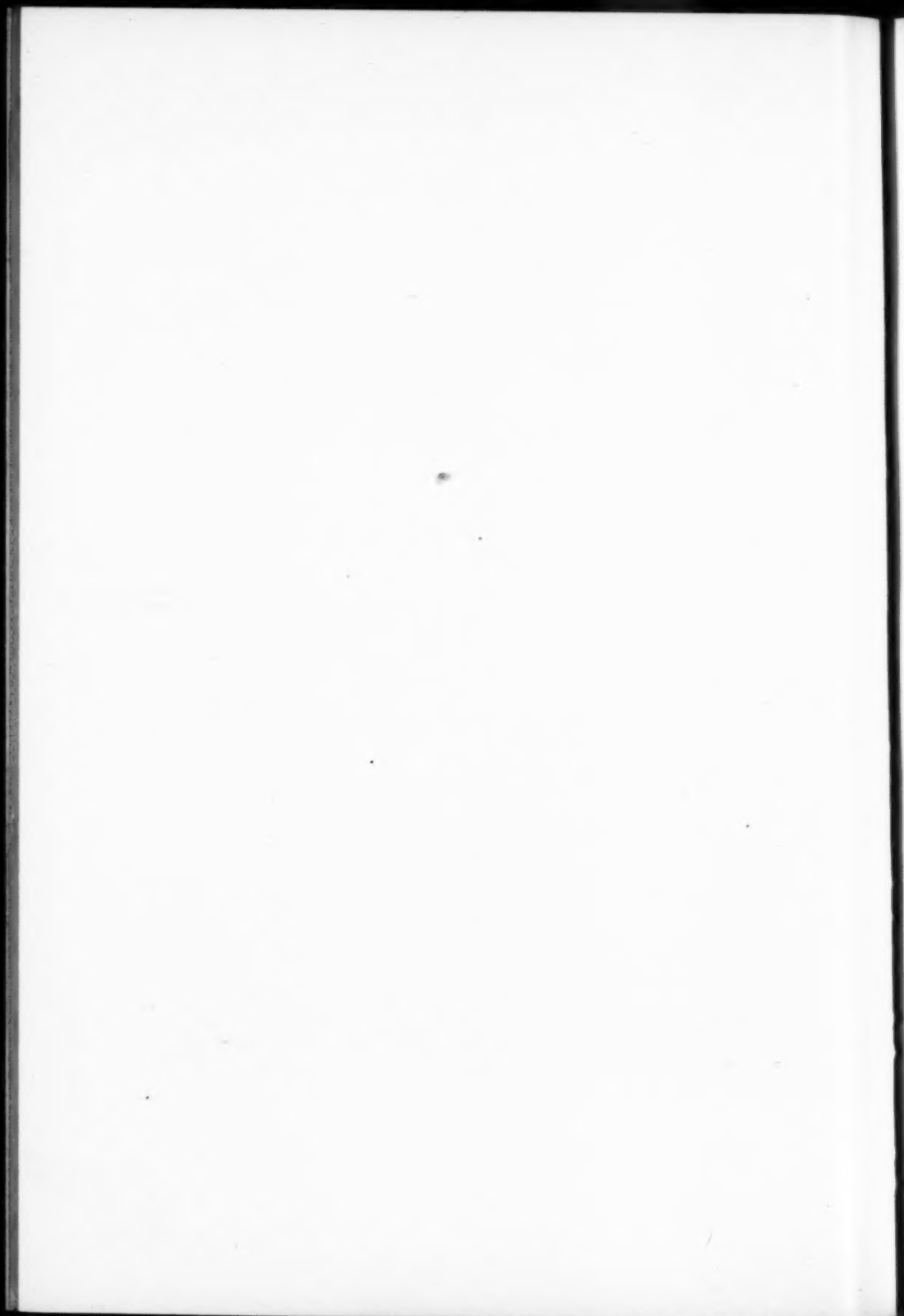


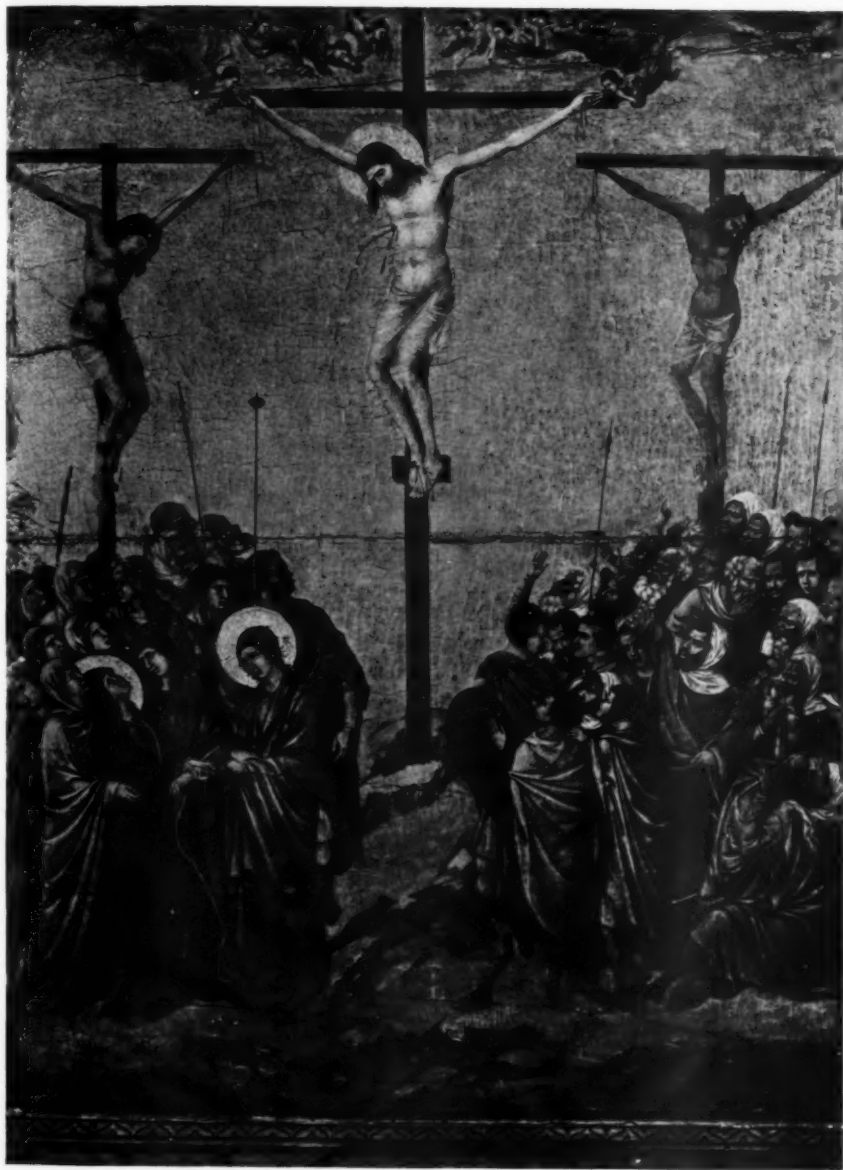
MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

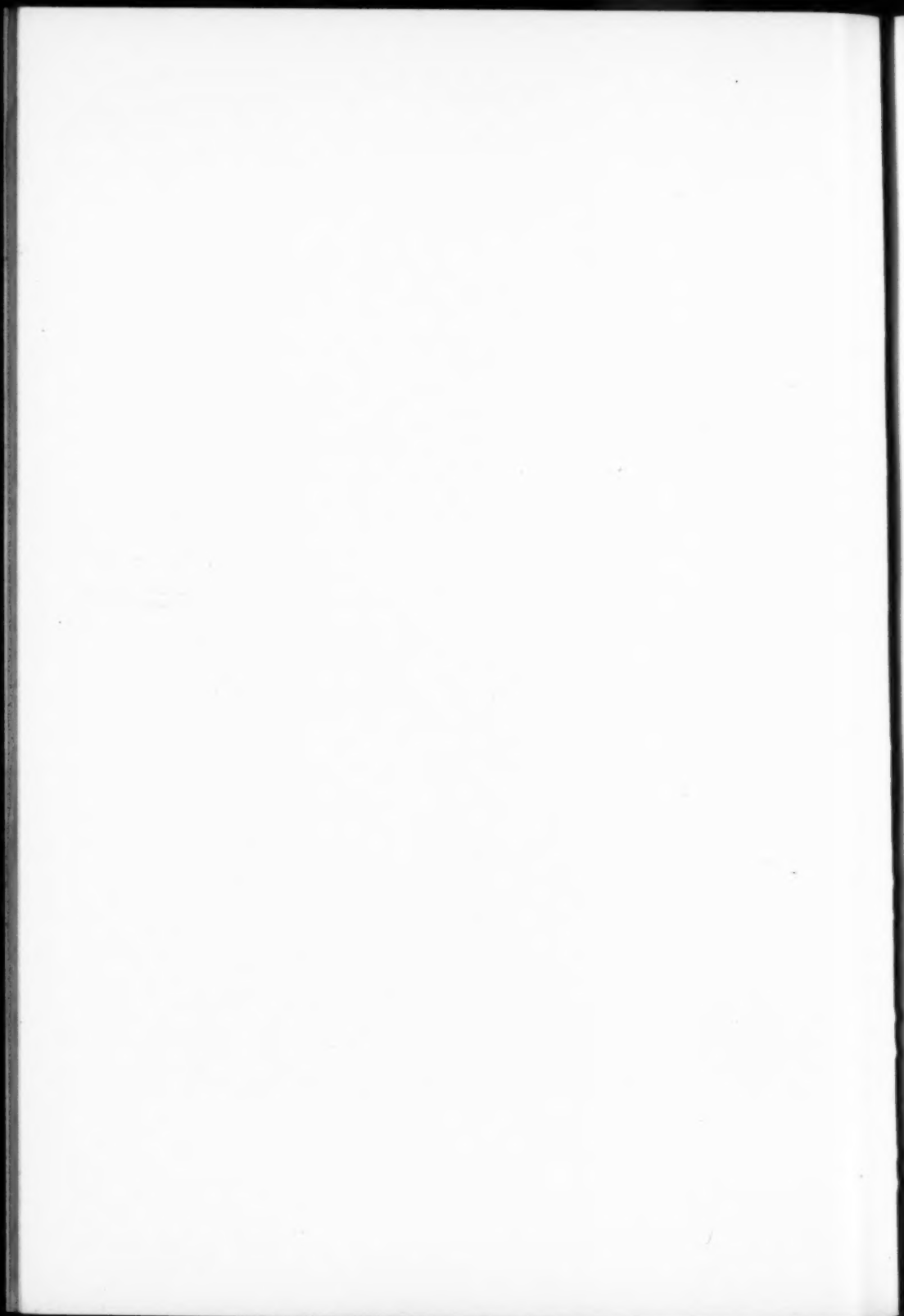
PHOTOGRAPH BY LOMBARDI

[171]

DUCCIO  
VIRGIN AND CHILD  
ACADEMIA, SIENA



















DUCCIO  
TRIPTYCH  
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON





DUCCIO  
THE MAJESTAS  
CATHEDRAL MUSEUM, SIENA





DUCCIO  
THE BURIAL OF THE VIRGIN  
CATHEDRAL MUSEUM, SIENA







DUCCIO  
THE BETRAYAL  
CATHEDRAL MUSEUM, SIENA













## Duccio Di Buoninsegna

BORN ABOUT 1260: DIED AFTER 1339  
SIENESE SCHOOL

**D**UCCIO DI BUONINSEGNA (pronounced Dootch'chî-ō dee Bwōn'-ēn-sāne-ya) is the greatest Sieneese master of painting. He bears much the same relation to this school that Giotto does to the Florentine; but while the latter school was in a constant state of development for two centuries, producing painters as great and even greater than Giotto, the development of the Sieneese school for some reason was arrested in its early stages. Duccio was its first and greatest exponent, and with the men who came immediately after him far exceeded his later followers, even allowing for the greater knowledge of the scientific problems of painting.

Very little is known about Duccio's life. The name Duccio may be the termination of Orlanduccio or Guiduccio, diminutives of Orlando and Guido, and the Buoninsegna was his father's name. The date of the artist's birth is not known, but is conjectured to have been about 1260, as the earliest record of Duccio in any archives is made in 1282. A small panel of a Madonna in the Museum of Nancy bears an inscription, believed to-day to be a forgery, to the effect that it was painted by Duccio in 1278.

In the event of his having been born in 1260, he would undoubtedly have been influenced by the great work of Niccolò Pisano, who was called to Siena in 1268 to execute the reliefs for the pulpit of the Duomo. Guido da Siena is the only artist who preceded Duccio in his native city, a much repainted Madonna by whom decorates the wall of the great hall in the Palazzo Pubblico. The date on this picture of Guido's was until recently supposed to read 1221, but Signor Milanese, the brilliant and scholarly annotator of Vasari, and editor of documents relating to the history of Siena, has interpreted it to read 1281, though this is still a mooted question. How much or how little Duccio may have owed to Guido we cannot decide, nor are we able from anything in his work to fix upon any one man as having been his master. Lorenzo di Ghiberti says that Duccio painted "partly in the Byzantine manner, but partly also in the manner of the moderns," and to quote from Mr. Berenson: Duccio "owes his style to the influence of the best Byzantine masters of the time: in all probability he studied at Constantinople." Vasari, who devotes only a very few pages to Duccio, says that he invented the decoration of the

pavement of the Cathedral of Siena with marble pictures in *chiaroscuro*. But this is a false statement. This use of marble was known before Duccio's time, as is proven by a fragment remaining in the pavement of the cathedral at Lucca. It is composed of red, white, and black marble, and depicts a group of men and animals. There is an inscription stating that it was executed in 1233.

In 1285 we have the records in the archives of the Church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence of a contract made on April fifteenth with Duccio for a large altar-piece of the Virgin and Child and other figures to decorate the altar of the Chapel of the Fraternity of Santa Maria. He was to receive for this work the sum of one hundred and fifty florins, furnishing his own paint and gold, and to pay a fine of fifty florins for non-fulfilment of the contract; and if the completed picture did not suit them, Duccio was to keep it himself. Mr. Stillman, in his 'Old Italian Masters,' thinks the terms of this contract point to the fact that Duccio was not as yet an acknowledged master, and yet shows that he had already acquired some fame, or he would not have been called to paint so important a picture for Siena's great rival, Florence. Signors Crowe and Cavalcaselle think that he never fulfilled the contract; for they argue that no picture of his exists there, that it is not mentioned by historians, and that in October of 1285 there are records of a payment being made him for the decoration of one of the books of the *Bicchierne* (account-books of the town of Siena), and that it would seem from records of other payments as if he were appointed to the position of town-treasurer, somewhere about this time, and continued in office until 1291. Signor Milanesi thinks the picture was painted by Duccio, but lost. Later critics, notably Dr. J. P. Richter and Mr. Langton Douglas, recent editor of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's 'History of Painting,' think that the famous altar-piece in Santa Maria Novella called the 'Rucellai Madonna' and since the time of Vasari traditionally ascribed to Cimabue is this work contracted for by Duccio (plate III). They argue on these grounds:

First, documentary, already cited — that a commission was given Duccio for a picture and there is no further record of any payment of a fine by Duccio for non-fulfilment of the contract. Furthermore, there is absolutely no record of any commission having been given Cimabue. Secondly, as to its name, Rucellai, and its present location. The Chapel of the Society of the Virgin is the same as that which was afterwards known as the Bardi Chapel in the right transept in Santa Maria Novella. In 1335 the Bardi family had come into possession of this chapel, re-decorated it, and doubtless removed the 'Madonna' picture in question to the wall of the church outside the chapel, where it hung in Vasari's time. Later on the altar-piece was placed in the Rucellai Chapel, and hence the name which has become attached to it. (On stylistic grounds see description of plate III.)

It is known that in 1302 Duccio was painting a 'Madonna' for the Chapel of the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena, because the payment of forty-eight livres for work already finished is recorded in the books of Siena, but neither the picture nor any other facts concerning it have ever been discovered.

On October 9, 1308, Duccio contracted with Jacopo, son of Gilberto

Mariscotti, master of the works of the cathedral, for his great picture of the 'Majestas' for the high altar. This was Duccio's great and authenticated masterpiece, in comparison with which all other works must be considered. It was stipulated in the contract that he should devote his whole time to its execution, until it was completed, for the consideration of receiving sixteen soldi (sixteen cents) a day, the panels and the material being furnished him. In December Duccio is known to have obtained fifty livres payment in advance and to have set earnestly to work. This picture, painted in tempera, comprised a panel, fourteen feet long by seven and a half high, of the Madonna and Child enthroned, surrounded by saints and angels (plates vi and x). In the pinnacles and predella were small panels depicting scenes from the Infancy of Christ and the Death of the Virgin. As this picture was to be put upon the altar, at that time placed directly under the dome of the cathedral, where it could be viewed from all points, on the reverse side were depicted in four rows twenty-six scenes from the Passion of Christ, all being of the same size, excepting the two representing the beginning and end of the Passion — 'The Entry into Jerusalem' and 'The Crucifixion' (plate II) — which were double the size of the others. The pinnacles and predella of the reverse side were in turn filled with scenes from the life of Christ, and those which took place after the Resurrection. These panels are now framed separately and hung beside the other parts of the 'Majestas,' and it is thought that the panel of the 'Nativity' (plate IV) in Berlin and the panels by Duccio in the National Gallery of London and in Mr. Benson's collection are also parts of this same altar-piece.

On June 9, 1310, the altar-piece was carried in triumph from Duccio's shop, or house, outside the gate at Stalloreggi, to the cathedral. A holiday was proclaimed in Siena, shops were closed, and the procession, headed by the archbishop and clergy, followed by the "Nine" of the Government and the officers of the Commune, brought up in the rear by women and children, holding lighted tapers, wound around the Piazza Signoria on its way to the cathedral. One critic suggests, however, that this procession was of a wholly religious character, and the fact that the picture had great artistic merits was a "mere accident." An ancient chronicler relates that the picture cost three thousand golden florins (one thousand pounds), and took three years to finish. Another tells how Duccio, while he was painting the picture, began each day by 'making festa,' meaning in all probability that the artist began the day with prayer, and that on Sundays he attended service at the cathedral with great devotion. It would seem that the picture was not finished before being taken to the cathedral, for in a meeting of the "Nine" on November of that same year there is a record of payment for the reverse of the picture at the rate of two and a half golden florins per panel.

The triumphal removal of Duccio's masterpiece is described by an almost contemporaneous chronicler, and is a well-authenticated fact; for in the Siena archives there is an account of twelve livres, ten soldi spent for trumpeters and tapers used on the occasion. The similar tradition in regard to the so-called altar-piece by Cimabue, already referred to, being carried to Santa Maria

Novella, was probably invented by Vasari in the sixteenth century, or perhaps by earlier Tuscan chroniclers, in jealousy of the fame of their rival city's great artist.

This altar-piece of Duccio's replaced one previously set up by the Sieneſe to commemorate their victory over the Florentines at Monteaſperto in 1260. Duccio's great panel remained in place about two hundred years; then the altar was removed farther to the eaſt into the chancel, and the 'Majeſtas' was placed in a ſide chapel, to make room for a bronze tabernacle by Vecchi-etta. Ghiberti ſaw Duccio's great work and praiſed it, but curiouſly called it a 'Coronation of the Virgin.' At an earlier time it was ſtored in a cloſet of the Opera del Duomo or Cathedral Muſeum. This accounts for the fact that Vaſari, who knew the picture by reputation, relates that he had never ſeen it and did not know what had become of it, repeated Ghiberti's miſtake in calling it a 'Coronation.' It is due to the influence of Mr. Charles Fairfax Murray, an Engliſh painter, that the 'Majeſtas' is at preſent exhibited in the Cathedral Muſeum, where it can be ſtudied at leiſure, the large panel having long ſince been ſawed in two lengthwiſe, and the predellaſ ſplit up into their component parts.

Vaſari relates that Duccio painted an 'Annunciation' for the Church of the Santa Trinità in Florence, which has unfortunately been loſt. If he painted works for the churches of Piſa, Lucca, and Piſtoja they alſo have been deſtroyed. Vaſari is authority, alſo, for the ſtory that Duccio, in 1348, deſigned the chapel added to the façade of the Palazzo Pubblico. This chapel was ordered in 1348, as a votive offering for the ceſſation of the plague, but as it did not ſatisfy the Sieneſe, was torn down four times and not completed until 1376. Milaneſi thinks that the maſter of works at the cathedral, and not Duccio, was the deſigner.

Besides the works already mentioned, a much injured polyptych, and a triptych or two, are ſcattered in the muſeums of London, Berlin, and Siena, but the maſter's great fame will reſt on the wonderful altar-piece for the Siena Cathedral, and not, as Vaſari relates, on his invention of chiaroscuro pictures in marble. Some recently deciphered manuſcripts tell us that Duccio was occaſionally condemned for debt, and was once heavily fined for ſome unknown offense, and on one occaſion reſuſed to ſwear allegiance to the Captain of the People; but neither the year of his death nor any further facts of his perſonality are known. Milaneſi in his 'Documenti dell'Arte Senese' writes that no mention is made of Duccio in any records after 1320, and it has been inferred that he died about this time. In a later work, 'Notes on Vaſari,' Milaneſi writes that no mention is made of Duccio after 1339, putting his death at leaſt nineteen years later. His pupils are thought to have been Segna da Buonaventura, Simone Martini, Pietro and Ambrogio Lorenzetti, and perhaps Ugolino.

## The Art of Duccio

ROGER E. FRY

'ART BEFORE GIOTTO' FROM 'THE MONTHLY REVIEW'

THE presence in Siena of a number of Byzantine paintings, which have been there ever since the thirteenth century, suggests the probability that Siena, which arrived at municipal self-consciousness even before Florence, had called in the aid of Byzantine masters for the decoration of her churches. Before this importation of Byzantine masters Siennese art was of that crude, almost barbaric, type to which the early Christian classic style had by that time degenerated. One such work, a Madonna and Child, is in the Gallery at Siena, where it affords a striking contrast to the accomplished productions of Eastern artists. In the works of Guido da Siena Byzantine influence already completely overshadows the original native tradition, but it is in the works of Duccio di Buoninsegna that it finds its most perfect expression.

In looking at Duccio's works for the first time we are startled by an extraordinary paradox. For in Duccio we have the first Italian painter of surpassing merit, and we expect to find in the work of a man who was older than Giotto the rude and vigorous vitality of a germinating art. We expect to see the struggle of genius with the untamed facts of nature, the keenness and freshness of youth overcoming, by sheer force of will and intensity of desire, the difficulties due to ignorance and inexperience. But when we look at Duccio's great altar-piece at Siena we find an artist who is fluent and accomplished, one who executes with certainty and ease everything he attempts. There is nothing here that is tentative or experimental. The fact is that Duccio's art is hundreds of years maturer, more staid and less naïve, than Giotto's. Certain types, it is true, that belong rather to the new French conceptions find their way into the kneeling figures of his 'Majestas,' but in the cycle of New Testament subjects on the back of the altar-piece he shows himself entirely subject to the Byzantine tradition; and the tradition thus adopted by him had been so thoroughly organized and exploited, the types had been so constantly refined on, so often distilled, as it were, by successive generations of artists, that there are some who feel in looking at his work that it is academic and over-ripe. He arouses in them the same feeling of staleness and cold accomplishment which they get from the works of the later *Rafaelesque* and *Michael Angelesque* designers. Certainly Duccio's work is a striking proof that artistic accomplishment and facility of execution have nothing to do with the extent of the artist's knowledge of natural forms. It depends rather on the artist's attitude — whether he is trying to compress fresh observations of nature into his formula, or whether he is concentrating his powers, as Duccio did, upon the perfect rendering of already well-ascertained facts. . . .

In all the scenes of the altar-piece the same holds true. It is not in the dramatic vividness of the gesture and expression of individual figures, but in the silhouetting of the groups and their distribution in the panel, that Duccio's great imaginative power is felt. The swaying crowds beneath the vast out-



lines of the crosses in the crucifixion, the pathetic yearning implied in the mere outline of the group which stretches up to receive the dead body in the deposition, the retreating curves of the three Marys, expressive of their amazement at the supernatural apparition which they find so majestically and negligently poised on the edge of the sepulcher — these are the means by which Duccio makes his appeal to our imagination, and not by any intimate understanding of the individual actors of his scenes. In his insistence on the awfulness of the supernatural vision at the sepulcher, rather than on the human elements of the event, he proclaims his sympathy with the Byzantine ideals, his distinctness from the new dramatic conceptions which the purer Italians had already begun to realize. Duccio was, in fact, a master of verisimilitude rather than of dramatic verity, a master of elegance rather than of vitality. He was far more the finished product of the old Christian debased classic tradition as practised at Constantinople than the herald of that neo-Christian art the emergence of which in painting will form the subject of the next essay.

BERNHARD BERENSON

'THE CENTRAL ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

OUR interest lies not in the origin, but in the enjoyment of the work of art, and for enjoyment it is enough to know that painting as an art was flowering toward the end of the thirteenth century within the walls of "soft Siena," then, as always, sorceress and queen among Italian cities.

The first flower of this new growth, the flower from whose seed all Sienese art sprung, was Duccio di Buoninsegna. For this reason, and because he was so typical of his time and school, and anticipated so much that was characteristic of all Central Italian painters — for all these considerations, we must dwell on him at some length.

All that the mediæval mind demanded of a painter Duccio perfectly fulfilled. It was the chief business of the mediæval artist to rewrite the stories of the Saviour, and of His immaculate Mother, in pictographs so elaborate that even the most unlettered could read them. At the same time these pictographs were intended to be offered up as a sacrifice, along with all the rest of the furnishing and actual decoration of God's holy house, and for this they were to be as resplendent as gold and skill could make them. In the hands of a man of genius the pictograph could transform itself into great illustration, and the sacrifice into great decoration. Did they suffer this change at the hands of Duccio?

Let us look for answer at the paintings on the reredos that once enclosed with splendor the altar of as proud a temple as Christendom could show. Now it molders away in the museum outside the Cathedral of Siena, without interest for men, and consequently no longer a fit sacrifice to God. Their metallic luster, the green and gold, give to these panels such an aspect of subdued sumptuousness as we expect not from paintings, but from bronze reliefs — from Ghiberti's 'Gates of Paradise.' For the person who approaches them with all his theories safely put to sleep, and his mind on the alert for

the distinguishing notes in what he is about to perceive, there is a glamour compounded of sensuous appeal and spiritual association in the first flash of this mysterious work. It is like the binding of some priceless illuminated manuscript, inlaid with ivory, adorned with gold, and set with precious stones. As you look closer, it is as if you had turned the covers of a book wherein you beheld a series of splendid illustrations. The long-familiar stories are here retold with a simplicity, a clearness, and a completeness that, alongside of the blurred images these tales usually evoked, must have seemed to most of Duccio's contemporaries like the buoyant sparkle of the morning after groping dark. And not this alone: Duccio did not merely furnish the best attainable pictographs. He gave the stories all the value that he, as a man of genius, felt in them; he lifted his spectators to his own level of perception. . . .

Expression, then, and interpretation, grandeur of conception, and depth of feeling — the qualities most essential to great illustration — Duccio possessed to the utmost, and this implies that he had sufficient control also of form and movement to render his effects. There remain two other requisites without which the art of illustration limps rather than leaps. These are grouping and arrangement. That Duccio possessed both these in addition to his other gifts we shall be persuaded if we look at several more panels of the Sienese reredos. . . . (See description of plate VIII.)

On first looking at his reredos, we were struck by the glamour of its subdued refulgence. Touching us as the gold of old mosaics touches us, to which time has added a tinge of bronze, Duccio's panels attune our mood for the enjoyment of whatsoever they may present. This is doubtless direct and intrinsic, and yet it has small value from an artistic standpoint; for the pleasure thus derived rises but little above that which the mere material itself would give. You would get as much and more from old goldsmith's work, from old stuffs, or from old embroideries. The sensation is still too undifferentiated to be of moment in those arts which, like painting, depend but slightly upon materials in themselves pleasurable. But, as we looked closer at Duccio's pictures, we noticed certain qualities essential to good illustration, which, we shall now see, have great decorative value also. How admirably Duccio makes us realize space we have observed but now, and we can here forego returning to the subject. That it is a quality, however, too specifically artistic to be required by mere illustration, the work of most illustrators of our century, whether popular or profound, could prove.

In yet another respect we have already found Duccio eminent — in his grouping. We have dealt with it hitherto only in so far as it concerned clearness of rendering; but Duccio went farther, and so grouped as to produce effects of mass and line, pleasant to the eye in and by themselves, and pleasantly distributed within the space at his command. In other words, he composed well. . . . (See description of plate IX.)

If Duccio was so sublime in his conceptions, so deep in feeling, so skilful in transcribing them in adequate forms; if, in addition to all these merits as an illustrator, he can win us with the material splendor of his surfaces; if he composes as few but Raphael, and can even make us realize space, why have



we heard of him so seldom, why is he not as renowned as Giotto, why is he not ranked with the greatest painters? Giotto was but little younger, and there could have been a scarcely perceptible difference between the public of the one and the public of the other. Most of Giotto's paintings now existing were, in fact, executed rather earlier than Duccio's reredos. Is the illustrative part of Giotto's work greater? On the whole, it certainly is not; at times it is decidedly inferior, seldom having Duccio's manifold expressiveness and delicately shaded feeling. If Giotto, then, was no greater an illustrator than Duccio, and if his illustrations, as illustrations, correspond no more than Duccio's to topics we crave nowadays to see interpreted in visual form, and if, as interpretation, they are equally remote from our own conception and feeling; if, in short, one is no more than the other a writer of pictorial leaders on the entrancing interests of the hour, why is the one still a living force, while the other has faded to the shadow of a name? There must exist surely a *viaticum* which bears its possessor to our own hearts, across the wastes of time — some secret that Giotto possessed and Duccio had never learned. . . .

Tactile values and movement, then, are the essential qualities in the figure-arts, and no figure-painting is real — has a value of its own apart from the story it has to tell, the ideal it has to present — unless it conveys ideated sensations of touch and movement. . . .

And now to return to Duccio. His paintings do not possess these virtues, and therefore have been nearly forgotten, while Giotto's works contain them to a degree so remarkable that even to-day the real lover of art prefers them to all but a very few masterpieces. For Duccio, the human figure was in the first place important as a person in a drama, then as a member in a composition, and only at the last, if at all, as an object whereby to stimulate our ideated feelings of touch and movement. . . .

A few instances will prove my point, and I choose them among subjects which not only lend themselves to specifically pictorial treatment, but even seem to suggest such treatment on Duccio's part. Let us turn again to the now familiar 'Incredulity of Thomas.' . . . Look at Thomas, as long as you regard him as a mere shape in a given attitude and with a given action, he probably corresponds to reality more than do your visual images, and you find him pleasant. But once look for something within this shape, and you will be surprised, for you will find, not, it is true, a complete lack of tactile values, but only just enough to make the figure pass as a familiar shape, and no more. Thomas is draped in the very best way for enabling one to realize his corporeal and functional significance, but unfortunately — although he is perhaps the best modeled figure in Duccio's entire works — there is not enough under his robe even to persuade one of reality, not to speak of stimulating one's own internal activities; and as for the action, it is scarcely indicated at all. He certainly seems to move, yet the legs have not the slightest existence under the drapery, admirably arranged as it is to indicate the action of the limbs it ought to cover; and the feet, while sufficiently resembling feet, have almost no weight and certainly do not press down on the ground. If we look at the Christ in this same composition, we find that He does not stand at all. . . .

A question suggests itself at this point, which requires at least a brief answer. If, as results from all that we have just now been observing, Duccio either had no feeling for tactile values and movement or was too busy elsewhere to attend to them, why has he chosen attitudes and actions which seem to suggest an absorbing interest in them? . . .

The answer is, I think, simple. Duccio did not choose them, but found them ready made, probably the entire compositions, certainly the single figures; for it is, to me at least, inconceivable that a painter who had perhaps no feeling for tactile values and movement, and certainly no interest in rendering them, should have invented motives calculable chiefly as opportunities for modeling and action. Duccio, I repeat, must have found these motives ready, and used them, not for what their inventors had valued in them, but for the mere shapes and attitudes as dramatic factors in illustration. To him, then, form and movement — the two most essential elements in the figure-arts — had no real meaning of their own. He exploited them as a dilettante, but did not understand their real purpose; and herein again Duccio, the first of the great Central Italian painters, was singularly like the last of them; for Raphael also saw in tactile values and movement not the principal pursuit of the artist, but a mere aid to illustration.

Such, then, was Duccio. Had he been less, it might have been better for the art of Central Italy; for then either a painter of perchance more talent would have had room to expand freely or else the example of Giotto would have been more attractive. Duccio, however, not only trained his followers to conceptions and methods necessarily his own, but by furnishing to an emotional people such as the Sienese an art that appealed to the feelings he compelled the painters who came after him to deal in that perniciously popular article, expressive illustration.

LANGTON DOUGLAS

'A HISTORY OF SIENA'

**I**N one great artistic quality, in the power of imparting relief to his figures, Duccio, it is true, was much inferior to one of his younger contemporaries, to Giotto. He had considerable knowledge of the structure of the human body, but he had not Giotto's consummate power of selecting just the lines, the convexities and concavities, in a face or in drapery, which when rendered in paint convey to us, better than any others, a sense of its material reality. And yet Duccio had an adequate sense of form; and in other great qualities of decoration he is the Florentine's superior. He is much greater as a colorist. He has a finer technique in tempera painting. He can give more poignant expression to deep emotion. He has a more subtle sense of beauty. He is not inferior to Giotto as a master of lineal design. He shows a more accurate observation of nature in his drawing of the nude, as in his representations of rocks and of trees. In a measure he anticipates the discoveries of the quattrocentists in his treatment of landscape. Why is it, then, that the world knows so little of Duccio? Why is his name so rarely on men's lips? The answer is not far to seek.

Firstly, the really independent critics of painting are very few in number.

The majority of cultured people, consciously or unconsciously, borrow their opinions of an artist's achievement from others. Now, whilst Florence has had the ear of the civilized world from the days of Dante to the age of Vasari, and from the age of Vasari to our own time, there has been no Sienese historian or critic who has caught the ear of Europe. Modern critics have taken, for the most part, the Florentine artists at their own countrymen's valuation, and have neglected the works of Duccio. Ruskin, for example, expended his beautiful gift of style in praising some inferior pictures of Giotto's school in terms which should only have been reserved for masterpieces. Florence has stolen for her own sons some of the credit that belonged to Siena, and under the spell of her literary charm many modern critics have acquiesced in the theft. Vasari postdated Duccio's career, and placed his biography of the Sienese after that of Agnolo Gaddi, after that of Orcagna, making him a contemporary of the later Giottesques. He robbed Duccio of one of his greatest works, giving it to Cimabue; and to the same Florentine master he ascribed some of the best works of Duccio's school. He said that the Sienese master's greatest followers were disciples of Giotto. Only in the last ten years have these injustices been fully and finally exposed. It is not to be wondered at that the public have not yet realized Duccio's position in the history of painting.

Again, Duccio's achievement is small in quantity. For a long period, too, his only known works of importance remained half hidden in Siena. Notable paintings by Giotto, on the other hand, are to be seen in Padua, in Assisi, in Rome, in Florence. And until lately the foreign travelers that found their way to Florence were ten times greater in number than those who visited Siena.

Finally, when the work of reparation is complete, Duccio's just fame can never rival that of Giotto, for the simple reason that Duccio was not a fresco-painter, that he never successfully accomplished vast schemes of monumental decoration. But in his own sphere, in tempera painting, Duccio had no superior among his contemporaries. And when we contemplate some of the figures of saints in his great 'Majestas' we cannot but be filled with regret that he did not apply himself to that branch of the painter's art which Michael Angelo rightly considered to be the nobler.

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## The Works of Duccio

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'VIRGIN AND CHILD'

PLATE I

**T**HIS charming little Madonna picture which hangs in the first hall of the Siena Academy is doubtless an early work of Duccio's, and for that reason alone very important in the study of his artistic development. It measures hardly a foot in either height or breadth. Against a gold-tiled background

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the Virgin sits enthroned in a natural attitude, holding the Child on her left knee, while two angels stand guard on either hand. The Child extends His right hand in blessing to three Franciscan monks prostrate at the Virgin's feet, while with His other hand He childishly clasps that of His Mother. The Madonna's dress is maroon in color, the mantle of dark blue, the folds edged with gold. Like the Child in the great picture of the 'Majestas,' He is here also clothed in a mauve-colored dress. The angels on the right wear dark blue with gold borders; those on the left, mauve, the upper one with a blue scarf over the shoulder. There is a touch of scarlet on their wings and the cushion of the throne is also of scarlet. The throne itself is of carved wood similar in character and design, with its high footstool, to that of the Rucellai Madonna (plate III).

Miss Lucy Olcott in the artistic half of the 'Guide to Siena,' which was her portion of the book, writes that the picture shows "at once, the immense superiority of his art over that of his Tuscan predecessors. Nothing could be more delicate than the color and execution of this damaged little panel; nothing, again, more truly Byzantine in feeling. The figure of the Virgin is particularly graceful and the flow of her drapery exquisite."

'THE CRUCIFIXION'

PLATE II

OF the panel depicting 'The Crucifixion,' Mr. Langton Douglas writes: "In the 'Crucifixion' we see one of the most dramatic, the most impressive conceptions of the scene that is to be met with in the whole range of Italian art. The modeling of the figure of the Christ shows us that Duccio's rendering of the draped form is based upon a knowledge of the structure of the human body more accurate than that of Giotto. The figures below the cross are well grouped. Here and there we find several Byzantine types, especially in the heads of the old men; but the group of the three Marys is freshly conceived, and is full of deep feeling. In the simple, massive folds of the drapery of the Mary who supports the Virgin we find further evidence of the influence of the Gothic sculptors. The color of the whole composition is harmonious. The whole scene is finely realized; and in his rendering of it the artist succeeds in imparting to us the emotions with which the great world-tragedy inspired him."

'MADONNA,' RUCELLAI CHAPEL, S. MARIA NOVELLA

PLATE III

DR. J. P. RICHTER, in his 'Lectures on the National Gallery,' writes: "The various works which he (Vasari) ascribed to him (Cimabue) are so heterogeneous in character that it is absolutely impossible that they should come from one and the same hand. He mentions as Cimabue's masterpiece the large Madonna picture in the Rucellai Chapel of the Church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence. This is undoubtedly one of the finest and most important works of the early Trecento; but, if we subject it to a detailed and critical examination, which, in fact, owing to the gloom of the chapel, is only possible on a clear summer's day, it will be found that, as regards style, it differs in nothing from the genuine, fully authenticated altar-piece of the great Siense

Duccio, formerly in the cathedral, but now preserved in the Opera del Duomo, at Siena.

"The similarity is most striking in the type of the Christ-child and the angels. The color of the child's drapery is that of delicate peach-blossom; it is eminently characteristic of Duccio's palette, and of that of no other of the great Trecenti.

"In short, it would be impossible for an unbiased critic to explain this celebrated picture otherwise than as a work by Duccio; while even those who should refuse their assent to this conclusion would be compelled at least to admit that the Florentine Cimabue, who has so long passed as the author of the picture, here shows himself to have been the closest and most faithful pupil, follower, or imitator of the Siennese.

"But in that case even Dante would be wrong in coupling the unoriginal, dependent Cimabue with such a master as Giotto.

"On the other hand, a certain degree of support for the assertion that Duccio was the author of the picture can be derived from a document of the year 1285, in which it appears that a Florentine Guild of that time commissioned the Siennese artist Duccio di Buoninsegna to paint a large altar-piece (*quandam tabulam magnam*), with the figure of the Virgin and Child, for this very church of Santa Maria Novella (*figura beate Marie Virginis et ejus omnipotentis Filii et aliis figuris*). This valuable document is still in existence in the State archives at Florence; and has been published by Milanese in 1854, in the first volume of the 'Documenti per la Storia dell' arte Senese,' and the name of the artist is therein entered as being 'Duccio, the son of Boninsegna, painter from Siena.'

"That a commission for an altar-piece should then have been given in Florence to a Siennese artist need not surprise us, when we reflect that, before the entry of Giotto upon the scene, Florentine art could in no way pretend to rival that of Siena."

Mr. Roger E. Fry still firmly believes that this picture is an original by Cimabue. In a foot-note to an article on Giotto written for 'The Monthly Review' he points out the peculiarities of this picture which are not in his opinion characteristic of Duccio. "The eye," he says, "has the upper eyelid strongly marked; it has a peculiarly languishing expression, due in part to the large, elliptical iris (Duccio's eyes have a small, bright, round iris with a keen expression); the nose is distinctly articulated into three segments; the mouth is generally slewed round from the perpendicular; the hands are curiously curved, and in all the Madonnas clutch the supports of the throne; the hair bows seen upon the halos have a constant and quite peculiar shape; the drapery is designed in rectilinear triangular folds, very different from Duccio's more sinuous and flowing line. The folds of the drapery where they come to the contour of the figure have no effect upon the form of the outline, an error which Duccio never makes. Finally, the thrones in all these pictures have a constant form; they are made of turned wood with a high footstool, and are seen from the side; Duccio's is of stone and seen from the front."

This argument Mr. Langton Douglas answers in an appendix to his 'His-



tory of Siena.' All these "peculiarities" the latter critic thinks are found in the small, early Madonna picture of Duccio's in the Sienese Academy (plate 1). He further writes:

"Mr. Roger Fry, in fact, has taken Duccio's last great work, a picture painted twenty-five years after the Rucellai 'Madonna,' as the form of Duccio's style, and has neglected the master's early works in Siena. In an age of rapid transition, the style of an artist who is himself a great innovator naturally undergoes some modifications. The peculiarities so admirably observed by Mr. Fry in the picture at Florence are some of the characteristics of Duccio's early manner. Living in the city which Giovanni Pisano had made his home, his style underwent some modifications. He studied more and more the structure of the human figure under northern influences. He became less Byzantine and more Gothic. The lines of his draperies become more graceful, more sinuous. The expressions of his 'Madonnas' become less languid, less detached and impassive. In his Saints and Virgins we find more humanity, more expression of emotion, than in his earlier works. The movement in architecture shows itself, too, in the thrones he designs. When he painted the 'Majestas' Duccio had largely emancipated himself from Byzantine convention, and had acquired a greater command of his medium. To gain a knowledge of Duccio's early style one must not only study the great altar-piece in the Opera del Duomo — though even that picture, painted a quarter of a century later, is unmistakably related to the Rucellai 'Madonna,' — he must make himself thoroughly acquainted with the early works of Duccio and of Duccio's school."

'Masters in Art,' by including a plate of the Rucellai Madonna, does not necessarily thereby take the stand that the picture is a work of Duccio rather than of Cimabue. Two historians of S. Maria Novella, P. Fineschi writing in 1790, and J. Wood Brown in 1902, are of the opinion that the work is by Duccio. Besides Dr. Richter and Mr. Langton Douglas, Signor Adolfo Venturi and Dr. Wickhoff of Vienna incline to this point of view, while Mr. Berenson does not include it in his lists.

#### 'THE NATIVITY'

#### PLATE IV

THE Berlin Museum acquired in Florence in 1884 a small panel by Duccio in three parts, representing the birth of Christ, with full-length figures of the prophets Isaiah and Ezekiel on either side. Our plate represents the central part only. "This picture," writes Herr Bode, "formed in the beginning a part of the celebrated altar-piece by Duccio, of the Cathedral of Siena, which fact is established beyond doubt by the agreement that it has with the latter in several respects — in the movement, form, and disposition of the figures. The discovery of this panel has been the turning-point upon which they have attempted to reconstruct in a satisfactory manner the *ensemble* of the cathedral picture. Below the great figure in the middle, representing the Madonna enthroned, there were seven scenes from the infancy of Christ, separated one from the other by prophets. Above the principal picture were ranged, in like manner, seven compositions, relating to the death

of the Virgin and the busts of the Apostles; upon the reverse of the picture were painted scenes from the Life and Passion of Jesus Christ.

"The 'Birth of Christ' of the Berlin Collection shows how much Duccio, even in his accessory figures, still holds to Byzantine models; but the animation which he gives to all the figures, the manner with which he fills us with emotion, the happy disposition of his rich and strong colors, the charm of his youthful heads, and the grand character of his figures of prophets prove that it is with reason that we venerate Duccio as the emancipator of art delivered from its Byzantine fetters, and as the founder of an independent school."

And Signor Venturi writes: "'The Nativity' in the Friedrich Museum in Berlin corresponds, more than other representations, to the mosaic of Pietro Cavallini at Santa Maria in Trastevere, and to the frescos of the upper church of St. Francis at Assisi; but there is added the scene of the godmothers who wash the Child, as we see, for example, in the mosaic of the Church of the Martorana at Palermo."

#### 'TRIPTYCH'

#### PLATE V

"AMONG his pictures in the National Gallery," writes Dr. Richter, "the first place must be assigned to the little triptych representing the Madonna and Child, with the Saints Domenico and Catharine of Alexandria at the sides. The first thing that strikes us in the Madonna is her thoroughly Oriental type of head, the long, oval form of the face, the long, aquiline nose, the small mouth, and the beautiful, large eyes, which are all typical of Byzantine art; and not less so the outlines, which flow in an almost unbroken line; the drawing of the hands, with the long, tapering fingers, has also a Byzantine character.

"Not so the Child. A conception like this of the Infant Saviour is not met with, as far as I know, in the whole range of Byzantine art from the fifth century onwards. The relation of the Child to His Mother, as here represented, the gesture of childlike love, contrasting with the expression of melancholy in her face — which, perhaps, constitutes the principal charm of the picture — is an innovation in Byzantine as well as in Italian art. This motive does not occur in the work of Niccolò Pisano, the great sculptor of the preceding era, who had executed a famous work in the Cathedral of Siena some twenty years previously; we find it, however, in contemporary Gothic sculpture of France; a very characteristic example is in the South Kensington Museum, a charming little ivory of the Madonna, standing with the Child in her arms.

"The arrangement of the drapery in the Madonna's lap in Duccio's picture may also be said to be Gothic in style."

#### 'THE MAJESTAS'

#### PLATE VI

IN this large panel, seven by fourteen feet long, Duccio, as the name 'Majesty' implies, placed the Virgin and Child, enthroned with hierarchic dignity in the center of the picture, in the midst of three tiers of saints and angels. Those angels immediately around the throne cling to it as they gaze



in loving adoration on the Infant Saviour. The Virgin is clothed in the conventional red dress and blue mantle that usage always gave her in the Middle Ages and the early years of the Renaissance, though they are richly embroidered and her dress shows hatchings in gold where it protrudes below her mantle. The Christ-child wears a muslin veil of the most exquisite violet color shot with gold, which has kept its tone in spite of the years that have elapsed since its execution. The throne in this picture is marble inlaid with Cosmati work. On the Madonna's right in the middle tier stand Saints John the Evangelist, Paul, and Catherine; on her left, John the Baptist, Peter, and Agnes; while below kneel Saints Savinus and Ansanus on her right, Saints Crescentius and Victorius on her left, the patron saints of Siena, and described by Signors Crowe and Cavalcaselle as the "feeblest and slenderest" figures in the pictures.

The same critics have described the picture as a whole at length, as follows: "In the distribution of the principal scene of his altar-piece, in the prominent stature of the Virgin enthroned in the midst of a triple row of angels and saints, Duccio preserved the order which was considered sacred at his time. Transforming, however, the art of his predecessors, he gave to the Virgin a regular shape and good proportions. The drapery of her mantle is simple and well cast, and her attitude in the carriage of the Saviour graceful and easy. The face of the latter is gentle, plump, and regular, the forehead full, and the short locks curly. A small mouth, and eyes no longer expressing terror or immobility in their gaze, contrast favorably with previous efforts at Siena. The action of the Infant is natural and kindly. The group has more grace than majesty or solemnity, and thus, from the very rise of the school, its chief peculiarity was apparent. Broad muscular forms, heads generally large in contrast with the frame, round eyes imparting an expression of stern gravity, marked features, massive knotted hair and beards, characterize as of old the figures of Peter and Paul, as they stand by the Virgin. A wild austerity appears in the features of St. John the Baptist; but face, form, and character are in the mold of the old period. A more rational definition of detail in the nude, in the articulations and extremities, than hitherto, a tendency to smallness in the latter, are noticeable in the principal figures and in the subordinate ones in the pediment. But Duccio was better in females, whose attitudes and proportions are truer and more correct than those of males. A feminine reserve, a soft feeling in the long, narrow faces in spite of aquiline profiles, gentleness rather than grace, make them pleasing; whilst draperies of good lines, and free from angularity, contribute by their arrangement about the head and frame to an elegant ensemble. Large, oval heads with hair brushed back and bound by cinctures, which fling the locks profusely down, a thin neck, slender hands and fingers, betray in Duccio a partiality for the consecrated type of angels. Yet even these are improved by softness of features or tenderness of expression; and those whose heads may be seen reposing so confidently on the back of the Virgin's throne are not without charm. A new feeling was thus infused into the antique mold, producing a novel character at times, disclosing the earnestness of the struggle for a change at others.

Drawn in with excessive firmness, yet with the minutest care, the figures reveal in Duccio the cleanliness of a Dutchman, whilst the exquisite tracery of ornament and embroidery prove his taste and patience, his anxiety to use none but the very choicest materials. Fused and rounded with the utmost labor, the tones combine powerful color with lucid softness; but the verde underground exercises its usual influence, peering through the lights and glazes and lowering the general key of harmony. A certain flatness, caused by the absence of sufficient relief, is likewise striking, whilst at the same time the planes of light and shade remain somewhat detached. To resume, color was already the best feature of the school thus founded by Duccio. A characteristic diversity marked the treatment of male and female figures, and ornament was tastefully but abundantly used."

Above, on either side of the throne, in arched panels, are half-lengths of ten of the Apostles.

'THE BURIAL OF THE VIRGIN'

PLATE VII

THIS is one of the small panels that was thought formerly to have been a part of the predella of the 'Majestas.' Since the discovery of the 'Nativity' modern German criticism has reconstructed the altar-piece to make this one of seven relating to the death of the Virgin, which stood above the central panel, and an eighth in the pinnacle. In that case the ten half-lengths of Apostles as they now stand should be raised so as to be put above these seven. It is supposed that two panels of Apostles are missing.

The legends of the Madonna tell us that she lived for twenty-four years after the Pentecost on Mt. Sion, regularly visiting the scene of her Son's Life and Passion; and that, greatly desiring to see Him, the angel Gabriel appeared to her holding in his hand a palm which branched into seven stars, telling her that in three days her wish should be granted, and commanding that the palm-branch be carried before her bier. The Virgin then asked two favors — first, that she might see the apostles gathered together before her death, that she might die in their presence, and in dying that she should not see death. These wishes were also granted, St. John the Evangelist being first transported into her presence on a cloud from Ephesus, where he was preaching, and then the other disciples. The Lord commanded the apostles to carry her body to the Valley of Jehosaphat and lay it in a new tomb, and to watch beside it three days, after which the Lord and a host of angels appeared and carried her soul and body up into heaven. There are, as we have seen, eight panels in all, representing the last days and the funeral rites of the Virgin. This one represents that moment when the apostles laid her body in the tomb.

The panel is charming in color, as is all the work of Duccio. The panels, one and all, gleam with dark but brilliant tones — green, and blue, and gold. Mr. Timothy Cole, in the description of his engraving of this panel in 'Old Italian Masters,' has so charmingly described the color in detail that we quote it entire:

"In some instances his coloring is Titianesque — warm, lustrous, and deep. The garment of the Virgin in the entombment is a deep blue, of a

most charming hue. That of the apostle next to Peter and immediately above the head of the Virgin is also a blue, but of a different, warmer, and softer tone, so that here, for instance, is a relief of color very subtle and harmonious. That of the apostle John, who holds the palm-branch, is a rose-pink in the high lights, shading to a deeper red. The contrast this makes with the lovely blues is the most pleasing thing imaginable to look upon. Now the garments of the apostle whose head comes just above the stars of the palm-branch are also red, similar to the deep shading in John's garment; but there is a softness of tone about it that gives just the proper relief to the latter. Then the palm-branch, of which the stars are gold, is a delicious, soft, tender green, shading gently deeper to one side, and this again is properly relieved against the deeper green of the garment of the apostle the top of whose head comes just behind three of the stars. This apostle, from the type of his face and his long hair, is evidently James, the brother of our Lord. The garment of the one next to him, whose hand comes in proximity with those of the Virgin, is a charming mixture of warm purple and greenish-blue tints. That of the one next to him is of a warm brown, well relieved against the brownish shadows of the rock behind. So on throughout — always a pleasing variety and subtle relief of color. The marble tomb is of a reddish, warm tone, roughly hewn, as I have engraved it. The trees, carefully worked up in detail, are of various shades of lustrous green, and the sky and glories round the heads are gold. The flesh-tints are warm brownish yellows, while the flesh of the Virgin is relieved from that of the others, being deader in tone. The whole is a most harmonious combination of color — a true symphony in color."

## 'THE BETRAYAL'

## PLATE VIII

THE 'Betrayal' is one of the many panels illustrating the Passion of Christ. They each measure eighteen by twenty-one inches, and the figures average about nine inches high. Mr. Berenson takes this panel to point out the artist's power of grouping both as a means of illustration and as forming a pleasing arrangement of mass and line. Mr. Berenson writes:

"Motionless, in the middle of the foreground, we see the figure of Christ. The slim and supple Judas entwines Him in an embrace, while the lightly clad soldiers lay hands on Him, the guards crowd round Him, and the Pharisee elders at the sight of His face, which betrays no feeling but pity, start back in horrified consternation. Meanwhile, on the left, hot-tempered Peter rushes at a soldier with his knife, and, on the right, the disciples in a crowded flock scurry away, only the most courageous venturing to look back. We have here two masses of men, and in each the action and expression are kept so clear that to mistake them would imply sheer want of wits. . . . What compactness and dignity are given to the mass in which we find Christ, by the two tufted trees that surmount it! Without them, the group would look dwarfed and heavy. Note that the most important figure here, that of Christ, stands directly under one of these trees, which occupies the middle of the whole composition. See how this tree serves, not only to converge all the lines upon His head, but helps, by being in continuous upward movement with Him, to

heighten His figure. And what a glamor of beauty is lent to the scene by the lances and torches of the soldiers — lines that are and are not parallel — an effect so easily attained, yet counting for so much, not only here, but in numerous compositions ranging through art, from the Pompeiian 'Battle of Alexander' to the 'Lancers' of Velasquez!"

'THE INCREDULITY OF THOMAS'

PLATE IX

**T**HIS is another of the panels which decorated the reverse side of the 'Majestas.' With 'The Betrayal' it equally well represents the master's power of composition. Mr. Berenson thus describes it: "Christ, with right arm uplifted, appears baring the wound in His side to the impudent touch of His doubting disciple. These two figures stand out by themselves, and to right and left, more crowded on one side, more scattered on the other, stand the remaining disciples, so arranged that we get the expression on each face." A little further on he highly extols the panel, when he writes: "'The Incrudulity of Thomas' would be brought home to us as a mere historical episode nearly as well if the masses made by the figures were not so rhythmically divided, if a façade of just the right size and shape did not give the entire group the exact background it needed. The expression of Christ and His attitude would have been no different if He did not stand directly under the peak of a pediment, whose height magnifies His own stature, or were not seen against an arched door, which frames Him in and separates Him from the bystanders, thus making Him more strikingly the center of attention. Nor, as the mere telling of a tale, would much have been lost if the composition were comprised in a square, instead of being on a panel, that begins, halfway up its height, to slope inward, thus emphasizing those lines of the sloping roof which have, in their turn, given distinction to the figure of Christ. Even with all this, the sloping lines of the panel might have been continued until they met high above in a peak. But this would have had many unhappy results, among them one most unhappy. The center of attention, the point at which all the lines tend to converge, would no longer have been the head of Christ, but a spot high above Him in the pediment. There would have been a conflict between the inclination of our eyes to rest on the spot marked out for them by the tendency of the dominant lines and the desire of our hearts to dwell in rapt contemplation upon the point of highest spiritual interest, the face of Christ. This picture, then, does much besides telling its story: it is a composition so subtle in its effects of mass and line that we shall scarcely find its like — at least outside the work of one other artist, that artist also a Central Italian, and holding the place among the Renaissance masters of that region which Duccio held among those of the Middle Ages — I refer, of course, to Raphael."

ANGEL'S HEAD [DETAIL OF 'MAJESTAS']

PLATE X

**T**HIS full-faced head which we have chosen to illustrate as typical of the company of angels in the 'Majestas' is that one nearest the throne on the Virgin's left hand in the middle tier. She stands with one hand resting on

the carved ornament of the throne, gazing intently and earnestly at the spectator. To gain variety in their poses, doubtless, the artist has directed the attention of several of the angels away from the central figures, while those angels who cling fondly to the back of the throne look tenderly and lovingly down on the Christ-child in His Mother's arms. This angel well illustrates Duccio's conception of an angel, grave, beautiful, and somewhat melancholy. The head is relieved against a disk of solid gold, chased with a beautiful decorative design, which forms the halo. The hair, abundant and curly, is tastefully and carefully arranged in a manner similar to that of the other angels, all of whom wear bands of rose color or blue, with jewels in the center. The front locks are gracefully rolled back and fall low in the neck to enframe a face which is slightly Byzantine, with its oval eyes, long, aquiline nose, and small mouth, but showing great charm and beauty, which is characteristic of all Duccio's female heads, and those of the whole Siennese school who followed him.

They all wear rich mantles, and carry ivory scepters, and Signor Venturi calls attention to the fact that this company of angels "adore the divine group, but do not chant praises, nor sing hosannas; they surround the throne in silence."

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY DUCCIO  
WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

**ENGLAND.** THE KING: Triptych — LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Triptych (Plate v); The Annunciation; Christ Healing the Blind; The Transfiguration — LONDON, MR. BENSON: (four predelle) The Raising of Lazarus; The Miraculous Draught of Fishes; Christ and the Samaritan Woman; The Temptation — LONDON, LORD CRAWFORD: The Crucifixion — GERMANY. BERLIN GALLERY: The Nativity (Plate iv) and Two Saints — ITALY. FLORENCE, SANTA MARIA NOVELLA: Madonna (Plate iii) (?) — ROME, COLLECTION OF COUNT STROGANOFF: Virgin and Child — SIENA, ACADEMIA: Small Madonna Enthroned (Plate i); Two panels with Saints; Madonna with Four Saints; Triptych; Polyptych — SIENA, CATHEDRAL MUSEUM: The Majestas (Plates ii, vi, vii, viii, ix, and x), formerly in the cathedral — SIENA, THE ABBEY OF SANT' EUGENIO, SACRISTY: Madonna — SIENA, THE FRATERNITY OF THE MADONNA, BELOW THE CRYPT OF THE HOSPITAL: The Crucifixion; The Entombment, The Flagellation (originally a triptych, now scattered).

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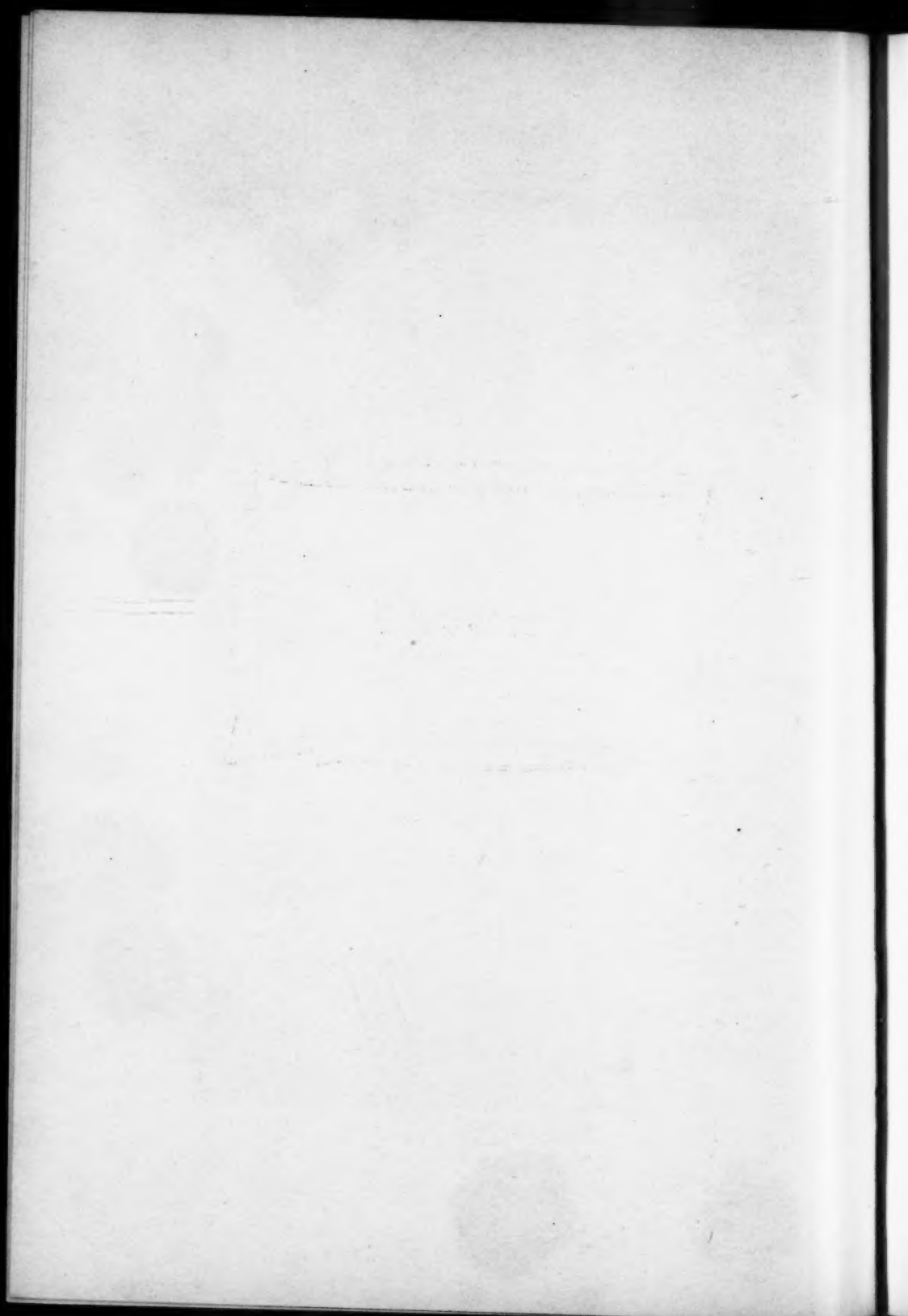
**L'ARTE**, 1904: G. Frizzoni; *L'esposizione d'arte senese al 'Burlington Fine Arts Club'*. 1906: P. d'Achiardi; *Una madonna sconosciuta di Duccio de Buoninsegna* — **LES ARTS**, 1904: A. Pératé; *Les Expositions d'art Siennois à Siennne et à Londres* — **BULLETTINO SENESE DI STORIA PATRIA**, 1898: A. Lisini; *Notizie di Duccio pittore* — **CENTURY**, 1888: W. J. Stillman; *Duccio di Buoninsegna* — **GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS**, 1893: A. Pératé; *Études sur la peinture siennoise*. Duccio. 1904: Mrs. M. Logan; *L'Exposition de l'ancien art siennois* — **JAHRBUCH DER KÖNIGLICH PREUSSISCHEN KUNSTSAMMLUNGEN**, 1885: E. Dobbert; *Duccio's Bild, Die Geburt Christi, in der Königlichen Gemälde, Galerie zu Berlin* — **MAGAZINE OF ART**, 1881: C. Duncan; *Duccio di Buoninsegna, Story of an Old Picture* — **MONTHLY REVIEW**, 1903: L. Douglas; *Duccio and the Early History of Italian Painting* — **REPERTORIUM FÜR KUNSTWISSENSCHAFT**, 1901: J. W. Brown; *Cimabue and Duccio at S. M. Novella* — **ZEITSCHRIFT FÜR BILDENDE KUNST**, 1905: L. M. Richter; *Die Anstellungen alter sienesischer Kunst in London und Siena*.

MASTERS IN ART

**Enness**

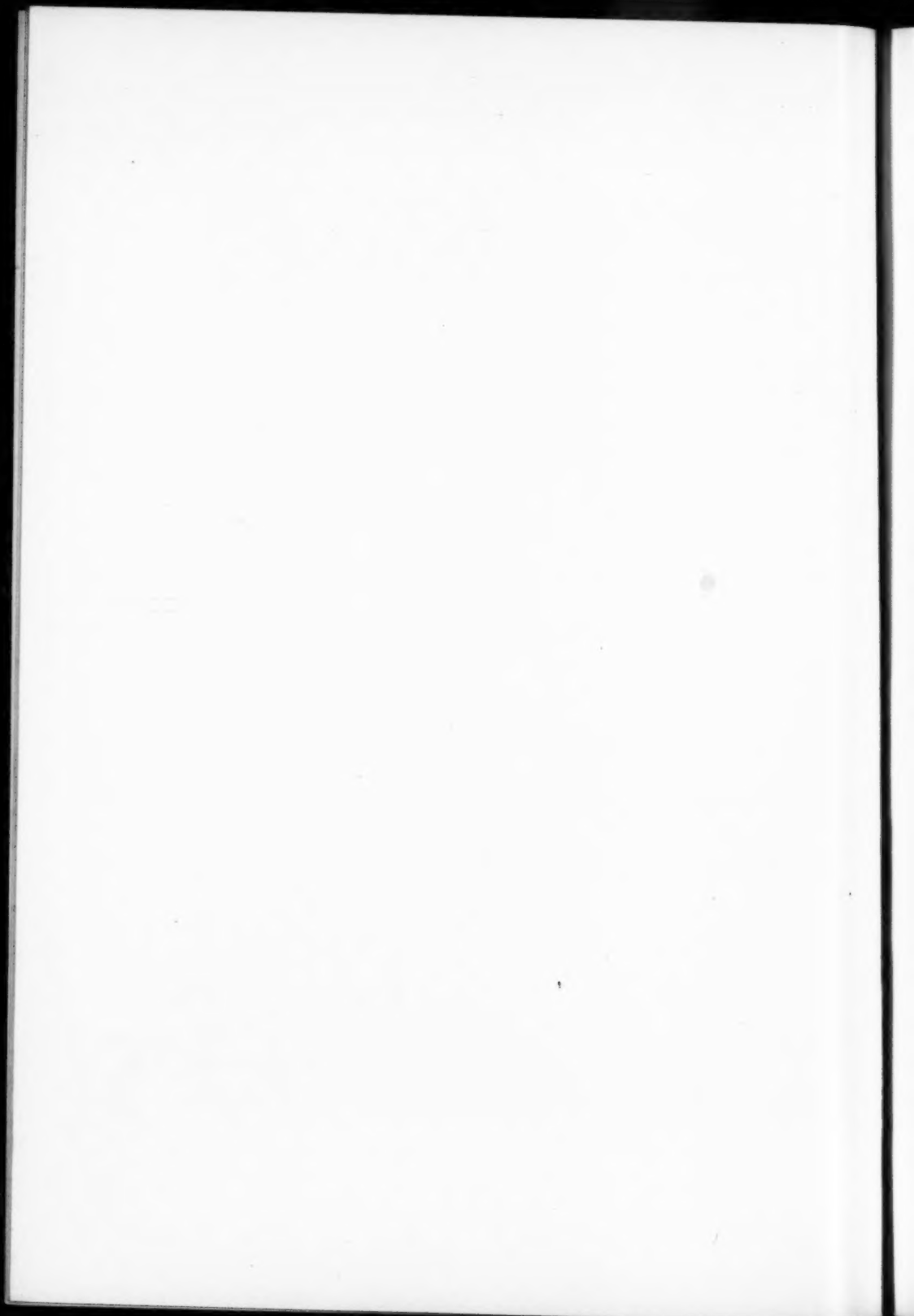
AMERICAN SCHOOL







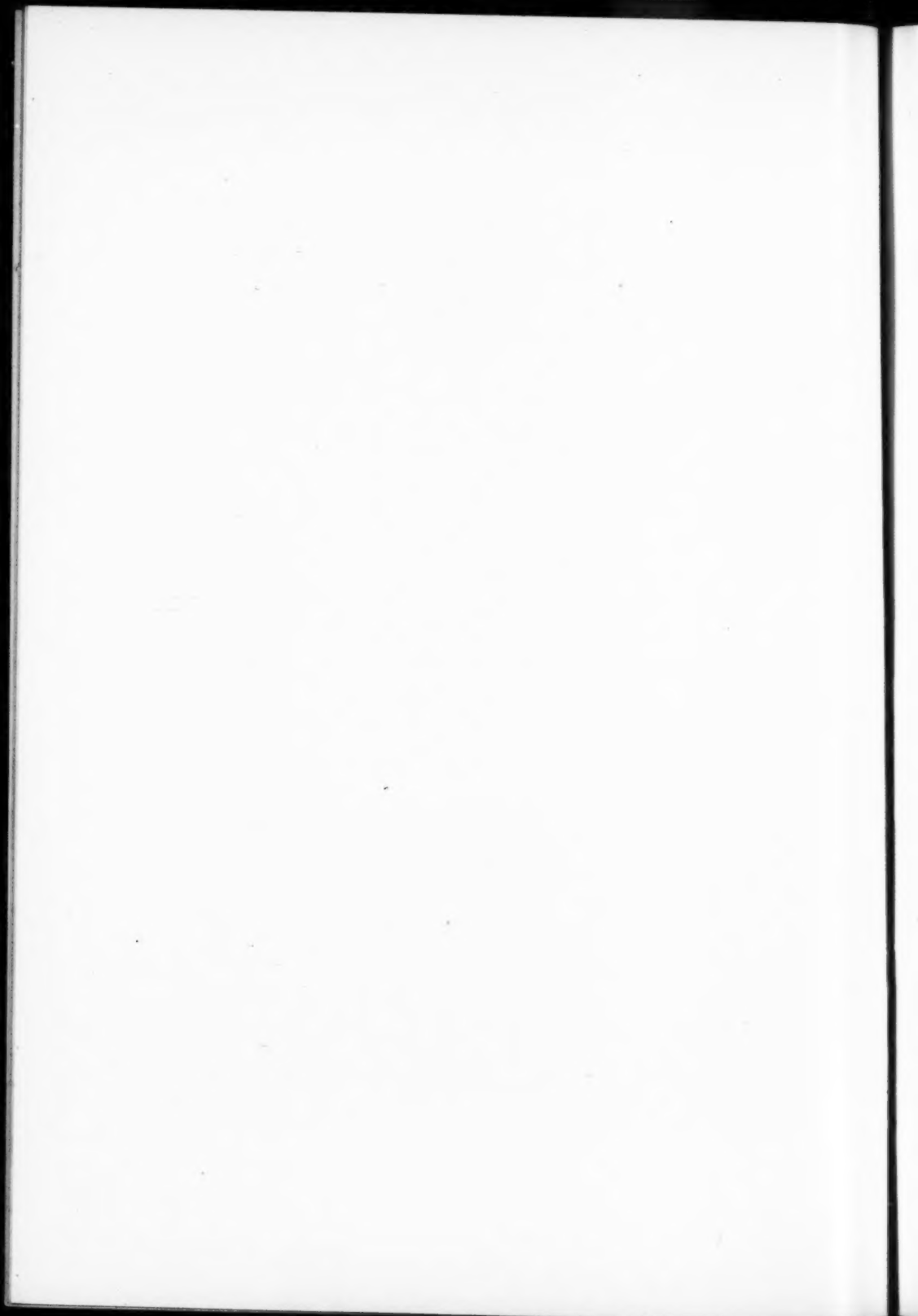
INNESS  
PEACE AND PLENTY  
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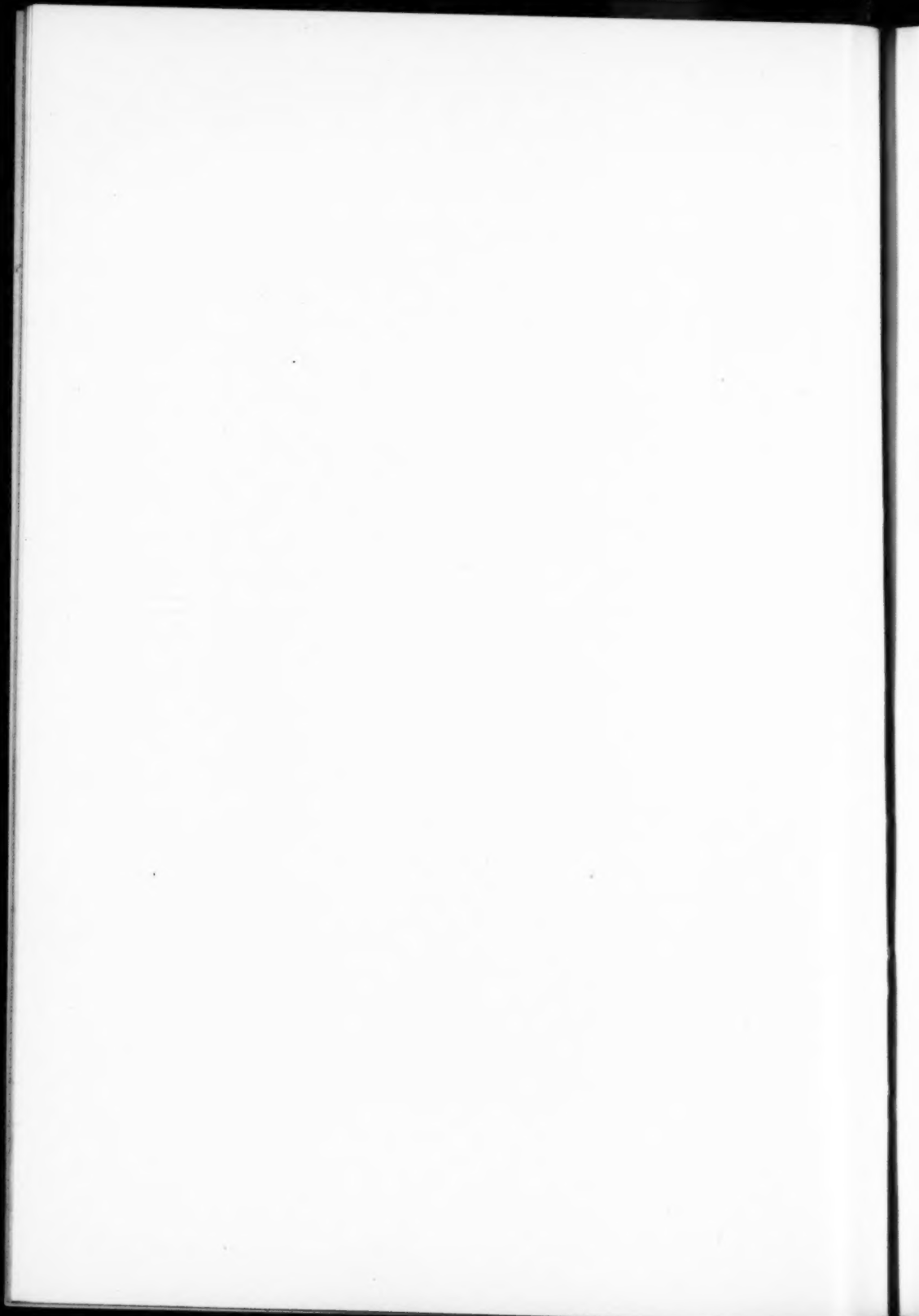
INNESS  
THE DELAWARE VALLEY  
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MASTENS IN ART PLATE II  
REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION  
[ 217 ]

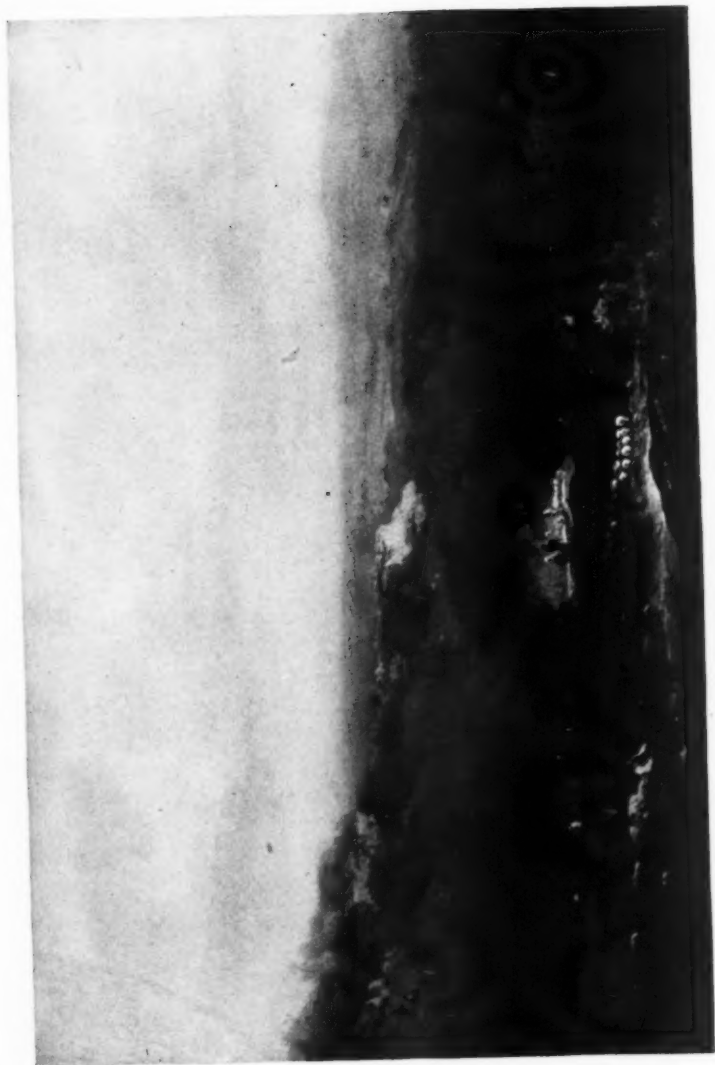




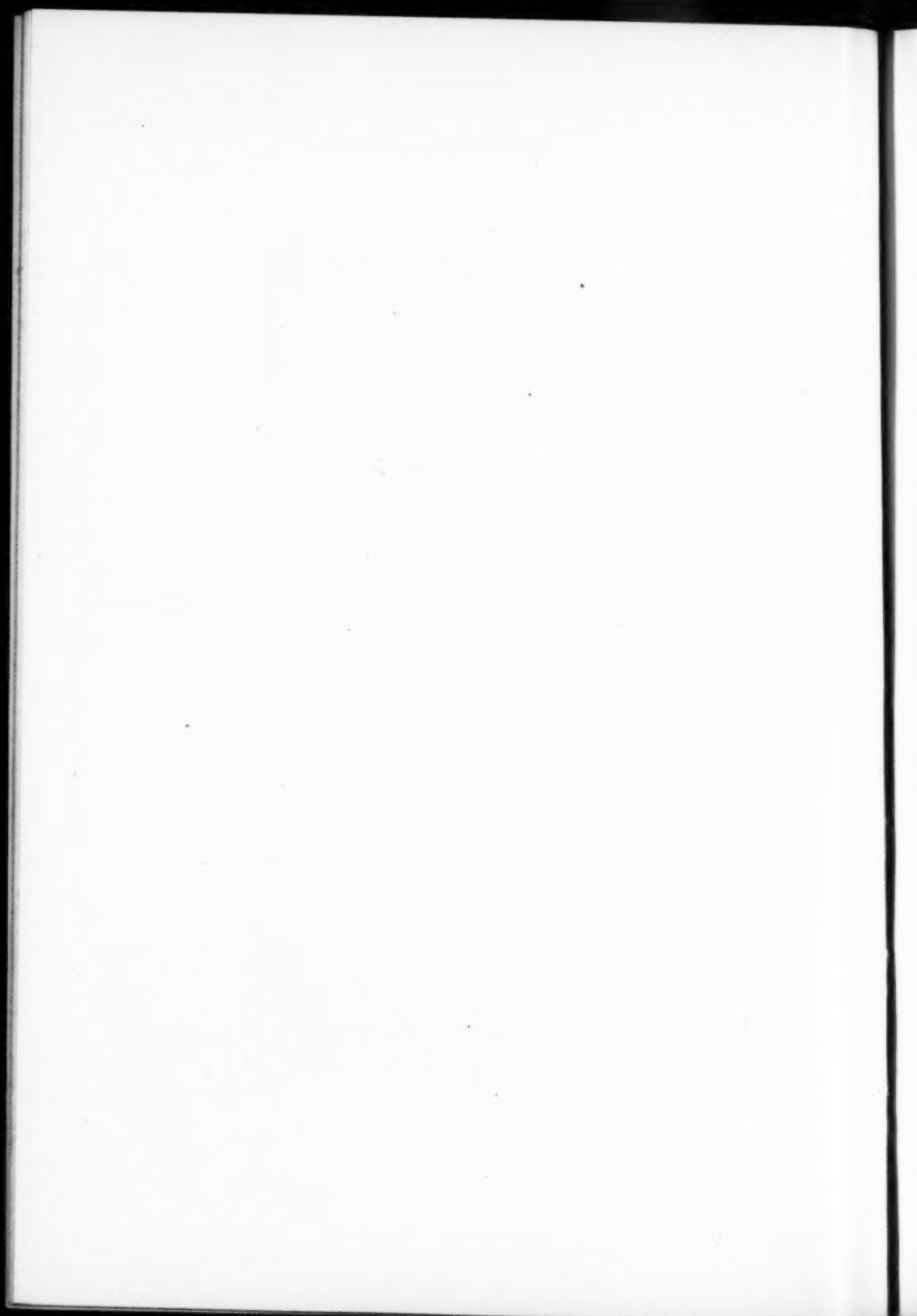
INNERS  
SUNSET, ÉTREHAT  
OWNED BY R. C. & N. M. VOSE





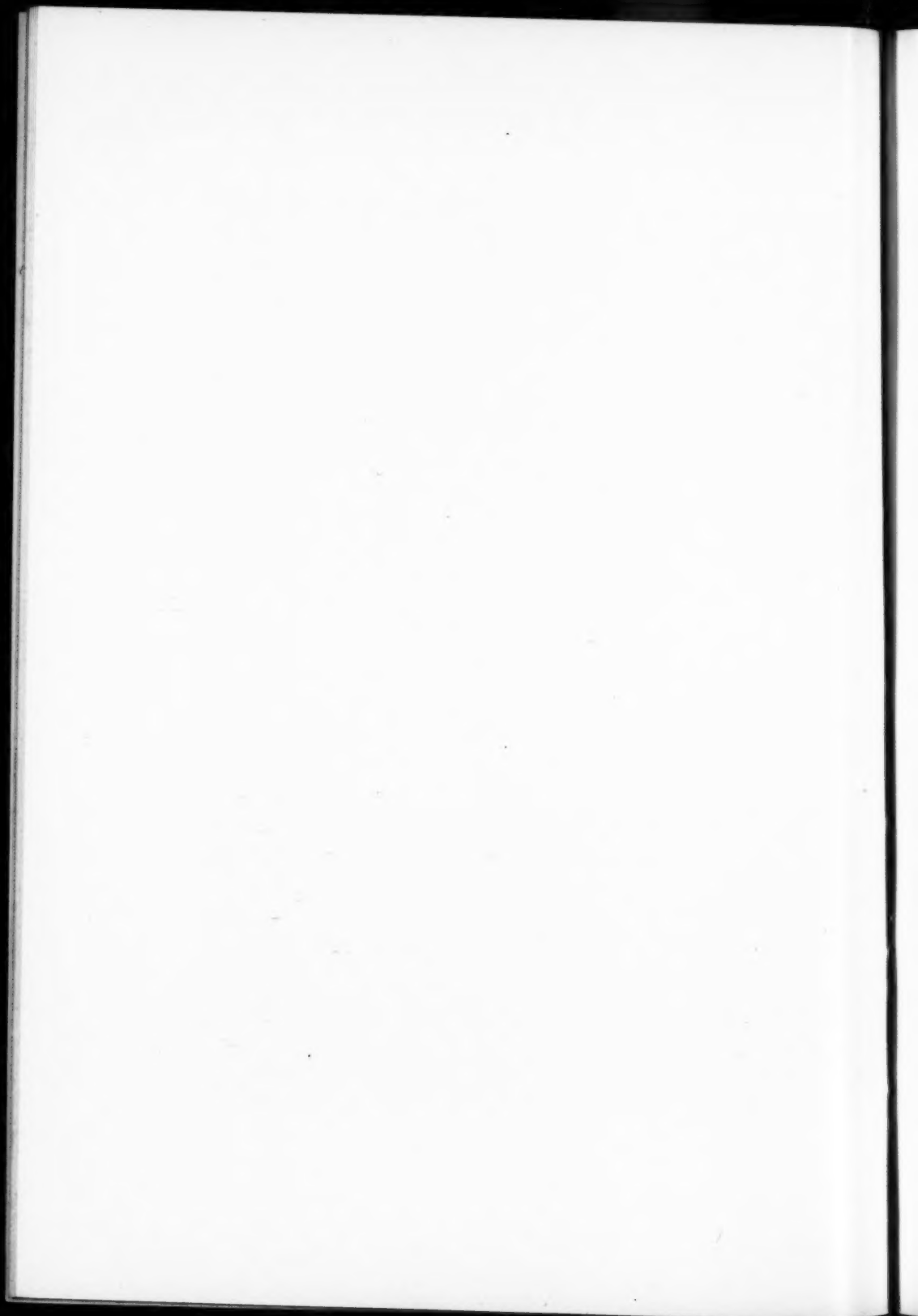


INNERS  
THE ALBAN HILLS  
ART MUSEUM, WORCESTER





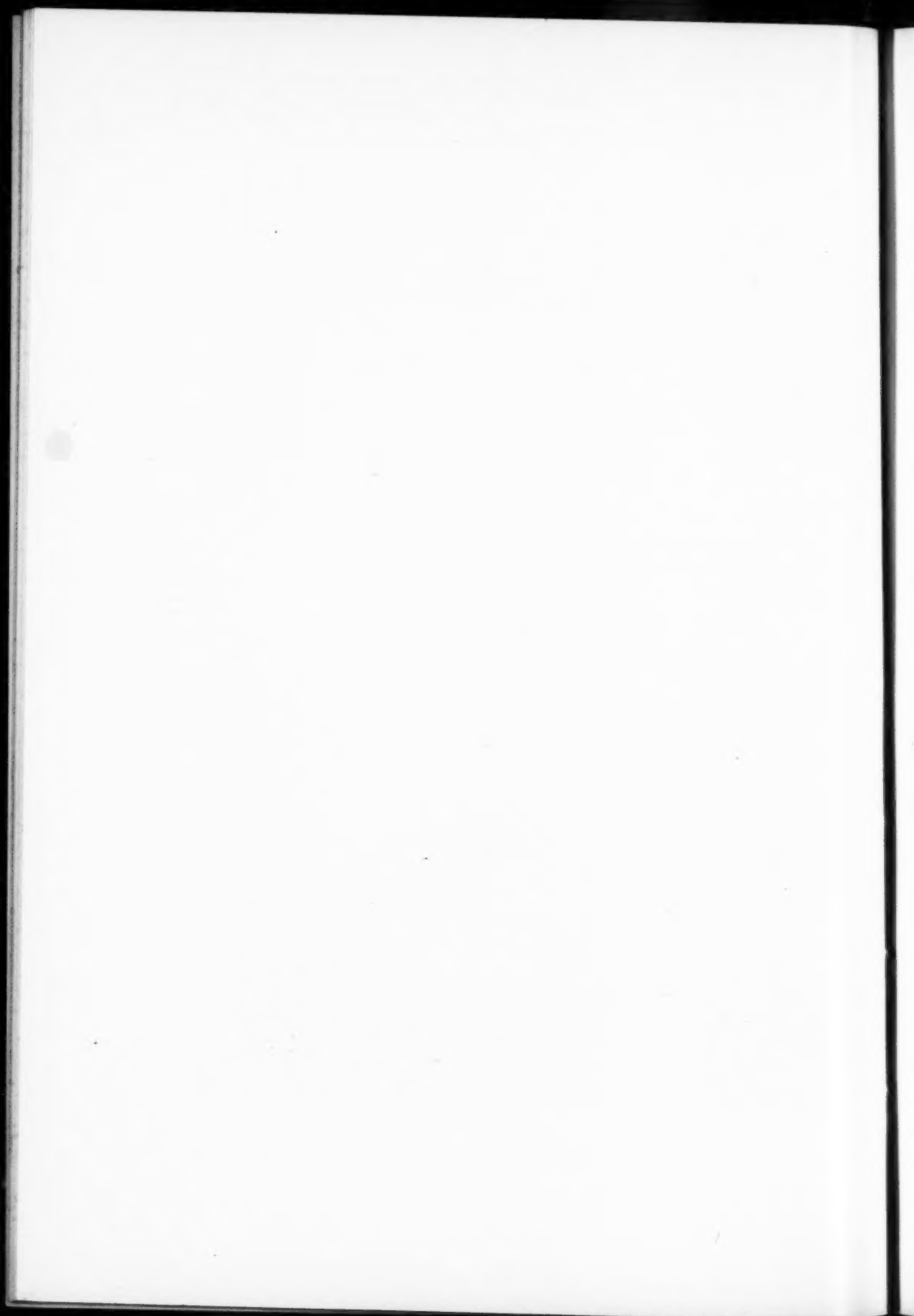
INNESS  
SUMMER, MEDFIELD, MASS.  
OWNED BY CHARLES H. PAINE, BOSTON





INNESS  
THE CLOSE OF DAY  
OWNED BY WALTER S. HALLOU, PROVIDENCE

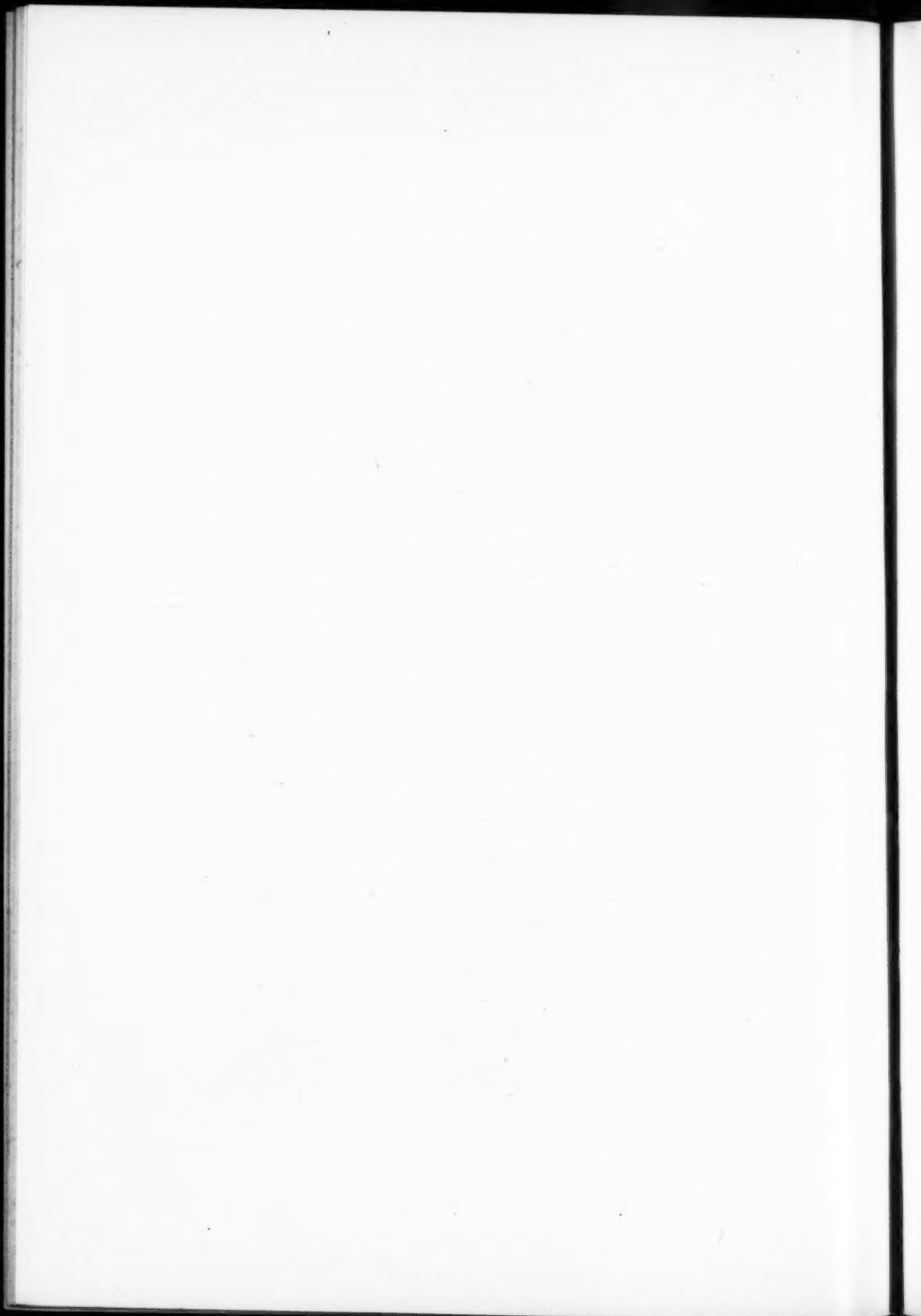
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI  
COURTESY OF S. C. & S. W. 1088  
[225]

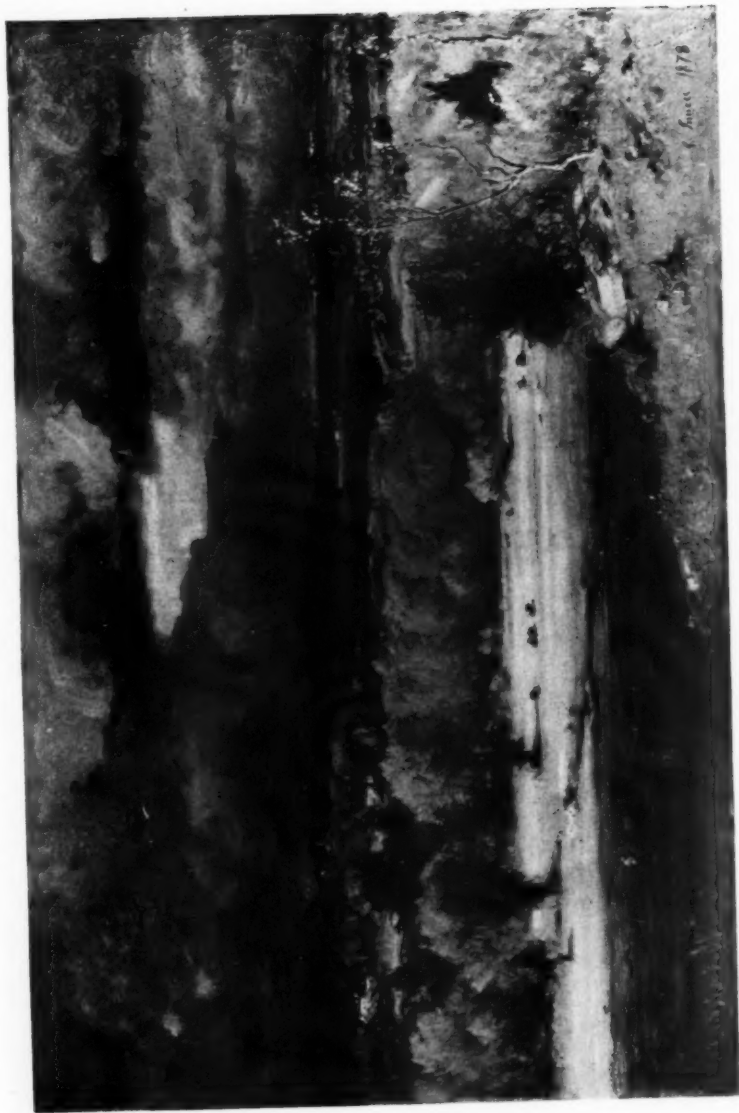




INNESS  
THE GOOSE GIRL  
OWNED BY EDWARD D. LIBNEY, TOLEDO

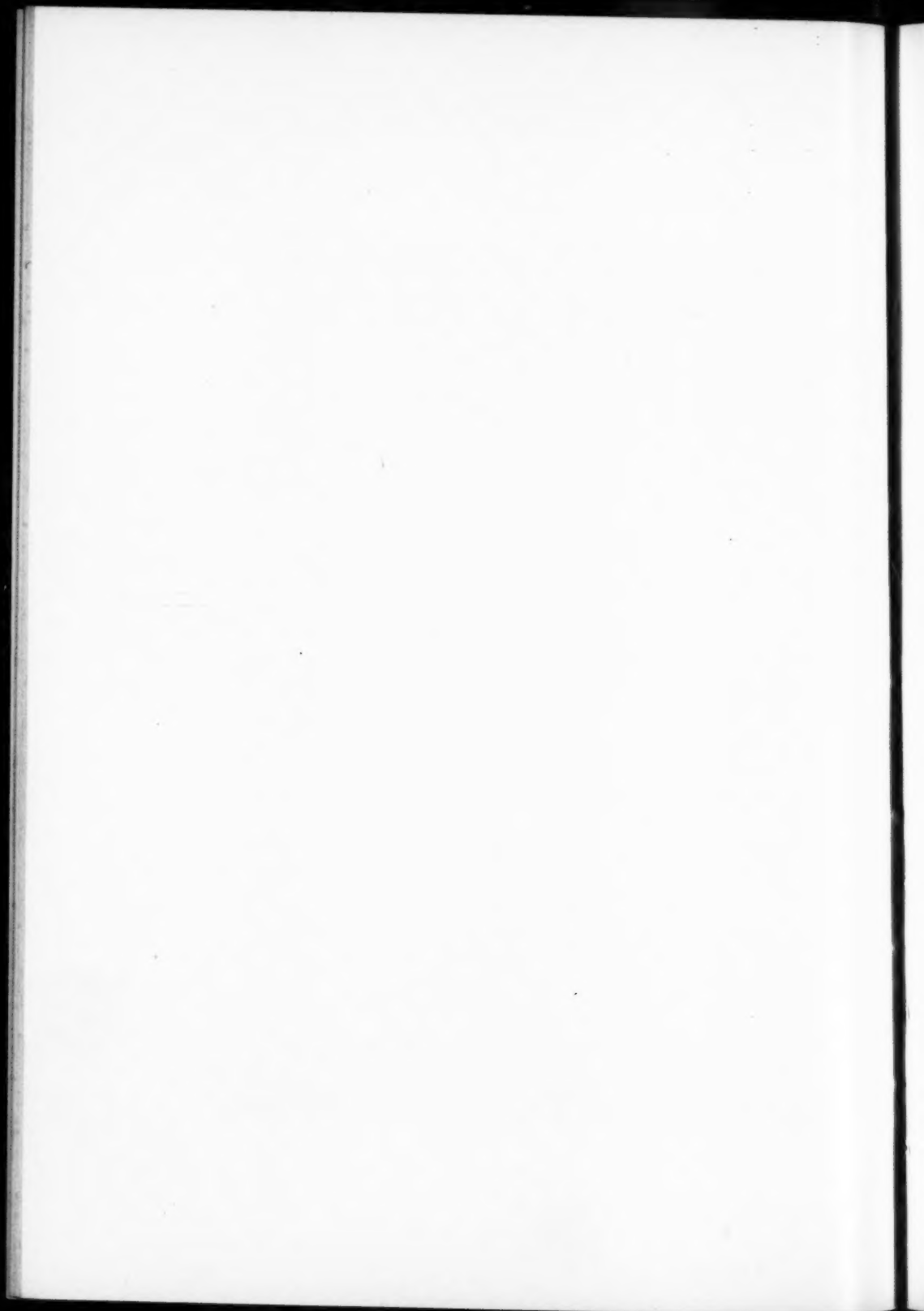






INNESS  
THE COMING STORM  
ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, BUFFALO

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII  
PHOTOGRAPH BY C. D. ARNOLD  
[ 229 ]

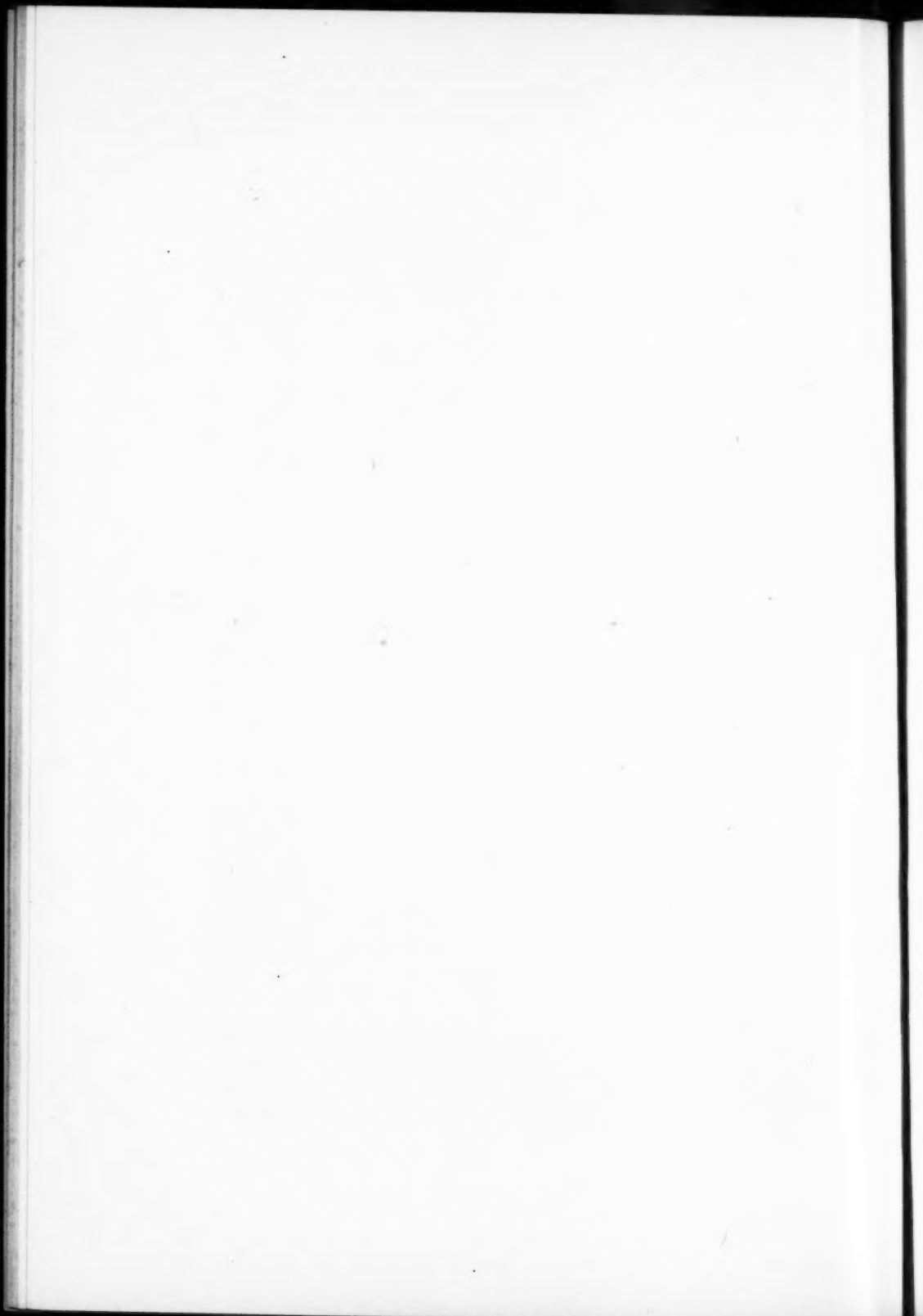




MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX  
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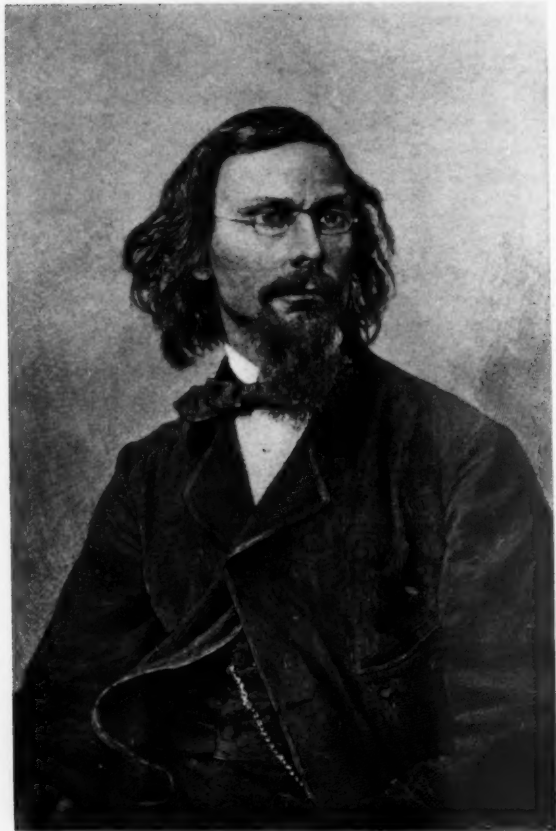
[231]

INNESS  
THE GEORGIA PINES  
OWNED BY H. D. EVANS, BOSTON





INNESS  
THE CLOUDED SUN  
CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURGH



PHOTOGRAPH OF INNESS BY BRADY, NEW YORK

The following quotation concerning this likeness of Inness is by Mr. J. W. McSpadden :  
"Merely to look at the portrait of this man with his lion-like mane and careless attire suggests the shock of battle. Trumble thus describes him : 'He was a man of the middle stature, of a spare frame, with a face full of character, and gray, penetrating eyes. He wore the thin beard of a man whose face had never known the touch of the razor, and his broad brow was framed in a mass of long, and always disorderly, hair. He was careless in his dress, so that the picturesque ensemble of head and figure was not disturbed. His movements were rapid with nervous energy, and when he became interested in conversation or discussion his gestures were instinctively appropriate, and, like the action of his body, full of spirit.'"



# George Inness

BORN 1825: DIED 1894  
AMERICAN SCHOOL

**G**EORGE INNESS, America's greatest landscape-painter, was born May 1, 1825, on a farm two miles from Newburgh, New York, where his father had retired on account of ill health. George was the fifth of a family of thirteen children, and of Scotch descent on his father's side. While he was still an infant his father moved his family in a sloop — as it was before the days of steamboats — to New York City, to resume the grocery business, but when his son George was only five years old, was again obliged to give up his business and move to a farm in the outskirts of Newark, New Jersey, the present site of which is now in the center of the city's manufacturing district. Here the boyhood of the future artist was spent.

Inness was a very nervous, delicate child, subject to fearful dreams at night. He used to get up and rush around the house until sufficiently calmed to go to sleep again. He was sent to the town academy, but was soon dismissed, as he did not take to schooling, and covered his books with drawings. His father then set him up in the grocery business, but in a little more than a month's time the little shop was given up, as the young lad had no more taste for trade than for schooling. The father then acceded to the boy's request to study drawing, and he was placed under the instruction of a local teacher, Mr. Barker, until the latter confessed that he had taught him all he knew. His earnestness of purpose is well shown in his oft-quoted words of this time: "I think the best thing that can happen to a boy is to have some honest ambition stirred up in him, no matter how trifling it may be."

The boy now wished to study engraving, an occupation then fairly remunerative, and one with which Durand, Kensett, and many another American artist of those early days began his artistic career. George, at the age of sixteen, was accordingly placed with Sherman and Smith, of New York, map-engravers; but the confinement told upon his health, and in about a year's time he was obliged to give up the work. He had now become interested in color and wished to follow the vocation of the painter, arguing with his father that if he succeeded he could make a better livelihood than in any other profession that his health would allow him to follow. His father, in a spirit very liberal for the time, allowed him to have his way, and to engage in a profession not

very highly thought of in the forties. He, accordingly, became the pupil, for a very short time, of Régis Gignoux, a French landscape-painter, who had recently set up a studio in New York. Although only nine years the senior of Inness, he had studied at the École des Beaux-Arts in Paris, and also with Delaroche. This was the only definite instruction in the art of painting that Inness ever had, and could not have greatly affected his art, as it was of so short duration, except to give him some knowledge of mediums and the mixing of colors.

Inness was essentially self-taught. He was now twenty years of age, and his whole life henceforth may be considered as one devoted to experiment and the observation and study of nature. He never had pupils, although in his later years he was always very ready to help young artists. He once humorously replied to Mr. Alfred Trumble, who asked him if he had had many pupils: "I have had one for a very long time, and he is more than enough for me. The more I teach him the less he knows; and the older he grows the farther he is from what he ought to be."

In 1843 his father had remarried and moved back to New York. Inness now set up a studio for himself in the city, boarding at the Astor House and paying for his board with pictures. These early experiments in painting have been compared to colored engravings. Many of them were painted at the home of his brother, James A. Inness, then living at Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

The artist has recounted to friends an incident of these early years which is interesting in the light of his later development. He saw for the first time, in a print-shop window, an engraving after some old master. He did not remember what it was, and he said, "I could not then analyze that which attracted me in it, but it fascinated me. The print-seller showed me some others, and they repeated the same sensation in me. There was a power of motive, a bigness of grasp, in them. They were nature, rendered grand instead of being belittled by trifling detail and petty execution. I commenced to take them out to nature with me, to compare them with her as she really appeared, and the light began to dawn."

Soon Inness became better known, the American Art Union began to buy his pictures, and he found his first patron in a dry-goods auctioneer, Ogden Haggerty, who furnished him with the means for his first trip to Europe, in 1847. The artist went from England to Rome, where he spent more than a year. "He here commenced," writes Mr. Trumble, "to really form what might be called a style — a style in which one can distinguish the influence of the classic art of the landscape masters of the past, but which still has the impress of a certain individuality. The effect which this Italian sojourn had upon him was much akin to that which the Englishman, Richard Wilson, had experienced a century before."

Although scarcely able to support himself, Inness was married at an early age; but his wife lived only about six months, dying of consumption through a cold contracted on her wedding-day. In 1850 he was married a second time, and in 1851 he made his second visit to Europe, going directly to France, where he found much in his own art akin to that of the Barbizon masters, who

were just beginning to be recognized and appreciated by their own government and people. As Mr. Edwin Wiley writes:

"The art of George Inness was wholly a matter of inward growth and development. He worked out his ideals almost without the help of external influences. It is true that a little group of painters in the Forest of Fontainebleau were devotedly at work trying to solve the same problems as those confronting him, and in much the same way; but France was a long, long way from America in those days, and Inness never knew Corot, Millet, Rousseau, and Daubigny until after his own style had been definitely formed. The career of our artist, much like that of those daring battlers for truth in art, was marked by distressing and hampering conditions. Not the least of these was his artistic isolation. The members of the Barbizon school had each other's sympathy and coöperation, and the struggle was rendered less hard; but Inness was forced to work alone. This fact, in addition to ill health, poverty, and the indifference of the public, resulted in prolonging his days of experiment and apprenticeship — whether for his own good or detriment we have no power to judge. But however long and sad his days of waiting may have been, they only caused him to hold his ideals closer to his heart, with the result that he gained appreciation and a position in American art, just in the same way that Daubigny and his friends obtained their tardy recognition in France. Like them, he at last came to his own and ended his days in the knowledge of efforts crowned with success, assured that he had left behind him an undying influence in his work, his ideals, and his example. . . .

"This little coterie of reformers and enthusiasts gave Inness great encouragement, for he saw that they had been working hand in hand for the very things to which he had devoted his isolated and introspective life. In their work he found a tender and thoroughly sincere portrayal of nature, coupled with an art hitherto beyond his most extravagant dreams. He studied their work, therefore, not as a copyist, but from the standpoint of the creator. He analyzed it in every detail, and his fine insight and appreciation soon gave him all its secrets. The result of this study soon made itself apparent in his own work, for it assumed a new phase. He began to pay less attention to detail, and more to the mass and the movement; he began to achieve an ease of execution, a firmness of texture, and a vitality not to be found in his earlier efforts."

For a time on his return he resided in Brooklyn, but then moved to Medfield, one of the most beautiful suburbs of Boston, thinking that he might meet with more recognition than in New York. Here he remained five years, or until the close of the Civil War. He was intensely interested in the struggle between the North and the South, became an ardent abolitionist, and organized a company to go to the front, but was prevented from joining it by lack of physique. He was induced to remove to Eagleswood, New Jersey, near Perth Amboy, by Marcus Spring, who was head of a military school, and practically the founder of the town. A patron of William Page, the artist and friend of Inness, Spring soon took up the latter artist, and acted as an agent in disposing of his pictures, furnishing him with the means of support.

In 1871 Inness made his fourth trip to Europe, remaining four years, most of the time in or near Rome. "The pictures which he produced during this period are much broader and simpler in treatment than many which preceded them, and more studied in style," writes Mr. Trumble. "The peculiar character of the Italian scenes in which he found himself, their romantic historical associations and classical atmosphere, were likely to produce an impression on his mind which would repeat itself in his work. Even when at his best in his European subjects he was never really himself, as he was when he treated our native scenery; never upon other motives did his personality stamp itself so strongly."

It was in the years immediately following this prolonged stay abroad that, according to many critics, his best canvases were painted, as 'St. Peter's, Rome, from the Tiber;' 'Summer, Medfield, Massachusetts' (Plate v); 'The Homestead;' and 'Autumn Morning,' though other critics prefer the broader, more synthetic treatment of later years.

He spent the first year after his return in Boston; then had a studio in New York, at West Fifty-fifth Street, next that of his son-in-law, Jonathan Scott Hartley, the sculptor, who, by the way, has made an excellent portrait bust of Inness. Finally, he removed to the old Dodge mansion in Montclair, New Jersey, a roomy frame house on Grove Street, with a view across country to the "Mountain," where many of his finest pictures were painted, and where he lived the rest of his life amid congenial surroundings, varied by travel in the various States of the Union.

Always interested in religion and theological discussion, in his later years, like his friend William Page, he became a Swedenborgian. Three things greatly interested him,—art, religion, and the single-tax movement. Long walks and either long discussions after his day's work was done, or hours spent in writing out his thoughts, were his only relaxations.

His brother, in furnishing some details of his life to Mr. Trumble, and speaking of his metaphysical labors, said: "These were taken up more as a relaxation after excessive efforts in the field of his art than as a regular pursuit. However, he was at all times fond of discussion on social and theological problems, and at one time told me that in his early days, if his health had permitted, he would have become absorbed in metaphysical studies. His environment during his childhood and youth was extremely well calculated to give such a tendency to his active temperament and brain. His mother, who died in his fifteenth year, was a Methodist, and brought up her children in strict compliance with the discipline and requirements of the Methodism of that day; his aunt, who afterward became his stepmother, was as strict a Baptist and an earnest Controversialist; whilst their brother, his uncle, was as firm a Universalist and as uncompromising in his belief. So religious topics became almost a daily subject of conversation, dispute; and a mind of George's character would naturally commence early in life an investigation of the points in dispute, and to search the scriptures for the truths thereof, probably laying thereby the foundation of the Swedenborgian faith, to which he became attached in later years."

And Mr. Trumble writes: "The grand and distinctive principle of the Swedenborgian theology, next to the doctrine of the divine humanity, is the doctrine of life. According to this latter, God alone lives. All creation, man included, is dead. Our apparent life, the life of the earth itself, is but the divine presence, which exists in individuals and in objects in different degrees; in trees, plants, stones, the waters, air and sky. It was the later belief of George Inness that he worked ever under the instruction of a divine power which gave direction to his labor and guided him to a comprehension of the significance of what he painted, and to the truthful expression of it."

The artist once said to Mr. George W. Sheldon: "I would not give a fig for art ideas except as they represent what I perceive behind them; and I love to think most of what I, in common with all men, need most — the good of our practice in the art of life. Rivers, streams, the rippling brook, the hillside, the sky, clouds — all things we see — will convey the sentiment of the highest art if we are in the love of God and the desire of truth."

It was the custom of the artist to work twelve or fifteen hours at the easel. He worked standing, and very rapidly at first, but went slowly and more slowly as the work progressed and he realized the difficulty of obtaining the desired results. He did not object to visitors, so completely absorbed was he in his work, and he talked as he worked. In 1853 he was made an associate of the National Academy, and a full member in 1868. Eight or ten years later, or upon his return from Europe, the younger artists in revolt against the conservatism of the National Academy formed themselves into the 'Society of American Artists.' Inness was shortly elected to join, and although belonging to both societies, he never entered into the feuds or activities of either. He was accustomed to send in pictures for exhibition in both, but he scorned medals and awards of juries. He reminds us of Rousseau in the inclination of his later years never to finish his pictures, sometimes entirely obliterating one picture by painting another over it. Many of his canvases were more or less experimental.

Like many men of artistic temperament, he had no concern for, and even a disdain of, every-day finance. He frankly admitted that he thought merchants existed to support artists. For years the sale of his pictures brought him no adequate return. At one time his three brothers undertook to finance him, and in later years, when he was lifted above all pecuniary difficulties, his family had to protect him from impostors.

About 1875 Thomas B. Clarke became interested in his work, and a constant collector of his pictures. When the noted amateur disposed of his famous collection of pictures by American artists, in 1899, there were no less than thirty-five canvases by Inness put up at auction, among them some of the finest examples of his middle and late period; as, 'The Gray, Lowery Day,' 'Nine O'Clock,' 'Winter Morning, Montclair,' 'The Close of Day.'

The artist died at the Bridge of Allan, while traveling in Scotland, on August 3, 1894. His body was brought back to this country and a public funeral was held, on August 23, at the National Academy of Design. The painter had constantly grown in public esteem since his early years. In 1885



a collection of his works had been exhibited at the American Art Galleries, and the winter after his death his executors held an auction sale of the contents of his studio, which numbered over two hundred and forty canvases, many of them unfinished sketches and experimental pieces, but the total of the three days' sale netted \$108,670.

The artist was survived by his wife; a son, George Inness, Junior, also a landscape-painter of note; and his daughter, Mrs. Jonathan Scott Hartley.

Mr. Trumble draws the following pleasing picture of the artist's last years in Montclair: "He had sailed his bark through troubled waters, ruffled by many storms, to a safe and restful haven. He lived like a patriarch, with his son and daughter and their families for neighbors. He was secure in the world's esteem and honor, and in the love and respect of faithful friends. He had won, by fifty years of devotion to his art and fidelity to his conscience, his place at the head of the art of the century. The most ambitious of men would desire no more; yet, his only ambition, as he watched from his cottage door the dawn and sunset, the burning noonday and the serene splendor of the moonlight, the summer storm rolling down the hillsides, and the winter tempest driving in shrill blasts over wastes of snow, was to penetrate the great secret they embodied, and to fathom in them the mysterious heart that stirs the universe."

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## The Art of Inness

SAMUEL ISHAM

'THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING'

**I**NNESS'S painting never became rigid. It was altering and developing to the last, even at the same date he worked in different manners to suit his subjects and said himself that he "seemed to have two opposing styles — one impetuous and eager, the other classical and elegant." He painted both small canvases and also large works like the 'Barberini Pines' or the 'Peace and Plenty' of the Metropolitan Museum. His variety was great. All seasons of the year, all times of the day, all tempers of the sky, were represented not mechanically, but with a new formula discovered for each. He preferred the rich tones of autumn and sunset; but he could take a bank of June foliage on a gray day when there were no strong shadows, when grass and leaves were alike of the same brilliant, uncompromising green, and without mitigation of the brilliancy nor laborious drawing of detail make the whole mass firm, yet soft and dewy with infinitely delicate gradations of tone and shadow. His earliest work shows much minuteness, and there is sometimes a shock of surprise at finding his signature on a canvas with a blue mountain, hard and sharp against a bright sky, with a group of anæmic trees in the foreground. But he soon gained richness of tone and breadth of handling, and there are not wanting those who prefer pictures of his middle period, like the small thunder-storms painted at Medford, Massachusetts, with their brilliancy and their enamel-like texture, to the looser, freer work of his later years. They have not the same mastery, however. The structure is not so solid; the

harmony is not so true. In his middle period, frequently a light spot, a group of cattle, a sail on a river, is out of value, strikes the eye with too great insistence. His late work holds together flawlessly.

His method of painting was to cover the whole canvas with a thin glaze of Indian red, to touch in the main masses of shadow in black, and then to work on this foundation, gradually bringing the whole picture forward by constant working over. As a reasoner and theorizer on his art he had many maxims for his work, the most important being that the sky should be given as half-tone against which both the lights and darks of the picture should contrast. This is one of the reasons why his canvases seem richer and more decorative than those of the White Mountain school, who usually strove to key the sky up to the lightest possible tone. Inness's practice was also that of Ruisdael, and Fromentin has noted how admirably it makes the pictures of the latter set in the gold of the frames, though it was probably only indirectly through the French landscape-painters, the so-called Fontainebleau school, that Inness received the Dutch tradition. It is with these last that he is affiliated, and his pictures hang harmoniously with theirs and hold their own in the company. In some of his later work there may be a vagueness, a lack of firmness. Some of the things sold from his studio after his death he might have worked on more, but it is probable that he found, as he said about Corot, that more objective force meant weakening or loss of that sentiment which was to him the reason for the picture. Like the Greek, he felt the god in the stream or grove, the immanent presence of superhuman powers, and it is his crowning merit that he does succeed to a certain extent in "reproducing in other minds the impression which the scene made upon him."

Inness had less popular vogue than most of the men around him. Until the end of his life his larger pictures sold with difficulty, and the newspapers served him no such adulation as they gave to Church or Bierstadt. It is curious, therefore, that Wyant should have heard of him and should have made the journey from Cincinnati to see him rather than another. . . .

With these three men — Inness, Wyant, and Martin — the early American Landscape school culminates. If we insist on unprofitable comparisons and claim for any of our art an equality with what was best in contemporary Europe — a real equality, not one hedged and bolstered up with apologetic references to the limitations of our position — it is these men that we must put forward, for the long period between the death of Stuart and the rise of the present school. The essentials of greatness they seem to have had — deep feeling which took a pictorial form, ample knowledge, complete mastery of their material, and for each a style, personal and distinguished, which burst through that commonplace which fetters us all.

ALFRED TRUMBLE

'GEORGE INNESS: A MEMORIAL'

THE representative work of George Inness — that is to say, the work in which he figures with his most intense and distinctive individuality — is that which exhibits itself in native subjects. The range of these is very wide. It extends practically from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the



Pacific. New Jersey, New York, and New England, which, in the order noted, formed his first fields of study, seem always to have remained his favorites. That a subject was ever with him a matter of deliberate selection is doubtful. His choice depended upon impulse. He painted in sight of Mount Washington for days, until, upon one special day, some unusual effect of hour or weather on the mountain itself impressed him, and he painted it. He saw Niagara a dozen or a score of times before it had grown into him as the subject of a picture. Even when he went so far as to make a sketch or study of a spot, this memorandum might lie by for years before he took it up to work upon, or it might never be touched again.

In a man of less profound thought, of less persistent self-examination, of less rigorous exploration of the causes from which effects spring, this indecision might have been laid to mere whim. With him it proceeded from the absolute necessity he was under of experiencing an emotion. He was past-master of all the technical resources of his art. He had carried his experiments in the possibilities of the palette to an almost incredible length. He could draw with accuracy and strength. Yet he could not, by any exercise of will, have compelled himself to paint what he did not feel — to produce mechanically what took no grasp upon his heart. A poet may sometimes be obscure, may fail in attaining to his highest pitch of eloquence, but he cannot write doggerel — not from inability to jingle words together, but from inability to force himself to the odious task. In a similar sense George Inness could not paint doggerel. He might not always succeed in a picture. He sometimes, even oftentimes, did not. But it is certain that in every picture which he gave out in his later years he believed that he had mastered its spirit, or had as nearly mastered it as lay within his power.

When he was mistaken in this it was simply because he had unconsciously miscalculated the depth and receptiveness of his own emotions, or, according to his own doctrine, because he had failed to purify himself to the standard of his subject, and therefore was neither capable of reaching its vital spirit nor of defining the extent to which he had fallen short. The greatest of artists cannot avoid producing some indifferent works, for the greater the artist the more difficult are the tasks which he sets himself to perform. Infallibility is the gift of no mortal being.

But what a panorama of nature does this man spread before you: landscapes of autumn, splendid in their imperial vestments of purple, crimson, and gold; the slumberous silence of midsummer, brooding over drowsing fields and forests, in which the very leaves have sunk to sleep; spreading meadowlands, with their verdure bejeweled with the dew of morning; nature by day and night, and at every period of the day or night; under every joyous, sad, or tragic aspect, at all seasons, in all weathers, in fertile valleys, in towering crags, splintered by the tempests of ages; or ironbound coasts, whose cliffs tremble at the savage onsets of the stormy sea. Could mere painting convey such an impression to you? Could mere painting bring to your nostrils this perfume of the rich sod, wet with the softly descending rain; bring to your ears the piping of the robin, which salutes the dawn from its nest in the road-

side brambles; bring to your senses the languor of this Indian summer day, in its bridal-veil of soft haze? Could mere mechanical artifice send the thunder rolling down those hillsides, deafen you with the crashing fall of yonder cataract, or charm you with the chime of that spring rivulet, released from its winter bondage and dancing merrily over its pebbly bed? What work of hand and eye, soever cunning, could produce this sorcery without the direction of a master sentiment of magnetic power?

"The true purpose of the painter," according to Inness, "is simply to reproduce in other minds the impression which a scene has made upon him. A work of art does not appeal to the intellect. It does not appeal to the moral sense. Its aim is not to instruct, not to edify, but to awaken an emotion. This emotion may be one of love, of pity, of veneration, of hate, of pleasure, or of pain; but it must be a single emotion, if the work has unity, as every such work should have, and the true beauty of the work consists in the beauty of the sentiment or emotion which it inspires. Its real greatness consists in the quality and the force of this emotion. Details in the picture must be elaborated only enough fully to reproduce the impression which the artist wishes to reproduce. When more than this is done the impression is weakened or lost, and we see simply an array of external things, which may be very cleverly painted and may look very real, but which do not make an artistic painting. The effort and the difficulty of an artist are to combine the two; namely, to make the thought clear and preserve the unity of impression."

Upon another point he held: "There is a notion that objective force is inconsistent with poetic representation. But this is a very grave error. What is often called poetry is a mere jingle of rhyme — intellectual dish-water. The poetic quality is not obtained by eschewing any truths of fact or of nature which can be included in a harmony or real representation. Poetry is the vision of reality."

In these two utterances one may discern a perfectly simple and lucid exposition of the formula by which, for fifteen or twenty years, George Inness had been gradually working forward toward the results embodied in his latest works. Reduced to a simple paragraph it is: "Put just enough in a picture to present the main theme without distracting attention from this center of interest, and take no wanton liberties with the subject in order to produce an artificial effect at the expense of truth."

ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

'A REMINISCENCE OF GEORGE INNESS'  
FROM 'THE MONTHLY ILLUSTRATOR' 1895

NO reminiscence of Inness would be complete without some mention of his great power as a colorist, for all his philosophy, all his many-sided nature, seemed to express itself in the fulness and beauty of color. We are not to make comparisons with the work of others; that were needless — Inness's color was his own. The early morning, with its silver, tender tones, offered him as great opportunity for the expression of what he called "fulness of color" as did the open glare of the noonday or the fiery bursts of sunset. Mention has been made of his different color-moods, and one fairly held the

breath to see him spread with unrelenting fury a broad scumble of orange-chrome over the most delicate, subtle, gray effect, in order to get more "fulness;" and still more strange was it to see, by a mysterious technical use of black or blue, the same tender silver morning unfold itself, but stronger, firmer, fuller in its tone-quality. "One must use pure color," he would say; "the picture must be so constructed that the 'local' of every color can be secured, whether in the shadow or the light." Many of his canvases are criticized because of an over-greenness or an intensity of the blues; but deeper study shows the man's principle, for which he strove with the whole force of his nature — a perfect balance of color-quality everywhere in the picture. The mass of offending green will be found to balance perfectly with the mass of gray or blue of the sky. So that the whole canvas, viewed with that perceptive power without which there is no justice in either the criticism or the critic, becomes an harmonious balance. With all the intensity of his powerful palette, Inness maintained that the "middle tone" was the secret of all success in color. He strove for it until the end, and so great was his effort that the latest works are but waves of wonderful color, marvelous and mysterious — the very essence of the beauty of nature. When he chose to put aside his theories and produce a "tone study," following the habit of those masters who have glorified modern French art, he was as subtle as any of them, and far less labored; but it is in his very intensity that he has preserved his individuality, and if we are to understand him aright we must study him from his own standpoint. In his earlier life his drawing was precise and accurate to a wonderful degree, being elaborated to the very verge of the horizon.

In the beginning Inness strove for knowledge with most untiring effort. His early pictures are full of intricate, elaborate detail; 't was thus he gained that knowledge of forms which put them at his finger-tips. Always, however, there was the largeness of perception which enabled him to understand masses, and divide his compositions into just proportions of light and shade; and under all one saw the poet and the philosopher. Painfully objective as were these early efforts, they were tasks along the great highway which at last led him to those heights whence he saw and understood the *subjective* in nature, and expressed it in his art.

Analytical, profoundly so, when he chose to be, with increasing years his art grew more and more synthetic, and the very latest works are most so of all, and strangely beautiful in the total elimination of needless detail and sure grasp of *idea*. His art became at that time a sort of soul-language, which, if you have not the speech, you may not understand, but it is none the less beautiful. To-day we are at too near a view. Let us await the coming years; he will then need no defense.

CHARLES H. CAFFIN

'THE STORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING'

**G**EORGE INNESS was a pathfinder whose originality and fiery zeal for nature blazed a new trail that has led on to the present notable expansion of American landscape-painting. . . .

He learned, first of all, that principle of synthesis, of selection and arrange-

ment, to which I have already alluded — that the best art does not consist in representing everything in sight, but in discovering what are the salient and essential characteristics, and in setting these down in a masterly summary. He learned, in effect, the value of omitting details so as to secure additional force for the *ensemble*; and his previous rigor of minute study now helped him, for it is recognized among artists that only he who has learned to put in can be successful in leaving out.

He learned, in the second place, a new motive: no longer to look for "views" in nature, but to study fragments of it intimately; to render portraits of nature, in which the local facts should be of importance, not as facts, but as vehicles of expression. It was a mood of nature, or a mood aroused in himself, that he strove to embody; and, by thus becoming a subjective painter, he cut himself off entirely from the objectivity of contemporary landscape. And the peculiar quality of his subjective motive is interesting.

In his temperament the logical was combined with the spiritual. He was given to reasoning upon the eternities, and for many years was a professed Swedenborgian. Thus he was particularly drawn toward Corot, in whose work he recognized the spirituality. In fact, Corot and Inness both approximated to what we shall later find to be one of the underlying principles of motive in Japanese art. It is, in effect, to distinguish between "appearance" and "reality;" to regard the material visibilities of nature, subject as they are to change, as being mere appearance, while the reality is the inward spirit, a portion of the Universal, Eternal Spirit, that is embodied in the impermanent appearances of matter. Both Corot and Inness came in time, like the Japanese painter Hashimoto Gaho, to discover for themselves a method of painting in which they carried the principle of synthesis as far as possible, so as to subordinate the assertion of form to a suggestion of its essence, or spirit. And lest some reader have no sympathy with this transcendental attitude toward nature, I would remind him that, if he is fond of nature, he must have experienced some occasion when to lie upon the ground and let the beauty of the scene, irrespective of this or that feature of the landscape, soak into him was pleasure enough. If so, it was the result of physical contentment, leading to a consciousness of the emotions; and from the latter to a consciousness of spiritual refreshment or elation is but a step, to many temperaments a natural and inevitable one.

This progression of Inness's motive and manner of painting, however, was a gradual one. Not all at once could he free himself from the habit of minute representation. His earliest pictures are liney, filled with details carefully drawn in with the brush. Later, his style, of which 'Peace and Plenty' at the Metropolitan Museum is a good example, becomes broader; he no longer draws, but paints, with the brush; the objects begin to count as masses. . . .

Later his pictures have still less solidity of painting; the pigment has been spread thinly with a large brush, and at close range the broad, flat spaces of color may seem to be perfunctory and careless. In reality, they are a mingling of subtly differentiated tones, pricked here and there with an accent of detail; and, when viewed from the proper standpoint, a short distance from the frame,

are full of meaning and suggestion. These landscapes are the product of a mind that, in the matter of painting, had freed itself from the necessity of conscious intellectual processes and entered into liberty of spirit, and of a hand become so facile by practice that it moved in immediate and faithful response to the suggestion of the mind. They are the expressions, not of what is palpable and material, but of an emotional or spiritual mood.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE

'GEORGE INNESS,' FROM 'THE OUTLOOK' 1903

**E**VEN when he was not bothered by many impressions, Inness had difficulty in contenting himself with his work. It was never quite right. There was a certain fine sentiment or feeling that he had about nature and that he wished to express in his picture; but he found that when the sentiment was strong the picture looked weak in the drawing, had no solidity or substance; and when the solidity was put in with exact textures and precise lines, then the sentiment fared badly. Inness knew where the trouble lay. "Details in the picture must be elaborated only enough fully to reproduce the impression. When more is done the impression is weakened and lost, and we see simply an array of external things which may be very cleverly painted and may look very real, but which do not make an artistic painting. The effort and the difficulty of an artist are to combine the two; namely, to make the thought clear and to preserve the unity of impression. Meissonier always makes his thought clear; he is most painstaking with details; but he sometimes loses in sentiment. Corot, on the contrary, is to some minds lacking in objective force. He tried for years to get more objective force, but he found that what he gained in that respect he lost in sentiment."

This is Inness's own statement of the case, and if we apply it we shall understand why many of his later canvases were vague, suggestive, indefinite, often vapory. He was seeking to give a sentiment, or feeling, rather than topographical facts. When the canvas looked too weak he tried to strengthen it here and there by bringing out lines and tones a little sharper, and with the result of making it look hard and cold. After several passings back and forth from strength to weakness, from sentiment to fact, the canvas began to show a kneaded and thumbled appearance. Its freshness was gone and its surface tortured. Inness was hardly ever free from this balancing of motives. It is a plague that bothers all painters, and no doubt many of them would agree with Inness in saying, "If a painter could unite Meissonier's careful reproduction of details with Corot's inspirational power he would be the very god of art."...

It was with color, light, and air that Inness scored his greatest successes. Almost all of his pictures will be found to hinge upon these primary features. He was very fond of moisture-laden air, rain effects, clouds clearing after rain, rainbows, mists, vapors, fogs, smokes, hazes — all phases of the atmosphere. In the same way he fancied dawns, dusks, twilights, moonlights, sunbursts, flying shadows, clouded lights — all phases of illumination. And again he loved sunset colors, cloud colors, sky colors, autumn tints, winter blues, spring grays, summer greens — all phases of color. And these not for themselves alone, but for the impression or effect that they produced. Did he



paint a moonlight, it was with a great spread of silvery radiance, with a hushed effect, a still air, and the mystery of things half seen; did he paint an early spring morning, it was with vapor rising from the ground, dampness in the air, voyaging clouds and a warming blue in the sky; was it an Indian summer afternoon, there was a drowsy hum of nature lost in dreamland, and with the indefinable regret of things passing away. His 'Rainy Day, Montclair' has the bend and droop of saturation in earth and air, the suggestion of the very smell of rain; his 'Delaware Water-Gap' shows the drive of a storm down the valley, with the sweep of the wind felt in the clouds, the trees, and the water; his 'Niagara' is not topographical in any sense, but rather an impression of the clouds of mist and vapor boiling up from the great caldron, and struck into color-splendor by the sunlight.

Every feature of landscape had its peculiar sentiment for Inness. He said so often enough and with no uncertain voice. Here is one of his utterances about it: "Some persons suppose that landscape has no power of conveying human sentiment. But this is a great mistake. The civilized landscape peculiarly can; and therefore I love it more and think it more worthy of reproduction than that which is savage and untamed. It is more significant."

That last passage about the "civilized landscape" is well worth noting, because this was exactly the landscape that Inness painted. His subjects are related to human life, and possibly our interest in his pictures is due to the fact that he shows thoughts, emotions, and sensations comprehensible of humanity. He tells things that every one may have thought but no one before him so well expressed. In other words, he brings our own familiar landscape home to us with truth and beauty. This, it may be presumed, is the function of the poet and painter in any land. It was the quality that made Dante and Goethe great, and may account for the fame of Hobbema, Constable, Daubigny — yes, and Inness. . . .

Had Inness been born in France, no doubt he would have been a member of the Rousseau-Dupré group. But the point is worth emphasizing that he did not belong to that group, that he did not follow them or copy them in any way. The aim was a common one, in that they all opposed the spectacular landscape in favor of "the civilized landscape;" but Inness, for his part, did not work after the French formulas. His manner was not that of Rousseau or Corot or Daubigny, but of Inness. The theme, the work, and the worker were all original, all of the soil, and all sufficient unto the designed purpose.

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## The Works of Inness

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'PEACE AND PLENTY'

PLATE I

THIS gift of Mr. George A. Hearn to the Metropolitan Museum is one of the earliest canvases by the hand of Inness remaining. The existence of none of his works previous to those painted in the sixties is known to-day.

Doubtless they were sold to unknown persons and lost to view, or were painted over in later years by the artist himself. In its elaboration of detail this picture is characteristic of Inness's early work.

Mr. Caffin describes it as follows: "Painted as early as 1865, this picture, seventy-seven inches high and one hundred and twelve wide, still shows a fondness for extended views and an analytical regard for details, characteristic of the 'Hudson River school.' But it also exhibits a mastery over the rendering of the forms of nature which, when the artist had learned the value of synthesis, enabled him to suggest the forms with so pregnant an economy of means. In the evening glow that pervades the picture there is already a foretaste of the spirituality of the artist's later work." In another connection the same author writes: "Notwithstanding the large size of the canvas and the multiplying of features, which prevent us grasping the scene as a whole, the impression which it produces on the imagination is a tolerably single one, very well summed up in the title. It is a notable step in the direction of rendering the expression of the landscape."

A writer in the 'Art Amateur' says: "A very characteristic example of the painter is 'Peace and Plenty,' the glowing canvas which Mr. Hearn has just presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The expansive New England landscape is spanned by a rainbow, and it may give some idea of the painter's method to say that while the colors of the rainbow are not altogether those of nature, it has a natural effect, owing to the clever management of contrasting tones in the sky and landscape."

'THE DELAWARE VALLEY'

PLATE II

THIS canvas, which probably represents the best work of Inness during the sixties, is thus described by the Art Sale Catalogue of Thomas B. Clarke's Collection: "Magnificent in its vastness and in the fertility of its soils, bursting with that wealth of fruit and harvest which nature bestows in her most bounteous mood, the great valley of one of the great rivers of America loses itself in a distance gray with showers. On either hand its mountain walls rise to the clouds whose lower lying vapors curl along their forest-clad flanks, as if to interpose themselves as barriers between the tempest and the land of peace and plenty committed to their guardianship. The valley offers an endless variety of farm and pasture, orchards, and fields in which the golden grain is falling before the reaper. At the left, along the road which ascends into the elevated foreground, a hay-wagon mounts, and behind the trees which shade the road is seen the roof of a hillside farm. The picture breathes the glorious spirit of the ripened season, intoxicated with the perfume of fruit and the splendid strength of an earth rioting in its own richness. The color is of a ringing resonance of force and harmony, and the handling instinct with nervous power."

Mr. Schuyler, writing of Inness in the 'Forum,' says: "It was in his definition of a picture always, both in theory and practice, that it should comprehend only what could be seen all at once; and this definition of itself almost excludes the panorama. I know scarcely another 'view,' in the sense of the



tourist or the older American painter, among all his works, than the 'Delaware Valley' in Mr. Clarke's collection; and this picture is saved from being a panorama not only by the moderate dimensions of the canvas, but by the unification of the picture through 'tone,' so that it becomes 'possible'—to use the painter's own phrase—"to unity of vision," and thus falls within his own definition of a picture."

This canvas was purchased by several gentlemen at the Thomas B. Clarke sale for ten thousand one hundred and fifty dollars, and presented to the Metropolitan Museum. It is signed and dated, 1867, and measures only twenty-one inches high by thirty wide.

'SUNSET, ÉTRETAT'

PLATE III

THIS canvas doubtless follows in chronological order those of 'Peace and Plenty' and 'The Delaware Valley.' It was painted late in the sixties, when the artist visited the picturesque northern coast of France. It depicts one end of the curving beach at Étretat, with its many cliffs and curious arch of rock, through which is seen one of the pointed "needles" peculiar to this coast, just as the sun sinks below the western horizon. Against the sky-line a large vessel, and in the middle distance a smaller sailing-ship, are hastening to port, while in the foreground a fisherman is dragging in his net and a dismantled boat is drawn up on the flat rocks. The clouds are gathering overhead, but the sun is setting in a clear sky, illuminating every object, sky, rocks, and surf, with a roseate glow.

The picture measures about two by three feet, and is in the collection of Messrs. R. C. and N. M. Vose, of Boston.

'THE ALBAN HILLS'

PLATE IV

THIS picture was painted by Inness in 1875, towards the end of his five years' stay in Rome. In the immediate foreground are some shepherds with their flocks, while other figures are disappearing down the path which opens under the spreading boughs of the gray-green olive-trees of Italy. Further on the left are ruins on the slopes of the Alban Hills, and to the right an extended view of the rolling Campagna, dotted with ruins and covered with a soft haze as it stretches away westward for twenty miles to Rome and the Mediterranean—a view inspiring both for its beauty and associations and dear to all who know the country around Rome, and whose spirit Inness has most lovingly caught and perpetuated upon his canvas.

The Art Museum of Worcester came into the possession of this picture through purchase in 1906, and speaks of it in its catalogue as, "A very fine specimen of the work of one of our greatest landscape-painters." It is signed and dated, "Rome, 1875," and measures thirty by forty-five inches, which were favorite dimensions with Inness.

'SUMMER, MEDFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS'

PLATE V

WE have in this picture a typical New England scene. Its inspiration came from the countryside around Medfield, Massachusetts, a few miles southwest of Boston, where Inness lived for a number of years. This

picture, however, was painted in 1877, the year after his return from his prolonged stay abroad, and immediately before his removal to New York.

The composition shows us a snug farmhouse set by the borders of a little stream, with green pastures and a hillside beyond, and a far distant view on our left. The forms of the trees are so faithfully rendered that one is in no doubt as to their species and character — the tall cypress and scrawny apple trees clustering about the farmhouse door, the fine specimens of American elms occupying nearly the center of the canvas, the bending willows by the river's border, and the noble maple, standing solitary on the further side of the river, where the cows are grazing in the lush grass. The air is hazy, and the few soft clouds touched with pink. One can feel the hot, stifling atmosphere, where not a leaf quivers, which seems to precede the thunder-storm suggested by the increasing blackness of the sky on the horizon. When this canvas was exhibited in Boston, at the same time as 'The Goose Girl,' the critic of the 'Transcript' spoke of this picture as "representing a sweet, pastoral scene in Medfield. This latter is a typical Inness, with a charming variety of juicy green tones, a soft and winning atmosphere, and a vaporous and filmy sky. In this work is felt the promise and germ of that mature and lofty style which came to its acme in the eighties, the period of the famous 'Gray, Lowery Day.'"

This picture belongs now to Mr. Charles H. Paine, of Boston, and is at present on exhibition in the Museum of Fine Arts of that city. It measures about two by three feet.

'THE CLOSE OF DAY'

PLATE VI

THE artist has painted for us another landscape at sundown, as the title of the picture would indicate, only here we have a lake with wooded shores and hills beyond. In the foreground is a tall elm, its trunk overgrown with creepers. Beyond this rises a spruce, and on the hither bank lie the gnarled trunks of fallen trees. The charm of the picture lies in the brilliant light from the setting sun, which is strongly reflected in lake and sky, forming the high-light of the picture, the tones in cloud and landscape deepening towards the edges. The treatment of light in this picture is somewhat suggestive of work by Turner.

This canvas, together with a landscape by William Norris Hunt, entitled 'Newbury Pastures,' was loaned by Mr. Walter S. Ballou, of Providence, Rhode Island, to the Semi-Centennial Exhibition of the Boston Art Club, held in its club-rooms in November, 1904. Mr. William Howe Downes, writing for the Boston 'Transcript,' after highly praising the bleak skies and brown pastures of autumn in Mr. Hunt's picture, says: "The landscape by Inness, which is in almost direct opposition to the Hunt in sentiment, tone, and style, is also a notable and poetical American work. It was painted at Medfield, Massachusetts, and the hill in the distance is known as Noon Hill. Noon Hill was a great resort of the Indians, and the artist has introduced an Indian crossing the pond in a canoe. The sunset, warm, glowing, and magnificent, is rendered with a loving, ardent, and romantic touch. It is like a fine work by Jules Dupré, and it is also something like a fine work by Richard

Wilson. It is essentially a lovable picture, one that would be good to 'live with,' to dream over, and to cherish as a treasure."

## 'THE GOOSE GIRL'

## PLATE VII

**T**HIS picture was painted when Inness was at the height of his powers. It represents a hilly landscape with a low-roofed cottage, and houses showing white through the trees. On a grassy hillock in the foreground sits a girl reading a book, with her flock of geese feeding around her. The cap, sleeve, and book of the girl, as well as the geese, catch the high light reflected from a white sky, while on the extreme right of the picture clouds of mist are sweeping down the hillside. The landscape is painted in the artist's latest manner, a manner more synthetic than that of many of his earlier pictures; that is, he has attempted to give one impression, that of a bit of landscape where the air is saturated with moisture, rather than many details, and we notice that the general appearance of the trees is indicated rather than their actual forms given.

When this picture was exhibited, in 1900, at Messrs. Vose's Galleries in Boston, the following eulogy of it appeared in the 'Transcript': "'The Goose Girl' belongs to the great period, that of the 'Gray, Lowery Day,' when Inness was at the very summit of his power. There is more of himself in this small canvas than in any other of its size that we know. If one would know Inness, estimate him as a painter, and appreciate what he stood for in American art, it is enough to look at this picture, so rich in impulsive feeling, so prodigal of beauty, so full of urgent, keen, abounding life and sensibility. The freedom and breadth of his style had at that time become a second nature, and he expressed himself without apparent effort. It is a great picture, and a signal manifestation of genius."

It belongs now to Mr. Edward D. Libbey, of Toledo, Ohio, and is signed and dated, 1877.

## 'THE COMING STORM'

## PLATE VIII

**I**NNESS painted at least three pictures with this title — one of small dimensions, belonging to his first period, dated 1865, which in all probability served as a study for the original of this plate, painted thirteen years later, when the artist was at his best; and a third canvas of large dimensions, five by ten feet, painted only three years before his death, and which was found among his effects.

Like most of the canvases painted in the late seventies, the treatment of this picture is synthetic rather than detailed. We have here a summer landscape, a well-watered pasture-land in the foreground, where cows are grazing, with woods and moorlands fading into the distance. Black clouds are rolling across the sky and are in part obscuring the landscape, for the storm has already broken upon the horizon and is coming rapidly towards us, although the sunlight still falls on the meadows. The artist has well shown the violent swaying of the branches of the trees just at the moment before the storm strikes them.

This picture was purchased in 1900 by the Buffalo Academy of Fine Arts,

with the income of the Albert Haller Tracy Fund. It is signed and dated, 1878.

'GEORGIA PINES, AFTERNOON 1886'

PLATE IX

THIS beautiful picture belonged to the collection of William T. Evans, which was offered for sale in 1900. It was described in the catalogue as follows: "Of this great work, a masterpiece of landscape-painting, it is recorded that George Inness gave it to his wife, with the remark that it was his best picture. As the title shows, it was painted in 1886, when the artist was in the full vigor of his power and maturity of his achievement. A broad expanse of bottomlands fills the foreground. On the right are the pines, with straight trunks and massive tops; on the left, a house and thicket. In the distance the country is lighted up by straggling sunshine. The sky, clear and blue at the horizon, is covered with clouds above, one great mass of white appearing just to the left of the pine-trees. The predominating color-notes are the greens of the foreground and the pine-trees, the blue of the sky, and the white and gray of the clouds. These tints, cool and intense in quality, are combined with a wonderful sense of sympathetic harmony into an ensemble of the greatest distinction and beauty."

This picture was bought by Mr. R. D. Evans, of Boston, for five thousand nine hundred dollars, and measures exactly two by three feet.

'THE CLOUDED SUN'

PLATE X

THE original of this plate formed another of the Thomas B. Clarke Collection, which was put up at auction in 1899, and is thus described in the sale catalogue: "A tranquil scene expressed with deep poetic sentiment. A valley stretches off to low, distant hills, and from the foreground a stone wall runs towards a farmhouse. On the right are several trees and outbuildings, with some cattle, and on the left are a few houses. A figure of a woman is vaguely indicated, and some crows are dotted in to the right. The color is in subdued yellows, very beautiful in tint and very subtle in gradations. Pale sunshine is spread over the middle distance, where a river is seen winding its way through the country, and soft, enveloping atmosphere gives subtle delicacy to the composition."

The Carnegie Institute purchased this picture in 1899 for six thousand one hundred dollars. It is signed at the right, and dated, 1891. It measures thirty inches high by forty-five wide.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY GEORGE INNESS  
IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

GERMANY. MUNICH, NEUE PINAKOTHEK: Sunrise — UNITED STATES. BOSTON, MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS: The Rising Storm — BROOKLYN, LONG ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY: The Old Roadway — BUFFALO, ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS: The Coming Storm (Plate VIII) — CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Landscape, Sunset — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: Peace and Plenty (Plate I); The Delaware Valley (Plate II); Pine Grove of the Barberini Villa, Albano, Italy; Autumn Oaks; Evening — NEW YORK,

CENTURY CLUB: Looking over the Valley—NEW YORK, UNION LEAGUE CLUB: California—PHILADELPHIA, WILSTACH COLLECTION, FAIRMOUNT PARK: Short Cut, Watchung Station, N. J.—PITTSBURGH, CARNEGIE INSTITUTE: The Clouded Sun (Plate x)—WASHINGTON, CORCORAN ART GALLERY: Sunset in the Woods; Landscape—WORCESTER, ART MUSEUM: The Alban Hills (Plate iv).

## IN PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

THIS list is necessarily incomplete, as it is impossible to trace all pictures in private collections. Early in 1895 the Halstead and Executors' Public Sales of Pictures by Inness took place; in 1899 and 1900, respectively, the Thomas B. Clarke and William T. Evans Sales, both of which contained many canvases by Inness; and from the four sales the following list is in large part compiled.

BOSTON, R. D. EVANS: The Georgia Pines (Plate ix);—BOSTON, Miss C. H. HERSEY: Lake Nemi—BOSTON, C. H. PAINE: Summer, Medfield, Mass. (Plate v); The Crucifixion—BOSTON, F. B. SPRAGUE: The Squall near Leeds, N. Y.—BOSTON, R. C. AND N. M. VOSE: Sunset, Étretat, Normandy (Plate iii); Summer, Montclair; Alexandria Bay; Early Spring, the Palisades; North Conway, N. H.; The Fisher-Newell Homestead, Medfield, Mass.—BOSTON, R. H. WHITE: The Coming Storm in the Catskill Mountains—BUFFALO, J. J. ALBRIGHT: Sunset; Summer, Montclair—BUFFALO, Mrs. P. MORTON: November, Montclair—BUFFALO, G. CAREY: The Afterglow—CHICAGO, J. W. ELLSWORTH: Early Moonrise, Florida; Midsummer; Summer Silence—CHICAGO, M. A. RYERSON: Rosy Morning; Moonlight on Passamaquoddy Bay; Old Elm at Medfield, Mass.; Hillside—CHICAGO, C. L. HUTCHINSON: The Afterglow; Eagleswood, N. J.—PITTSBURGH, Mrs. W. THAW: The Coming Shower; Tenafla Oaks; The Clearing; Sacred Grove near Rome, Italy—PROVIDENCE, R. I., W. S. BALLOU: The Close of Day (Plate vi)—PROVIDENCE, R. I., Mrs. J. C. ELY: The Sacred Grove of Egeria—TOLEDO, O., E. E. LIBBEY: The Goose Girl (Plate vii)—WORCESTER, Mass., F. A. GASKILL: Souvenir of Italy—NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE, A. H. ALKER: Moonrise; September Noon; Lighthouse, Nantucket—S. P. AVERY, JR.: A Breezy Day; Autumn; November, Montclair; Albano, Italy; A Cloudy Day; Winter Evening, Montclair; A Glimpse of the Hudson at Milton; Autumn Afternoon—J. S. BACHE: Summer Foliage—E. W. BASS: The Sun's Last Reflection; Early Morning, Montclair—C. J. BLAIR: A Sunny Autumn Day—R. BLUM: Afternoon Glow, Pompton, N. J.—G. BLUMENTHAL: Twilight—F. BONNER: Spring Blossoms, Montclair—C. F. BUTTERFIELD: A Breezy Autumn; The Passing Storm—Mrs. C. P. CHENEY: Autumn, near Marshfield, Mass.—Mrs. B. P. CHENEY: New England Valley—A. C. CLARKE: The Beeches—C. E. CLARKE: The Red Oaks—A. C. CONVERSE: September Afternoon—J. D. CRIMMINS: Off the Coast of Cornwall, England; Glimpse of the Campagna from Albano, Italy—C. H. DE SILVER: Old Oak, Lyndhurst, New Forest—L. ETTLINGER: An Autumn Sunset; Étretat, Normandy, France—G. W. ELKINS: Sunset at Étretat, Normandy—C. C. GLOVER: Winter Morning, Montclair—C. W. GOULD: Edge of the Forest—W. H. GRANBERRY: A Silver Morning; Tarpon Springs, Florida—G. A. HEARN: The Wood-gatherers; The Berkshire Hills—E. KEARNEY: Sunlit Valley—L. KELLOGG: Autumn Silence—W. M. LAFFAN: Valley of the Olive-trees—W. V. LAWRENCE: After Sundown—W. R. LINN: Summer Evening, Montclair—L. MARSHALL: End of the Rain—J. M. MARTIN: Tarpon Springs, Florida—C. J. MCCORMICK: The Lonely Pine, Sunset; Rainy Day; Cloudy Day near Milton; Autumn—E. McMILLAN: Path through the Florida Pines; The Mill Pond; After a Summer Shower; Threatening—E. MACMILLIN: Summer in the Catskills; In the Valley—O. R. MEYER: Sunset on the Passaic—G. E. MORRIS: Nine O'Clock—F. MURPHY: Near the Village—G. POPE: Montclair by Moonlight—W. A. PUTNAM: Sunrise—J. QUINLAN: Brush Burning—H. SAMPSON: White Mountain Valley; The Gray, Lowery Day; Artist's Brook, North Conway; The Old Apple-tree—J. R. SCHIFF: Twilight in Florida—F. S. SMITHERS: Harvest Moon—G. E. TEWKSBURY: Sundown; Late Sunset;



The Lonely Farm, Nantucket—J. R. THOMAS: Sunset in the Old Orchard—J. R. WALTERS: Autumn Gold—J. C. WELLES: St. Andrews, N. B.—W. C. WHITE: Sunrise—OTHER CANVASES, OWNERS AND LOCATION UNKNOWN: An American Sunset; Light Triumphant; The New Jerusalem; View of Mt. Washington; View near Rome; Scene near Perugia; Pontine Marshes; Mountain Stream; The Homestead; St. Peter's, Rome, from the Tiber; View near Medfield, Mass.; Loitering; Morning Sun; Niagara Falls; Day in June; Delaware Water-Gap; Medfield Meadows; Under the Greenwood; A Summer Morning; Durham Meadows; Close of a Stormy Day.

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MASTERS IN ART

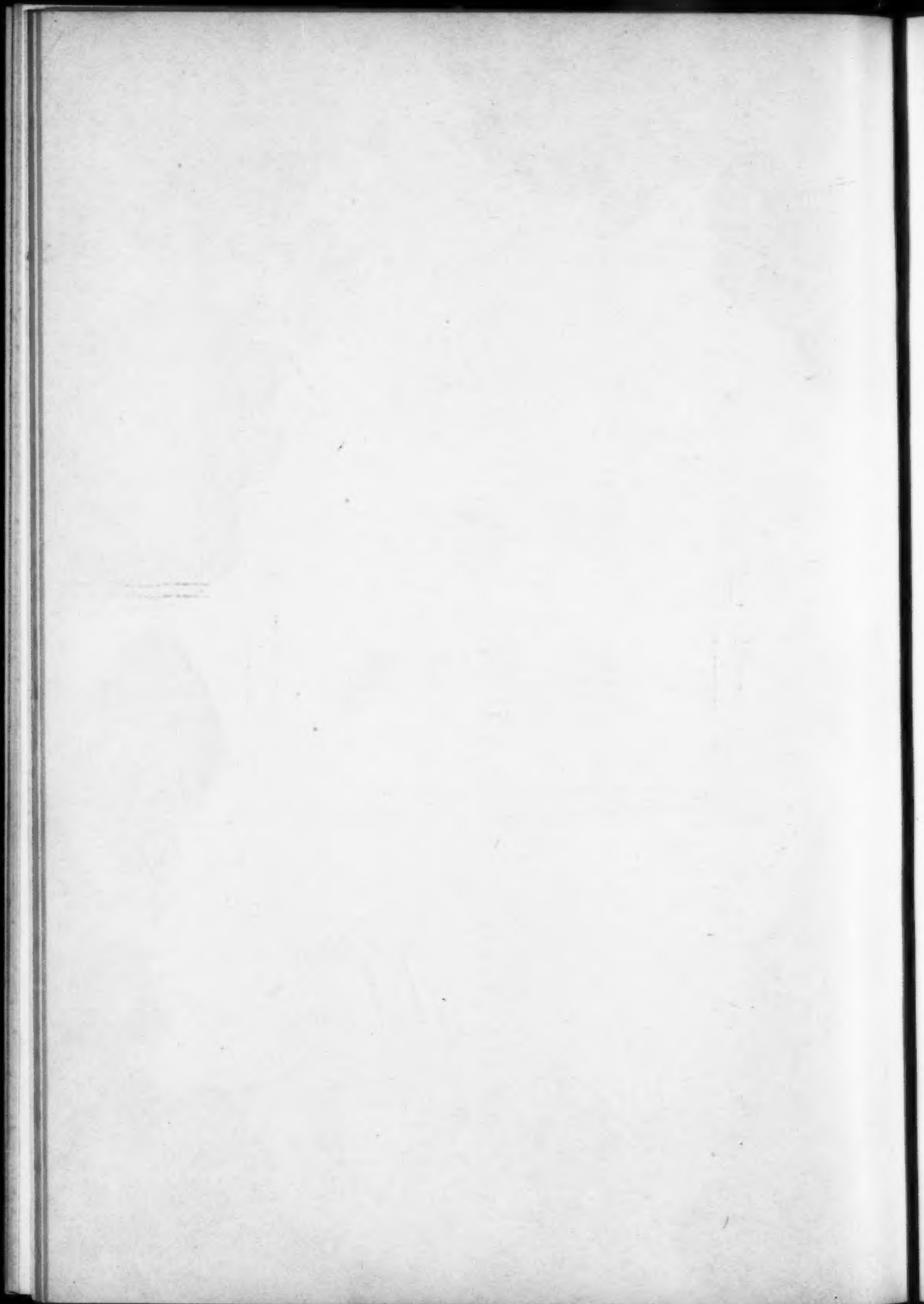
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**El Greco**

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SPANISH SCHOOL

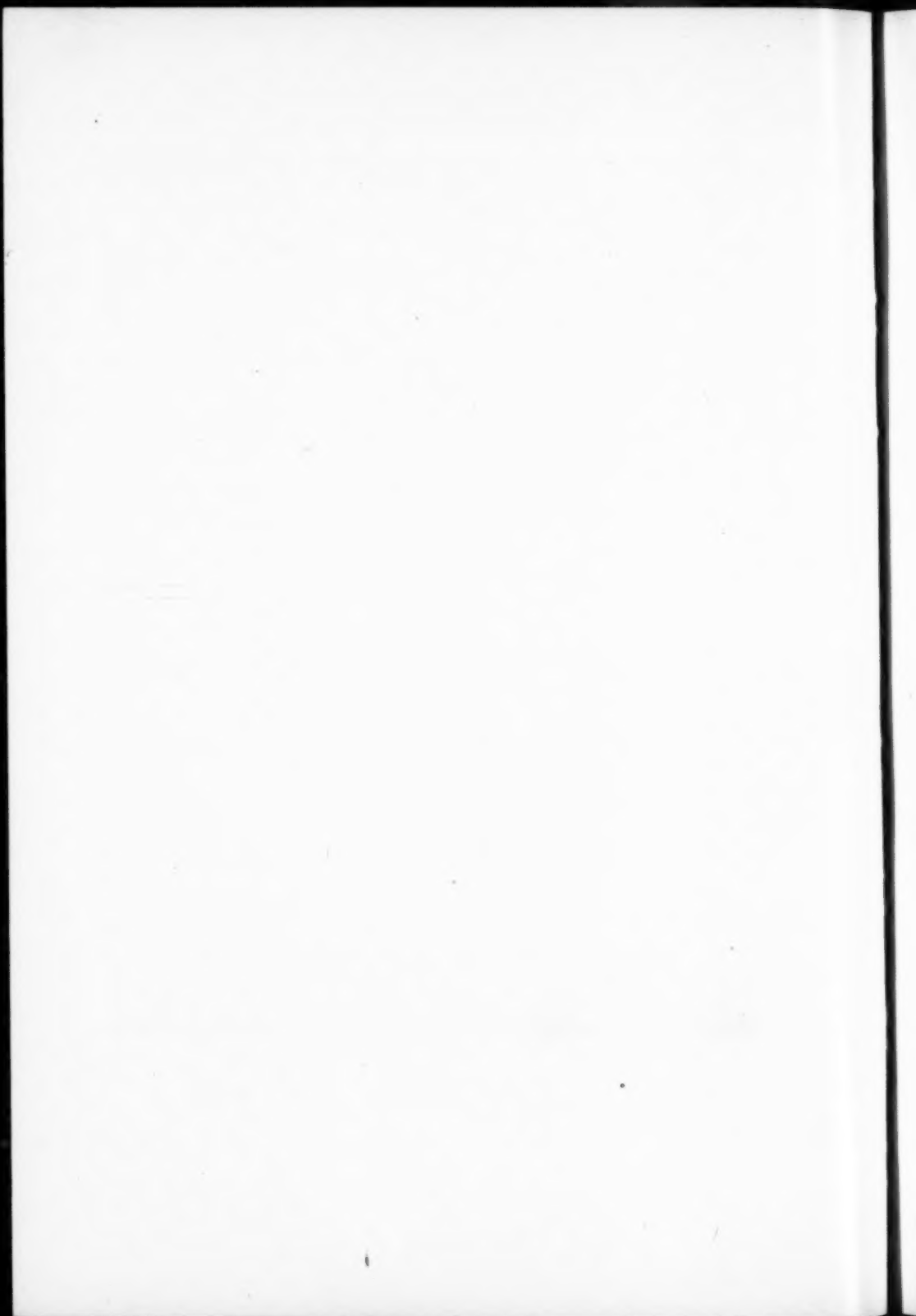




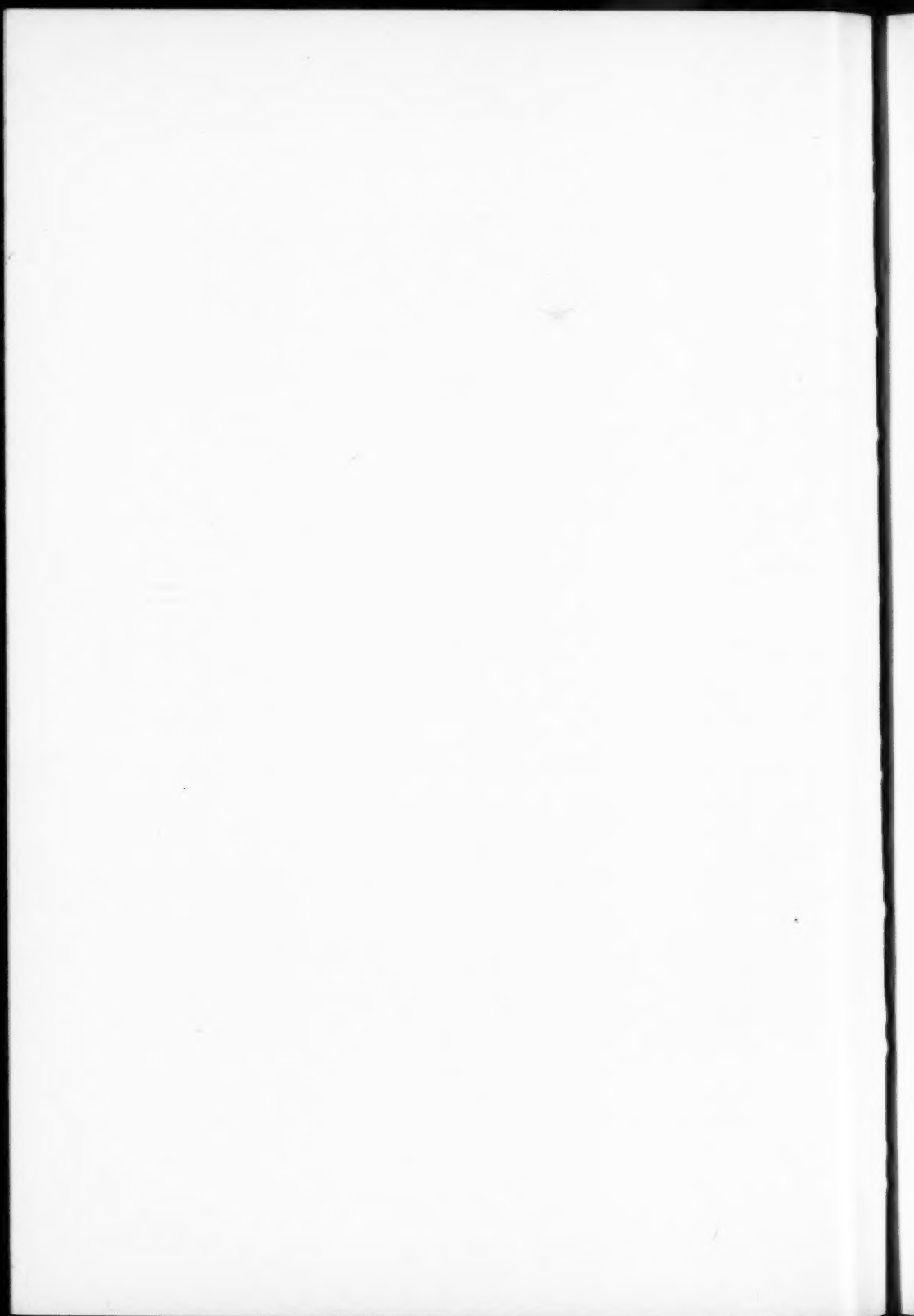














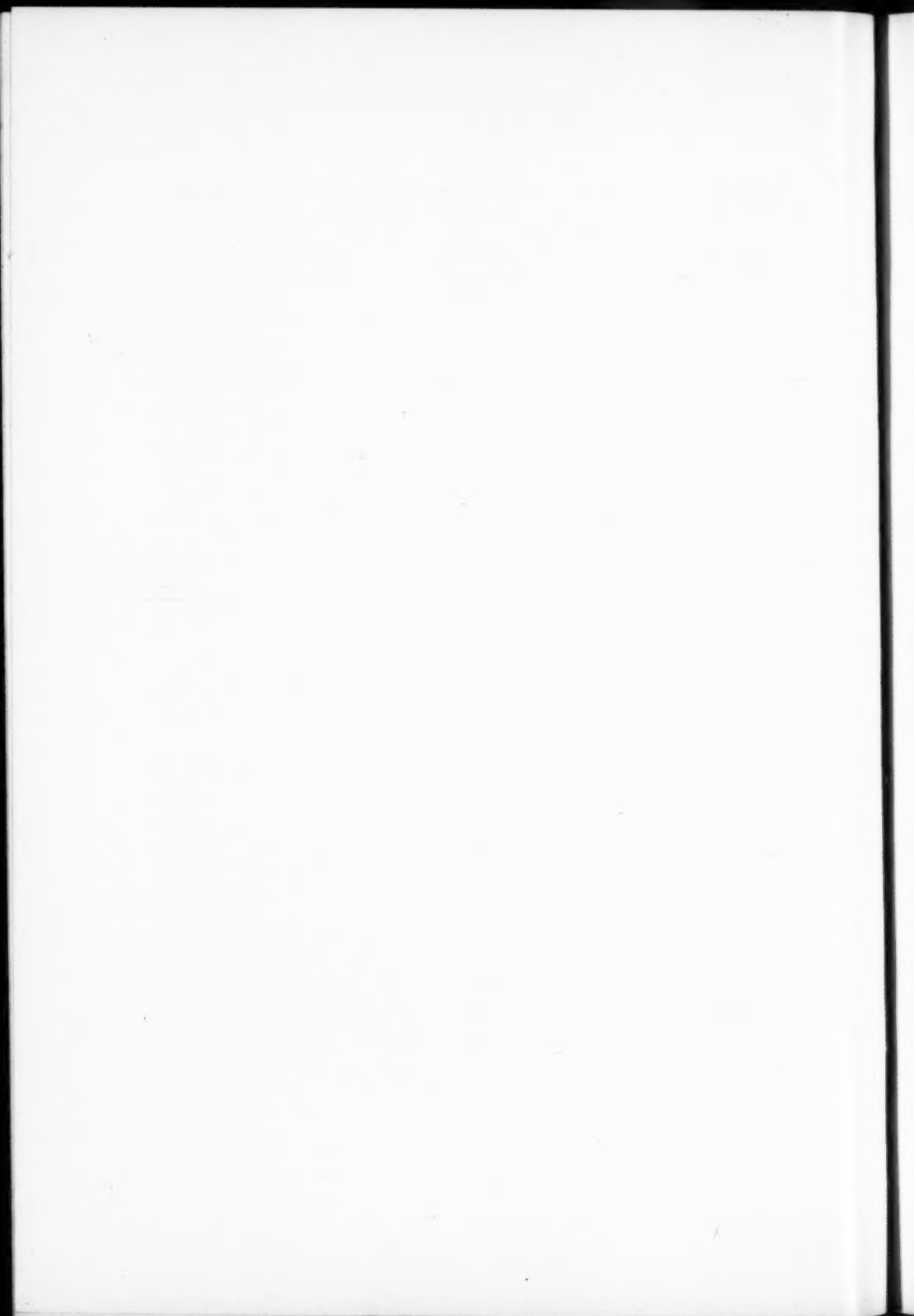


MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

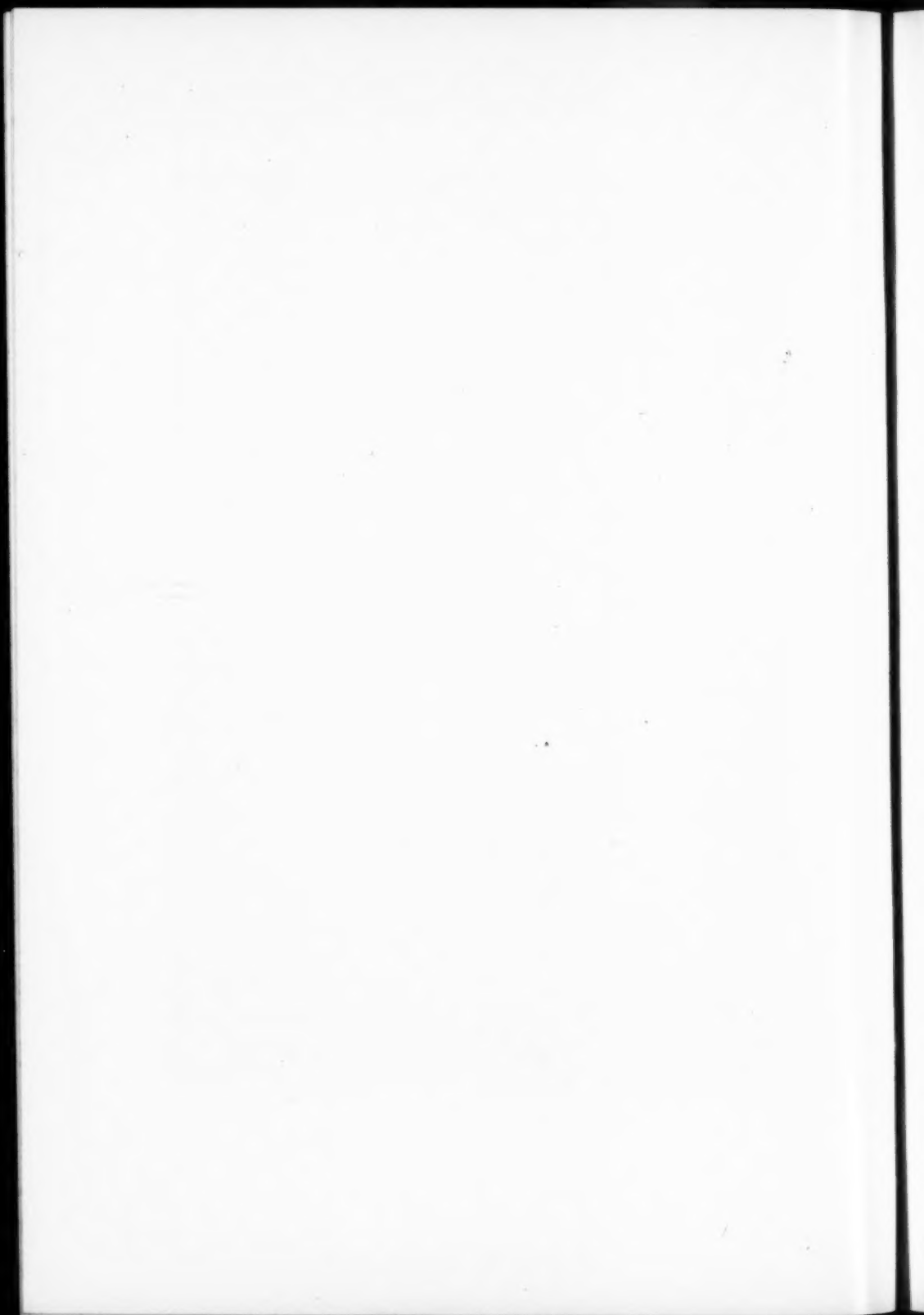
PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. COOLIDGE, JR.

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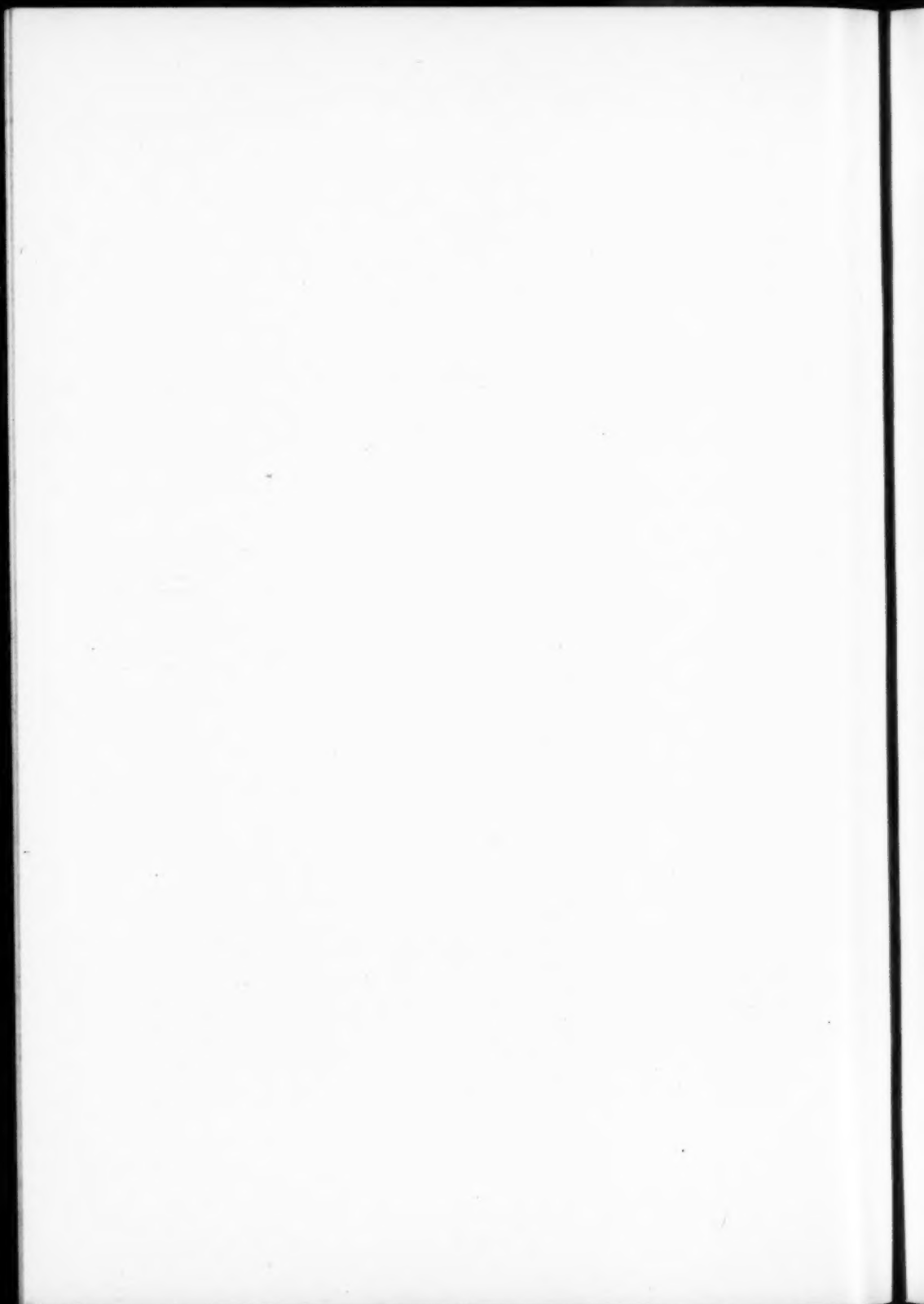
EL GRECO  
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ART MUSEUM, BOSTON

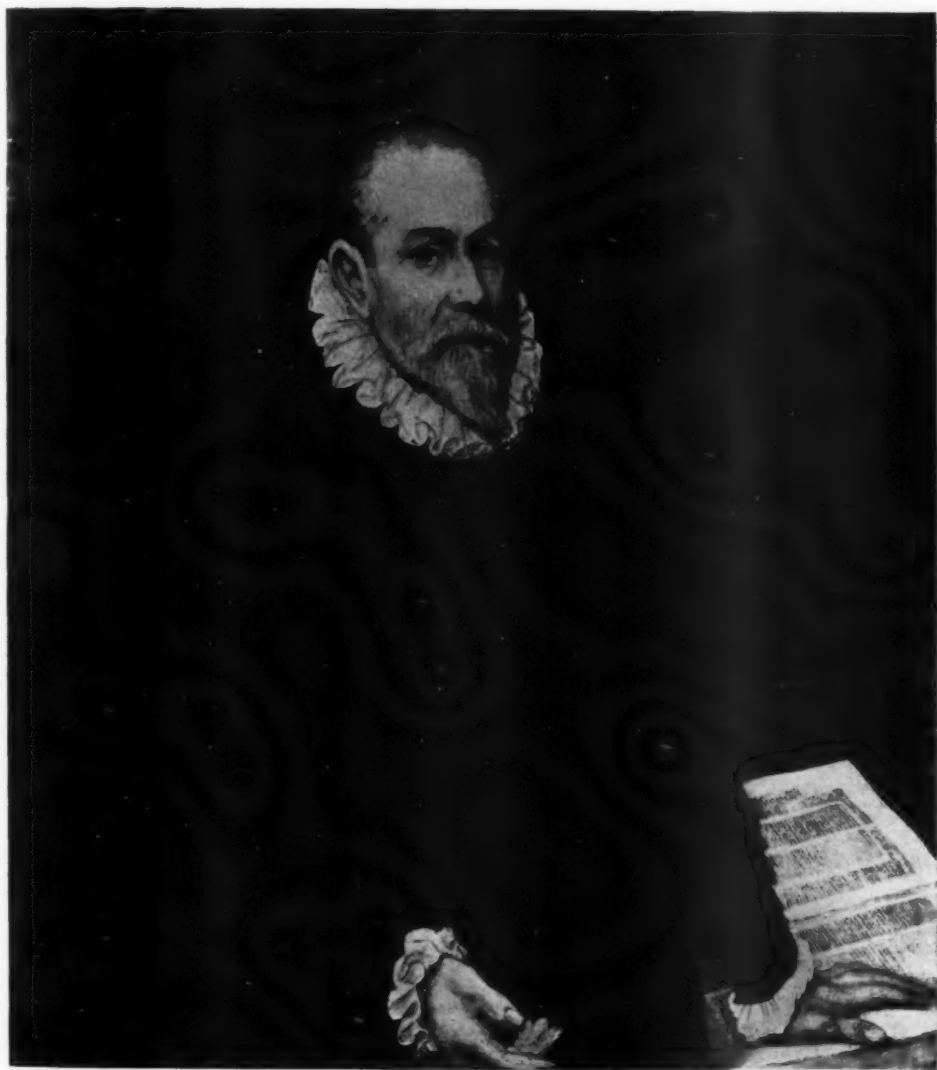












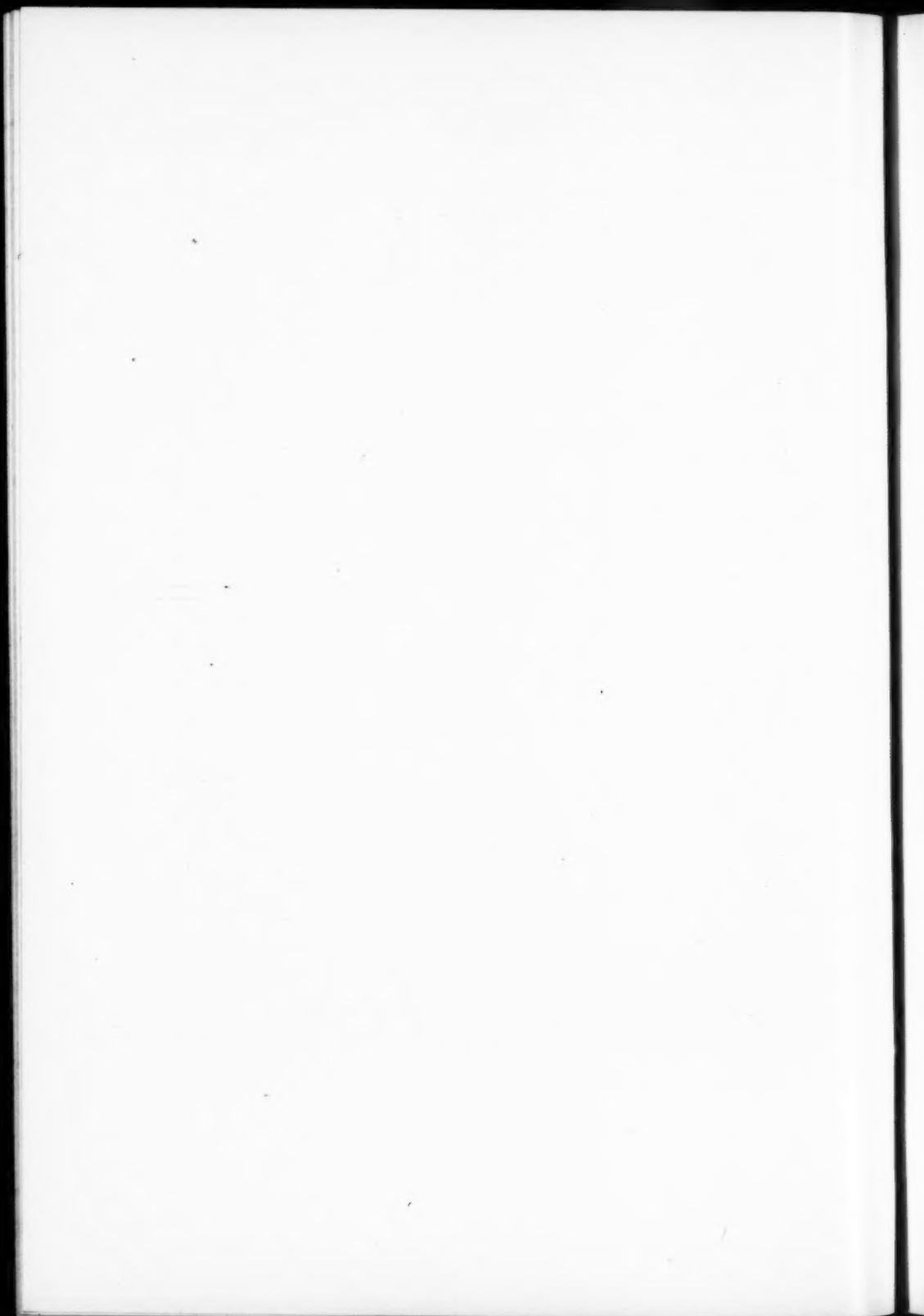
MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY DURAND-RUEL

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EL GRECO  
PORTRAIT OF A PHYSICIAN  
PRADO MUSEUM, MADRID







MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

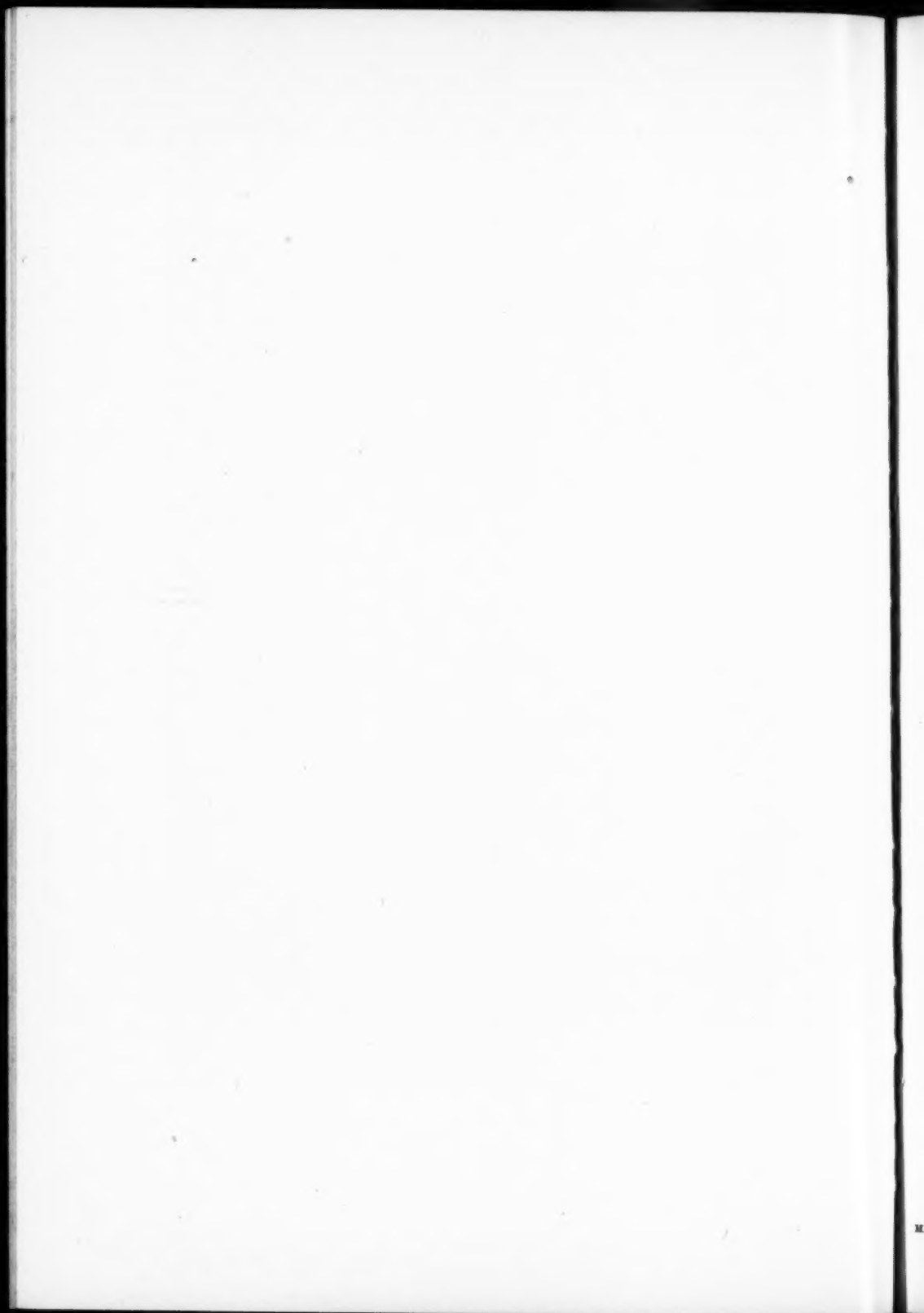
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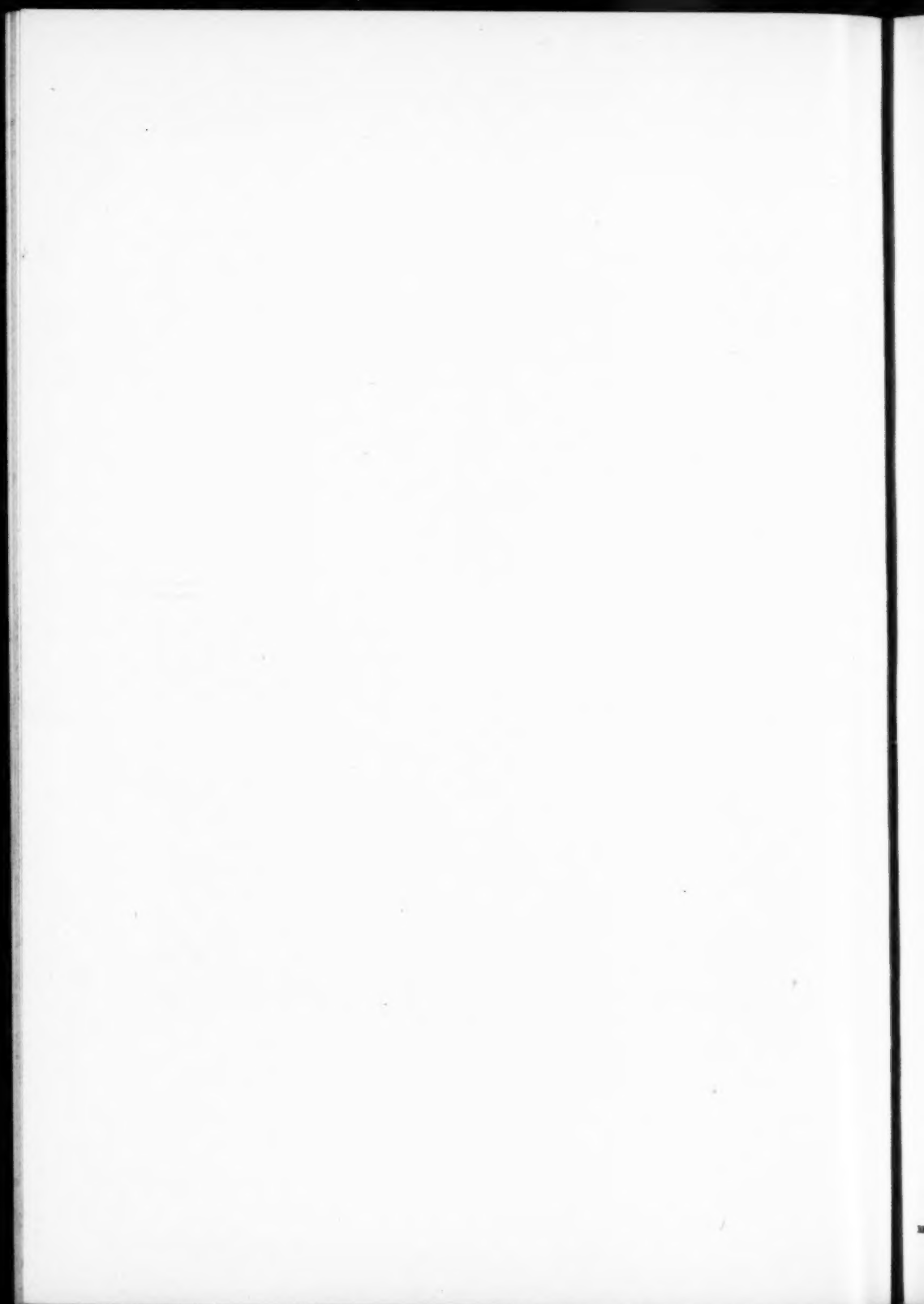
EL GRECO

PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL DON FERNANDO NIÑO DE GUEVARA

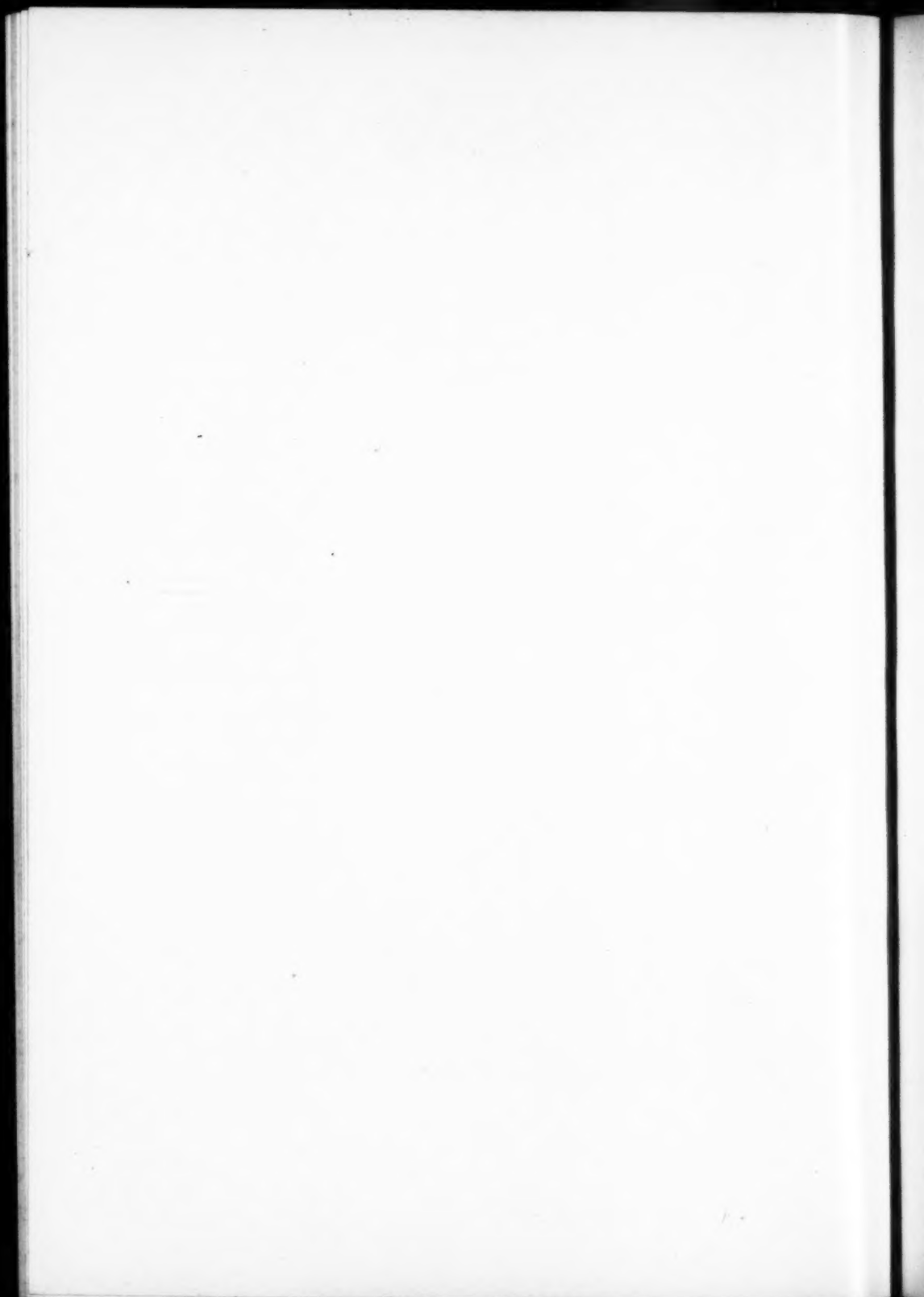
PRIVATE COLLECTION













# El Greco

BORN 1548(?): DIED 1614  
SPANISH SCHOOL

**D**OMENIKOS THEOTOKOPULI was born in the Island of Crete in the year 1547 or 1548. It is not known whether his youth was passed in his own Greece or in Venice. Venice was the great dominating Christian influence in all these isles and Levantine towns, and at just that time, when thousands of Greek refugees were fleeing to Venice from the power of the Turk, it would have been natural enough if the family of El Greco had been among them. The legend is that he studied with Titian; yet his name does not appear in the extant list of Titian's pupils. However, his countryman, the Macedonian Giulio Clovio, speaks of him in a letter as "a pupil of Titian." However that may be, he absorbed the Venetian manner simply enough, and at the time of his coming to Spain he was quite Titianesque in style, although even as early as that his work had its own strong individuality.

He was called to Spain and settled in Toledo, as his first work was there. There is a good deal of confusion about the term "El Greco." It means, of course, "The Greek." But in the right Spanish it should be "El Griego." It would seem, however, that he got the nickname during his years in Italy, and was called by the Italians "Il Greco" when he first went to Spain. The Spaniards adopted the name, gave it their own characteristic article, and called him "El Greco," or sometimes plain "Greco." The French do the same thing when they call him, as they always do, "Le Greco." And we, if we were consistent with them, would call him "The Greco." But we, in our haphazard English way, have for the most part elected to call him after the Spanish nomenclature. And by the title "El Greco" he is known, as far as he is known at all, among us. "Theotokopuli" is rather a mouthful at the best. It was the pleasant manner of the Italians to give nicknames to their painters, as Masaccio, Giorgione, and Perugino, or "Slovenly Tom," "Big George," and "The Man from Perugia," and so one may suppose the name "El Greco" came about.

There is the same confusion about his given name and his patronymic. His name in Greek was Κυριακός Θεοκόπουλος, or in the Latin lettering Kiriakos Theotocopuli, Dominico being the Italian for Kiriakos. He seems to have been called Domenico in Italy; but with a certain perverseness he preferred

to spell it in a half Greek way, Domenikos. He often had the habit — affectation, if you will — of signing his canvases in the Greek lettering. Indeed, he was well read in Greek, and in a country where culture was not very widely spread he must have passed for a learned man. As to his last name, it is indifferently spelled Theotokopuli, Theotokopulos, Teotocopuli, or Theotocopuli in various archives.

It is curious, by the way, that he should have been a Greek, because nothing could be more different from what we have come to call the Hellenic spirit than the soul that animated his work. Greek art, as we know it, is based on proportion, measure, balance. Some of its leading qualities are serenity, reserve, workmanship. Now the art of him they called "The Greek" is different in all things, for his work is violent, perturbed, careless in execution. It was written that he of the ancient classic race should be the first of the moderns.

It would be hard to imagine one who differed in more ways than he from the calculated, carefully poised art which we call classic. There is nothing of the unthinking serenity of Greece in his types; they are tortured and quite modern in expression. Half gods or Titans at the best, these men of his have little likeness to the Greek gods of High Olympus.

No doubt the grim, austere city of Toledo had its influence upon El Greco and upon his art. He had been accustomed to happy and joyous Venice, where things were seen through a golden rain of sunlight. And here in Toledo was sunlight, to be sure, but of another quality. Here were gaunt, grim shapes wholly Gothic or Moorish, wholly different from the rich, colored Byzantine forms of the beloved Venice and of a farther Greece. And the proud, severe, austere Spanish types about him were different enough from the smiling, ease-loving Italian faces he had come to know in Venice.

So, in the end, his painting became strange and more strange. He alternated in his work, now doing a picture that was quite "sane," as the writers of to-day like to put it; again, making a picture so wild as to puzzle the grim Philip II. and his court.

It is the test and measure of a man what use he makes of his ability; how he develops after leaving the nest, as it were, of master and brother pupils; and El Greco met this test strongly, for his Venetian art, though much more individual than that of his fellows, still smacked of Venetian color and manner. He had something in his work of that rich, warm Venetian glow so often talked of. There is a legend, probably apocryphal, that he was irritated when his canvases were compared to Titian and determined to show that he could paint better and in a different manner. However this may be, his manner certainly changed greatly during his stay in Spain. It is more likely that solitude in Toledo, not seeing other painters who were his equals, caused him to fall back upon himself and to create a style almost of necessity personal.

Something of his early Venetian training, however, no doubt persists, even in his latest work. He retained the trick of glazing, so beloved of Venetians, though he apparently varied it by scumbling, a method not so much used by his masters. At all events, something of this thin, sleazy way of smearing on

the paint in certain passages was adopted by Velasquez, whose earliest manner was quite different, being in the heavy, robust, not to say stodgy technique which he first learned from Herrera. The big picture by Herrera in the Worcester Art Museum illustrates this manner well enough. Greco's manner is quite different from this: he is always glazing and smearing. One notices glazes especially in the finger-tips of his portraits.

El Greco was in more than one respect the Whistler of his day. He had much of the latter's wit; he had an uncommon way of painting; and, among other things, he had Whistler's passion for litigation. Only the Greek, more fortunate than the man from Lowell, won all his suits. It is recorded that when the Inquisition accused him of controverting certain canonical rules in some of his pictures, he had the courage — and courage it was in those days — to defy it and bring suit against the all-powerful institution. Strange to say, he won his case.

In those days there was a sort of tariff on the sale of each picture. El Greco thought this unfair and refused to pay it. A suit brought before the Royal Counsel of the Hacienda was decided in his favor. And it was proclaimed that henceforth the three arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture were forever exempt from duties or imposts.

There is no definite statement extant about his exact technique, but by carefully studying his works one can arrive at a pretty good understanding of the manner of it. It is fair to suppose that his early style was much the manner that Titian taught and that the other young Venetians practised. Very likely he under-painted in gray tempera body color and glazed plentifully over that. Later, he very much modified this manner and came to paint in what must have been a good deal the modern manner; that is, painting in the picture quite directly and then constantly repainting or retouching. He, however, glazed much more than is commonly done nowadays.

El Greco is, in a sense, one of our modern discoveries. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, it is true, speaks of him as early as 1848, and at considerable length, but with quite complete misapprehension. In his "goguenard" and robust way, he feels that there is something interesting in the Greek painter, but fails to put his finger on it. So that any real effort to understand El Greco has come about of later years. Indeed, it may be doubted if the mind of the world has ever before been so nearly in the right state to appreciate the Tole-dan painter's rather bitter and evasive charm. He suits our desire for novelty; he chimes in with our sense of the mutability of things; and as nowadays, whether rightly or wrongly, we are all for personality even if it be at the expense of craftsmanship, his very marked personality interests us.

With other painters the personality of the man is or is not an interesting trait. With El Greco it is almost the whole thing. One might almost say he is nothing but personality. He is like Perique tobacco, which is very good for giving a flavor to other brands, but rather heady when smoked alone. Well, it takes a strong head to enjoy El Greco. His flavor is too strong and of too bizarre and racy a quality to be enjoyed by every one. In other men, personality will show in choice or arrangement of subject, perhaps in a cer-

tain rare quality of color; but with our Greek the personality cries aloud with every stroke of the brush. It is this that has kept him from due recognition; it is this, too, which makes him a particular favorite with the *raffiné* and discerning.

El Greco was the inventor, so to say, of the "muted" tones, the smoky blacks, the dingy whites, which Velasquez, in a measure, adopted, and which Whistler later developed into so taking an article of commerce. That is, the Greek was the first man, so far as appears, to treat tones in that way. In the work of his master Titian the whites are quite frankly white; the blacks, though suggesting color, still of a blackness, as dark as may be in the accents. With El Greco, the rendering of these muted tones was not so much a mannerism as a perception of the delicate bloom which light sheds on the "local color" of things. And this was a subtlety of vision, a perception of nuance, that till then had been wanting in painters' work. How much these qualities suggested anything to Velasquez we do not absolutely know. But we do know that Velasquez's earliest work was hot and unluminous, quite in the manner of Herrera, and that in his latest work he developed those so-called "silvery tones" which are also among the distinguishing qualities of El Greco.

Our master had all a Venetian's skill in landscape-painting when he first came to Spain, and he quickly learned to render the peculiar beauty of Spanish landscape, and mostly the sort that is seen about Toledo. He seemed to love, and well recorded, its austere grandeur; and in the backgrounds of some of his figure compositions are bits of landscape which might well have filled in some canvas of Velasquez. Indeed, it is impossible not to feel that the latter had seen and studied this feature of Theotokopuli's work, for many of his landscape backgrounds have the same long, swinging lines, the same free, loose manner of handling.

It is a strange thing that El Greco should have so well assimilated the formula of the Spanish type, that he should have understood it so well, and that he, a foreigner, should have painted Spaniards more "like" than they could paint themselves. For when a Frenchman, or any other Outlander, comes to America to paint portraits, he makes little Frenchmen of our cowboy Presidents, of our grim captains and *Chevaliers de l'Industrie*. But it was not so with El Greco. No one, better than he, has understood and rendered the cold morgue of the Spanish grandee — fire under ice. And he, too, has well understood the Spanish churchman, and his portraits of various Spanish cardinals are among the best of his work.

Another quality, which one might say was invented by El Greco, was a loose, free, almost feathery handling, which, while it injured his workmanship, did in a measure suggest the floating, ever-changing aspect of nature in a way which the solid, well-considered draftsmanship of the Venetians had hardly done. Still less had the heavy, rather stodgy handling of Herrera and his ilk suggested this constant mutability of things.

El Greco, like a true innovator, felt this so strongly, had so acute a sense of the change, the "va et vient" of living things, that he was sometimes content to let the form go unchastened, if he had given it the breath of life; so that

some of his creations are like Frankenstein's monster, palpably alive, yet hardly human.

El Greco has to his credit, if it be a credit, that he was one of the first Impressionists, and by "impressionism" one means the word in its broader sense rather than in the more restricted meaning of painting in pure color, which is most often given it nowadays. For he told the scandalized Pacheco, when the latter visited him in Toledo, that he believed in constant retouching and repainting, which tended to make the broad masses tell flat as in nature. This is quite the doctrine of the "tache" so beloved by Manet, and his manner of retouching here, there, and elsewhere is much like the style of Chardin, Monet, and of our own Tarbell.

No doubt Pacheco, who was father-in-law to Velasquez, sometimes whispered these heresies with bated breath to his clever pupil. And certainly Velasquez succeeded in rendering the "apparition" of things even more successfully than the old Greek. But "*au fond*" Velasquez was essentially a modeler, and more, too; he always tried for the flowing surface of paint, the "fused" look which his best paintings have. So that, in this respect, his method may be called quite different from the patchy facture of Theotokopuli.

What El Greco may have suggested to him, however, was a way of looking at nature without prejudice, spot for spot. The Italians, even the best of them, always treated a man by the way the forms ran. El Greco, and after him Velasquez, were the first to see nature with the "innocent eye," putting a dark spot here, a lighter tone there, as they came, without "*parti-pris*" as to their exact meaning. In El Greco this is tentative; he still paints along the form instead of across it with the light. Yet the effect of his work is more impressionistic than most that had preceded it.

It has been already hinted that Velasquez was a good deal influenced by the art of Greco, and in an indirect way it would seem that he doubtless was. If this be so, it may have come about by conversations with his father-in-law Pacheco, who knew El Greco and had argued with him about art; although it is quite evident that if Pacheco admired the Toledan master in some respects, he still highly disapproved of certain of his practices. Velasquez may have heard about El Greco from the latter's favorite pupil Tristan, though Tristan's work does not much recall the master, being heavier and made with more care, yet lacking in charm. Or, what seems most likely of all, Velasquez had, no doubt, seen El Greco's work at Toledo, and being the most thoughtful and analytic of men, by much study he may have divined some of the Toledan's secrets; have known, and that was his great gift, which to take and which to leave.

Theotokopuli is said to have written a book or treatise about art. Whatever this may have been, it has now wholly disappeared, and this one must feel to be a great pity, for it would be interesting to know the views of so independent and unusual a painter. It is to be regretted that all painters have not written on the practice of their art. What a library of information we should have; and, more than that, what a side-light on the intentions and meaning of each painter would be his comments on his own work and his description of his



own manner of working! But whatever he may have written, it does not now survive, and we shall never know what the strange old man thought about the practice of his art.

But at the very last, El Greco, though interesting in himself, is most interesting historically, as a link between the old and new. He is one of those men — the Impressionists are his brothers in this — who dimly felt or divined certain subtleties, refinements, *nuances*, which till then had not been expressed. Indeed, he felt them so strongly that in the passion of their rendering he sometimes forgot or slurred the old perfections. Other men, like Velasquez, perceiving these qualities in his work, were able to express them in their own, while not sacrificing the other verities as he had done. It is the fate of innovators to be obsessed by their own discoveries. *L'Idée fixe* tortures their mind and obscures other verities. They are the victims of their truth. And El Greco was no exception to this. And yet they have this reward — that they are sometimes more interesting to subtle minds than are men of more triumphant and absolute ability. Greco is not comparable to Rubens, for instance, as an all-round artist and master of technique. And yet, to certain minds, he must always seem a more interesting painter, infinitely more distinguished. And where he often failed in rendering the obvious — so unlike Rubens — he sometimes felt and suggested subtleness of expression — *nuances* of light and tone which the healthy Fleming would never have even suspected. He is, to use an expression rapidly becoming *banale*, a painter's painter. Millet delighted in his picture of St. Ildefonso and had an engraving of it, which is now owned by Mr. Degas. Zuloaga and other Spanish painters are said to consider El Greco the superior even of Velasquez. One is not prepared to agree with this. Yet the mere suggestion shows how sympathetic is the work of our subject to many painters of ability.

El Greco, then, was an innovator, a man who felt and suggested many things, yet was not perfect in his rendering of any of them. Mr. McColl has made a half-humorous division of painters into Titans and Olympians. Well, then, our Greek was in some sense a Titan, if a man so neurotic as he could be called a Titan. At least, there was nothing Olympian about him. No, he was hardly a Titan or even a half-god, not even a super-man; for there was little of the "Laughing Lion" in him. Rather, he was one of those men, fortunate or unfortunate as you will, made for a time in the future. How lonely he must have been in Toledo, even with Cervantes and Lope da Vega as neighbors! And even now there would be few to understand him. What the other men thought most important seemed to him distressingly obvious. The things which to him seemed all important, they had never seen.

## The Art of El Greco

CARL JUSTI

'DIEGO VELASQUEZ AND HIS TIMES'

A PROOF of the attraction Venetian art had for the Spanish eye is seen in the welcome given to the works of El Greco. At the very time a Navarrese was for the first time painting in the Titian manner in the Escorial, Toledo was visited by a Cretan Greek, who, like Antonio Vassilacchi of Milo, known as l'Aliense, had studied the Venetian style at the fountainhead. He was traditionally, and doubtless justly, regarded as a pupil of Titian, although his signature is always in Greek, with a Latin translation of his Christian name Kyriakos: *Δομήνικος Θεοτοκόπουλος Κρήσιος*. This artist is as remarkable for his rare pictorial genius, and for the impulse given by him to Spanish painting, as for unexampled and in fact pathological debasement of his later manner. Biographers have hitherto studied him only from the time of his arrival in Spain (1575), but there still exist a number of authentic works belonging to his Italian period, works which rank with the best productions of the Venetian school. Nobody being aware of his existence, these works, notwithstanding their peculiar physiognomy, have long passed for Titians, Paul Veroneses, Bassanos, and even Baroccis. They are partly portraits, partly animated gospel scenes in bold lines, and in the attitudes resembling Tintoretto, but richer in individuality and more solid in the coloring. Vistas of distant hills beyond the marble-paved piazzas and line of palaces give them a strong Venetian accent. He is also influenced by Michael Angelo, as seen in many of the figures; and what is stranger still, old Byzantine reminiscences are betrayed in his invention and grouping.

The Greek signature of El Greco occurs on the 'Healing of the Man Blind from his Birth,' in the Parma Gallery, of which a modified but unsigned replica exists in the Dresden Collection. He often depicted 'The Cleansing of the Temple,' a large specimen of which formerly in the Buckingham Collection, is now in the possession of the Countess of Yarborough, catalogued as a Paul Veronese. But his most comprehensive creation is the 'Disrobing of the Saviour on Calvary,' formerly in the Manfrin Gallery, and assigned to Barocci. Christ stands in the center, an embodiment of sublime resignation, His large, brilliant eyes turned upwards; to the left, lower down, three noble female figures; to the right, a man with the borer stooping over the Cross. Behind tower up the heads and busts of the thronging troops, the captain of the armor on Christ's right hand, the man seizing His red mantle on His left. It would be difficult to find a work of the Venetian school richer in studies of character than this 'Disrobing.'

That he was at that time an eminent portraitist is evident from the half-length of the miniature-painter Giulio Clovio, in the Naples Studj, which in Parma passed as a portrait of himself. So also the study of light effects, 'The Boy Blowing a Coal,' in the Naples Museum. That portrait of Clovio supplies a conjecture as to El Greco's hitherto unknown career in Italy.



He may perhaps have introduced himself as a fellow countryman of the aged Clovio, who calls himself a Macedonian. His skill at miniature is revealed in one of his best early works, a replica of the 'Cleansing of the Temple' on a small scale, with sumptuous architecture and ornamental details, in Mr. Francis Cook's collection, Richmond. In the already mentioned large piece we see in the right corner four half-figures — the aged Titian, Michael Angelo, an old man (probably Clovio), and a young man with index finger pointing to his face, possibly the artist himself, indicating thus to whom he felt indebted. In any case his youth has been rich in experience, and Pacheco, who made his acquaintance in old age, calls him a "great philosopher," full of wise sayings and author of a treatise on painting, sculpture, and architecture.

In 1575 he made his appearance in Toledo, which he never again quitted, dying there in 1614. During these forty years he displayed an almost boundless activity, filling the Castilian churches with altar-pieces, the halls of prelates and cavaliers with portraits. But only in the earliest is his Venetian manner preserved. The first, which apparently brought him to Toledo, is the reredos in the Church of Santo Domenigo de Silos, where the architectural framework on the statues is also by him. The central and chief piece is the 'Assumption,' now in Pau, but a copy of which is still on the spot. The elements of the Frari altar-piece here reappear, but already in the Spanish environment. Mary soars aloft with outstretched arms in ecstatic emotion. The Apostles are men from the Toledo mountains, who, like true Castilians, express their amazement still with dignity in a slow, solemn gesture-language. The picture is thrown on the canvas with surprising power of chiaroscuro and in richly varied, deep, glowing color.

This performance opened El Greco's way to the cathedral. Invited to execute the central piece for the new and spacious sacristy, he resolved to figure his 'Christ on Calvary' on an imposing scale. This chief work and masterpiece of his, occupying an honorable place in the richest church in Spain, for the first time in that country gave an idea of Titian's art — his plastic power, his vivid light and shade, his naturalism. In his capacity as a colorist El Greco here proclaimed himself king.

But he was unable to keep on the high level of this work. Drunk with applause, unwarned by associates or judges whom he might have well respected, in the pride of his triumph, piqued at the compliment that "he painted like Titian," he degenerated into that reckless manner in which, as in the speech of "a noble, unstrung mind," only flashes of his genius still occasionally gleam forth in those marvelous physiognomies and daring strokes of the brush. In Toledo's crumbling eyrie, isolated from healthy influences, he sank lower and lower, painting like a visionary and taking for revelations the distorted fancies of a morbid brain.

In portraiture alone a spark survived of his former greatness. Those of Pompeo Leoni at Keir in Dumfriesshire, and of the gray-haired Cardinal Quiroga (?) in the cathedral sacristy, Valladolid, still give a good notion of his powers; whereas the specimens in the Prado Museum are unfortunately

very mannered. In *St. Thomé* is a large picture, which, strange to say, passes in Spain as his masterpiece, although executed in his worst style. A group of cavaliers in the black dress of the Court of Philip II. assist at the burial of Count Orgaz, whose body is being lowered into the grave by two ghostly figures, in whom one recognizes SS. Augustine and Stephen. "Around this painting," we are told, "the Toledans often gathered, still discovering something new in the portraits of so many cavaliers." And in truth, at sight of these stiff, ceremonious attitudes, these grave, motionless glances, giving the impression of an assembly of apparitions, one must fain confess that the foreign artist has a good eye for national peculiarities.

As religious enthusiasts precede the creative innovators of the times, this Iberianized Greek was a precursor of the masters that arose in the following century.

SIR WILLIAM STIRLING-MAXWELL

'ANNALS OF THE ARTISTS OF SPAIN'

EL GRECO has been justly described as an artist who alternated between reason and delirium, and displayed his great genius only at lucid intervals. There is probably no other painter who has left so many admirable and so many execrable performances. Strange to say, in his case, the critics cannot fix the epoch when his "early bad manner" gave way to his "good middle-style," or when his pencil lost the charm of its prime; for he painted well and ill by turns throughout his whole career. The disagreeable '*St. Maurice*' was executed between the times when his two best works were commenced. The finest portraits of Tavera and Palavicino were painted in or about 1609, which is also the date of his delightful '*Holy Family*' and his offensive '*Baptism of Christ*' at the Toledan Hospital of St. John Baptist. In the latter picture, the narrow draperies, and the gleams of light, thin and sharp as Toledo sword-blades, produce effects not less unpleasing than difficult to be described intelligibly to those who are unacquainted with the Greek's style. He might have painted it, by the fitful flashes of lightning, on a midsummer night, from models dressed only in floating ribands. In the Louvre we find near his excellent portraits an '*Adoration of the Shepherds*,' in his most extravagant style, in which the lights on reddish draperies and dark clouds are expressed by green streaks of so unhappy a tint that those harmless objects resemble masses of bruised and discolored flesh. Yet the perpetrator of these enormities sometimes painted heads that stood out from the canvas with the sober strength of Velasquez's, and colored pictures and draperies with a splendor rivaling Titian. With all his faults, El Greco was a favorite artist in Spain, and his pictures were highly valued. For the church of Bayena, a village in the province of Segovia, he executed a series of paintings on the life of Mary Magdalene, which were refused, about the close of the seventeenth century, to Cardinal Puertocarrero, although his Eminence offered to buy them for 5,000 crowns, and replace them with pictures by Luca Giordano, the famous and fashionable court artist of the day.

Theotocopuli was much engaged as sculptor and architect. At Madrid he designed, in 1590, the church of the College of Doña Maria de Arragon, and

carved the "abominable" retablo of the high altar; at Illescas he built, about 1600, two churches—that of the Hospital of Charity, still existing, with its good classical altar, and that of the Franciscan friars, with marble tombs and effigies of the Hinojosas, its founders, now demolished; at Toledo, he gave the plans of the city hall, a solid plain building of two stories, resting on Doric pillars and flanked with towers; he carved, in 1609, the retablos for the church of the St. John Baptist's Hospital; and, in 1611, he erected in the Cathedral, by order of the chapter, the catafalque, or temporary monument for the celebration of funeral solemnities for Margaret of Austria, Queen of Philip III.

Few artists were ever more unweariedly industrious than El Greco, even in his old age. Never idle for a moment, he must have not a little astonished, by his indomitable energy, the slow and otiose Toledans amongst whom he lived. Pacheco, who visited him in 1611, relates that he showed him a large closet filled with the plaster models of his various sculptures, and a chamber full of sketches of all his pictures. In the course of their talk El Greco declared his opinion that coloring was a more difficult part of the painter's art than drawing, and that Michael Angelo, "though a good professor, knew nothing of painting." Besides uttering these heresies, to the horror of the Sevillian, he explained and defended his own harsh and spotty style, avowing that it was his practice to retouch a picture till each mass of color was distinct and separate from the rest, and asserting that it gave strength and character to the whole. But in spite of his eccentric style and opinions, the school of Theotocopuli produced Maino, Tristan, and Orrente, who rank among the best Castilian painters. He was a man of wit and some learning, and is said by Pacheco to have written on the three arts which he professed.

RICHARD MUTHER

'HISTORY OF PAINTING'

**N**OTWITHSTANDING Justi's investigations, the chief master of Toledo, Domenico Theotocopuli of Crete, deserves a new biographer. For the "pathological degeneration" of El Greco seems an important symptom of the great religious fermentation which at that time had seized all minds. Pictures like his 'Purification of the Temple,' in which he appears as a Venetian, express but little; although the theme seems in some wise related with the purification of the Church at that time by Caraffa and Loyola. But in the work which introduced him to Spain, 'Christ Stripped of His Garments on Calvary,' he has freed himself from Titian, and now seems a savage entering the world of art with impetuous primeval power. He displays a collection of herculean figures composed of real flesh and blood, of barbaric bone and marrow. The same quality gives his painting of the 'Holy Trinity' a primeval, brutal grandeur. His picture in the Church of San Tomé in Toledo, in which the members of a knightly order solemnly attend the funeral of Count Orgaz, his corpse is lowered into the grave by two saints, while Christ, Mary, martyrs, and angels hover in the air — this painting, in its abrupt union of actual with transcendental, already heralds the visionary painting of the seventeenth century. His later works are uncannily, ghostly pictures of exaggerated line and harsh color; which seem to be executed in wax colors mingled with the

mold of corpses. In all respects he seems a strange, titanic master; and not until more is known of his life will he stand revealed as an artist.

C. S. RICKETTS

'THE ART OF THE PRADO'

EL GRECO was trained in Venice, and in his earlier manner is a pure Venetian, influenced by the work of Bassani and stimulated by the manner of Tintoretto. He was born in Crete in 1548, and died at Toledo in 1614. This painter developed on Spanish soil a style that seems almost more Spanish in temper than the work of any born and bred Spaniard till the advent of Goya, in whom all the national traits find expression. Outwardly the more central of El Greco's work seems founded entirely upon Tintoretto at his wildest and most mannered phase; his figures are torn to shreds by a wind of passion, by an extravagant effort at impressiveness. His method in portraits recalls the method of the Bassani; but with time the fever latent in his art takes a form more acute, and in his Toledan manner the Venetian influence burns less visibly. Realities are then supplanted by a series of conventions of his own; the Venetian methods are finally replaced by the most wilful experiments in form and color and in the use of pigments; human forms are twisted and stretched into mere symbols of themselves, or into symbols of passion and movement. A wish to be inspired and original at all costs clashes with the staid tendency of the Spanish temper, it is true; yet where out of Spain could so strange and perverted a vision of things have found acceptance; when, save in the reign of Philip II?

His pictures might at times have been painted by torchlight in a cell of the Inquisition. Philip II. in his old age might have so painted, had he been given the faculty to paint. El Greco's 'Vision of Philip II.' might have actually risen before the recluse of the Escorial himself, when, after so much done and undone, after so many acts of faith, he lay dying by inches under the black velvet of his bed; when under the horsehair shirt he felt the approach of eternity, and beyond the incense fumes and the smoke of the tapests stood the goal of all his effort.

At times Theotocopuli is a sincere and almost naïve artist; in portraits of small surface area and unambitious scope he is quite excellent; at times his feverish workmanship has the "quality of its defects" (if we may be pardoned this transposition of a French phrase which nevertheless expresses perfectly the singular case presented to us in the work of El Greco).

We understand the power to disturb, which the religious revival brought in its wake, when we touch the art of El Greco — a sense of trouble has been detected even in the light work of Titian himself. If we turn on the art of Tintoretto, who was the main influence upon El Greco, the tendency of agitation seems to spring from a different source, even in such works as the 'Holy Supper' at St. Giorgio Maggiore, with its fantastic torchlight, and presence of spiritual forms in the air of the room itself. The aim of Tintoretto was sensational, but eloquent in its sensationalism; its tendency was declamatory and romantic, tending always towards an emphatic statement of dramatic or romantic effects. With El Greco the imaginative impulse flickers and twists

upon itself; there is even less balance than in the Italian, there is even less room, less breathing-space for sequence of thought, or for constructive vision; he gives you a sort of shorthand of Tintoretto, and later on mere jottings and hints at a method of his own; at times his figures have the lithe and trenchant aspect of a sword.

The color of his whites and crimsons is ashen; his blacks, vivid; his blues remind one of the blues of steel; his use of green is constant and unusual for painting of his time.

Light with him becomes a quantity for emotional appeal only, to be focused or scattered at will, and he will paint a sky black or a bitter green.

The influence of Veronese's early manner has been instanced as the first influence upon the aspect of his earliest and least individualized works; yet nothing could be more remote in temper or tendency than these two paintings. Had Veronese, with his unbounded and almost monotonous control over plastic effect, painted only the strange little 'Crucifixion' in the Louvre, with its strange green sky, its strange and chilly color, the difference between the Venetian master and the Spanish mannerist would still be immense. His most ascetic and monkish canvases degenerate into what looks like a parody of himself; he even at times turns away from his curious palettes and, with blue-black, white, and brown, produces a yet more bitter, I had almost said discordant, result.

No one would apply to the work of El Greco the statement that art is the expression of that which the artist likes best in life; his choice would seem to have been governed by another craving, and to have been of the nature that makes a man lean over a precipice to see if he will feel faint and dizzy, or a patient touch a wound to see if it will hurt.

This estimate of El Greco gives him an undue importance, perhaps, for his work is more individual than original, and the basis of individuality does not suffice for art; originality must be found in its essence, not the mere expression of personal limitations, as with El Greco; and above originality stands the creative power, that noblest expression with which modern criticism hardly ever concerns itself at all.

The personality or originality of El Greco is too thin, too whimsical, too arbitrary, to command absolute praise. His was in no sense a constructive temperament; his originality as a painter consists largely in his power of scattering and decomposing the convention of others.

His human type, when he condescends in his pictures to give attention to this, is a low one, much lower than Tintoretto's; a dilated eye does duty for expression. The 'Descent of the Holy Spirit,' still catalogued at the Prado, shows this unwillingness to realize things plastically, and his trust to a wild form of improvisation; yet the picture attracts by its flame-like aspect. The 'Baptism of Christ' in the Prado is a more responsible work. One detects in the extravagant mannerism of the forms an idealizing tendency, notably in the delicate hands and long feet; the angels, with their doll-like faces, support a large crimson mantle, in itself a delightful "painter's motive," forming as it does a sort of niche for the figure of the Saviour; the St. John shows a sensi-



tiveness of type we find sometimes in El Greco's portraits; at his feet is the stump of a felled tree and an axe; but where the art-lover is charmed out of criticism is in the treatment of the heaven above, in which we forget the small, doll-like faces of the spirits in the visionary and instantaneous effect of the whole, the blotches of vivid electric cloud in which dart and shimmer the flame-like forms of little baby angels, each in its little world of cloud and light; they are like birds who, thrown up into the air, tumble and quiver before regaining the use of their wings.

We find further evidence of painter's delight in the mottled sky and the three white mitres of the 'St. Bernard' hanging near. In the fine early picture of the 'Ascension,' painted when El Greco was twenty-three (lent by the Infanta Isabella of Bourbon), we notice a more careful, a more thoroughly worked-out attempt at that originality El Greco strove for all his life under the accusation of being an imitator of Titian and Tintoretto; in this and in the 'Trinity' he produced there is more variety in the heads, a more plastic use of the brush, a more vivid use of color — green, crimson, straw-yellow, blue, orange, lavender — and a sort of vinous and stain-like quality in the paint itself. Velasquez remembered the color of this work in his 'Coronation of the Virgin.'

We cannot deny to El Greco a certain visionary quality: a poor replica hangs in the Prado of his 'Burial of the Count of Organza,' the original being at Toledo. This picture shares with his 'Theban Legion' at the Escorial the claim to be El Greco's most typical work. Against a space of abstract color flickers the light of a few torches, which illumine a row of vivid portrait heads, cut off by their white ruffs and isolated in space; seen out of relation to each other, yet dominated by a sense of awe and piety. Some are ecstatic, others self-absorbed; below this band of fervent faces glimmers the exaggerated whiteness, the exaggerated elegance, of a few hands; and the central group, at first dominated by the row of spectators, emerges from the gloom in flashes of gold, white, steel-blue, as the noble figure of an old bishop bends beneath the weight of a man in armor whom they are about to entomb, and who is supported also by a deacon in embroidered vestments. The group is admirably invented, full of a passionate awe and tenderness; the shroud of gray-white against the black armor, the large white mitre of the bishop, are all admirable "painter's inventions." The upper part of the picture is a confused and swaying mass of angels and holy persons drifting on large strata of strange cloud-forms, lit from within. El Greco's human type, even in his portraits, is odd, fervent, pointed in brow and lacking a back and base to the cranium; there are fervor and elegance in his work, which on the average is whimsical and hasty.

This decadent artist has at least one virtue, which we find in several decadents — that in aim, if fatuous, he was not commonplace. Sensational, impatient, and extravagant as he is, El Greco never meant to appeal to common and comfortable ideals. He also saves us from that somewhat unthinking and unemotional point of view which marks the decadent but by no means unattractive or unimportant work of mannerists such as the Italians Parmigianino and Baroccio.

But what is decadence? Below the surface of much decadent art lies, unbalanced, it is true, a wish to stimulate and charm, such as is ever present in classical art itself. I am reminded of the confession of a drunkard, whose excuse for getting drunk was not that he liked drinking, but that he liked to "see things more interesting than they were." In this sense El Greco wished to make things seem "more interesting than they were;" but, unlike most decadents, his method was limited and often insufficient, and, like Blake the mystic, he was not always as much under the influence of his artistic or spiritual Dæmon as he imagined. With El Greco the spectator is invited to a display of artistic fireworks which does not always come off, but unmistakably smokes and sputters.

We have not applied the word "decadent" to El Greco to indicate a merely decaying and derelict type, such as each school and nation may show at times — men who are merely bad artists and poor craftsmen; in this sense the popular English painter may be a decadent, however "popular" or "wholesome" his aim; whether he paints 'Cattle in a Surrey Field' or 'Well-known Footsteps.' El Greco belongs to a genuine type of artists in whom the proper balance between aim and achievement is disturbed by something feverish and lacking in the sense of intellectual responsibility. He belongs to a class of artists in whom we find, on a different level, even such great names as Botticelli and Tintoretto — men in whom the romantic effort oversets or strains the plastic sense to a dangerous point, a hasty effort not always sufficient or significant; and beneath these great artists we may still admire lesser men such as Filippino Lippi, Bazzi, and those later mannerists in paint and form such as Bassani, whose efforts were insufficient; Parmigianino, who is fatuous and monotonous; and Baroccio, who inherited some of the charm and all the weakness of Correggio. With these painters we must place El Greco. In the art of Theotocopuli, who was Spanish only by adoption, we notice some of the extravagant intensity latent in the Spanish character itself, which Spanish painting hardly ever reflected.

PAUL LAFOND

'LES ARTS' OCTOBER, 1906

**H**IS work is all passion. His quality of generalization makes him appreciate the eternal forms of nature. His evoking soul has rendered in powerful and subtle interpretations the expression of the Idea, the significance of the Word. El Greco is a sublime thinker, who by means of imagery has expressed beings and states of soul — beings, too, as complicated as we; states of souls as troubled as ours. His work is of the most emotional and captivating that art has produced. The real master is he who creates a type, a manner; and by this one should understand a new way of rendering that nature which does not itself change; a new way of expressing feelings old as the world, and consequently enriching the domain of art by a hidden treasure. El Greco is one of these privileged beings. His work brings with it surprises and sensations till now unknown. Although wholly saturated in nature, it fascinates and conquers as though a new thing.

To this primordial quality he adds an intense emotion. He, an intelli-



gence essentially emancipated, lifts spirits above this material appetite and joys. A sincere and refined melancholy rises from his productions, as from those of our own Delacroix. Before these one cannot choose but be caught and troubled by their depth, their nobility, their vivacity of expression, their grandeur. His figures, translucent and elongated out of all measure, of super-human life, in stretched-out attitudes, with crumpled draperies, shock us like apparitions. His unhealthy tones, running from crude white to absolute black; his harmonies, almost too acute and capricious and jumbled (accords which come near to dissonance), give a fever, as it were. The master has an indefinable sense of the Invisible Life and what lies beyond, mingles in his figures in a bizarre fashion which leaves a disquieting obsession. They disconcert, they astonish, they captivate.

More than any one, save Rembrandt, does he have the sense of what is dramatic — but dramatic movement coming from simple action, ever heroic or noble, without complication; something outside what happens to be picturesque for the moment. It is from this in great part that he draws his mysterious power.

Few masters have pushed the science of composition further, though all the while dissimulating it. In his work the groups are balanced or opposed with a rare perfection. No one has shown as much care and science in the preparation of his works. Never did El Greco brush in a canvas, model a statue, design a plan for architecture, without first making numerous sketches or projects or designs. We have, for that matter, the proof in the 'Conversations on Painting' by Pacheco, which recounts that, having been to see the master at Toledo, this latter showed him the *ébauches* of his pictures, the statuettes in terra-cotta for his statues. The father-in-law of Velasquez was stupefied. "For," he writes, "who would think that Domenico Greco made studies for his work, repainted them time and time again, to the end that he might separate and disunite the tints and thus give to his canvas that look of cruel daubings in order to stimulate a greater liberty of handling and a greater power."

Let us leave to the timorous Pacheco any responsibility for his sayings; but could one expect anything else from the weak and untemperamental, petty master? . . .

Why should Domenikos Theotokopuli have left Italy when he was beginning to make himself known, where the future smiled on him, pledging herself to him under happy auspices? On what occasion did he leave the Eternal City, where he could not have lacked for friends and protectors? Had not the capital of the world all which should hold a young and enthusiastic artist? *Chef d'œuvres* were there to be met at every step, those of past civilizations as well as those of the hardly-ended Renaissance. According to the saying of Montaigne, who visited Rome but a little later, Rome was then the cosmopolitan city where every stranger found himself at home, and where difference in nationality did not count at all.

Was the young painter called into Spain by Philip II on Titian's recommendation? The sovereign had told Titian to send some of his scholars to him.

Or was it suggested to El Greco to try to win the competition for the decoration of the Cathedral of Toledo? Or did he come of himself, drawn by that need for novelty and for adventure which was so common with the artists of past centuries? Who knows? All is mist and shadow in these days of El Greco's infancy and youth.

GUSTAVE GEOFFROY

'LES MUSÉES D'EUROPE: MADRID'

GRECO'S admiration for Titian, Palma, Bassano, Tintoretto, made place for a passionate liking for direct vision of things and of people. He painted naïvely, strongly, what he saw; and his dryness, his harshness, are of a strange, new kind. He has not given up color; he shows it in the light, and he is extraordinarily luminous. There is nothing sinister; on the other hand, it is a hymn to light. The drawing is sometimes deformed; the people are stretched out beyond all measure. El Greco was evidently striving for a decorative aspect, and, like all searchers, he happened to deceive himself.

This stretching-out came to him through Italy from Tintoretto, have I said? And through Tintoretto from Michael Angelo. But one can pardon an error in a great, passionate artist so admirably gifted with skill in grouping figures, in distributing the pure and greatly simplified colorations of his palette; to give to all these faces that expression of passion, of ecstasy, of violence, and of ravishment.

Despite two absent *chefs d'œuvre*, one finds El Greco at Madrid with both his faults and his qualities which belong to his anxious genius. He is there with religious pictures, 'The Baptism of Christ,' 'The Crucifixion,' 'The Resurrection,' 'Christ Dead in the Arms of the Father,' and one sees with astonishment this religious painting of so triumphant an aspect, which seems sonorous with trumpet-calls—these shadowed skies, these chalky lights, these little heads; and amid the movement and the tumult are charming expressions, that of the blonde Magdalen at the foot of the Cross, of a Mary in blue and red, of saints, of angels, of youths, and little maids with baby faces, the mouth small, the nose tip-tilted, the eyes wide open.

You see images of saints, St. Basil, St. Francis, St. Anthony, and St. Paul, like statues, or like heads of statues, of worm-eaten wood, or of moist and mossy granite. There is something Gothic about Greco. And then if you have passed into the hall of portraits, you find again people like the spectators in the 'Burial of the Count of Orgaz'—black *pourpoints*, white ruffs, gray faces with pointed beards and eyes which start out from the serious faces. Such are the portraits of 'A Doctor,' who holds a book; of Don Rodrigo Vazquez, President of Castille; of him whom one might call the 'Man with a Sword,' a young and grave physiognomy, one hand on the breast, the guard of a sword just visible.

I leave El Greco with the feeling that he was before all a painter, and that the artist in him was double: an observer, fond of the sharpest, the harshest reality; a decorator, ambitious to make light blaze from the walls.

## The Works of El Greco

### DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

#### 'THE ANNUNCIATION'

#### PLATE I

A VERY characteristic example of El Greco, of a certain charm, and yet illustrating very clearly various of his faults. The arms and heads are of that curious, pulled-out quality which we have come to associate with him; but note, in the left arm of the angel, that the faults of drawing are those of exaggeration rather than lack of perception; that is, the contour is expressive, but the thick parts of the arm are made too wide in relation to the thinner parts. There is considerable knowledge of construction in the way the wrist is attached to the hand, only the thing is done carelessly.

The composition is well balanced and original. Indeed, it is interesting to note how far El Greco has departed from the conventional arrangement of the Annunciation used by almost every Italian painter from Giotto to Da Vinci.

#### 'PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL TAVERA'

#### PLATE II

AGAIN a most characteristic head. It illustrates, among other things, El Greco's tendency to paint heads thin and long drawn out. In this respect he was quite different from his Venetian masters, who, if anything, erred on the opposite of dumpiness.

This *glabre* and pallid face is at first sight rather forbidding. Yet there is much of interest in it. The character is of a peculiar and highly specialized type. El Greco was particularly successful in rendering sympathetically the character of churchmen, and this head is no exception to that rule. Note particularly the peculiar and specialized character of the weary eyes; the singular mouth, and the long nose; also the modeling about the temple and again under the cheek-bone and about the muscles round the mouth.

The hand is made with that singular ineptitude which at times characterized the Greek.

#### 'THE ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN'

#### PLATE III

A VERY characteristic example of El Greco in that there are admirable bits in it and again other pieces of deplorably careless rendering. For instance, the drapery about the Virgin does not impress one as at all well expressed, while, on the other hand, certain of the heads appear remarkably well done. Note particularly the saint gazing upward and the bald head leaning forward.

The composition may be a little reminiscent of Titian's 'Assumption,' but in details is quite different. Its chief fault is that the canvas is frankly divided into two pictures, with no subtle binding together of the two. As in most of El Greco's pictures, the realistic heads in the lower part are much more successful than the more or less idealized rendering of the upper half.

## 'PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL SFORZA PALLAVICINO'

## PLATE IV

**P**AINTED on a rather coarse canvas, apparently prepared with a red ground. The handling in the whites is rather impasto, apparently made with oil paints, though possibly with tempora glaze.

The composition, with its arrangement of head and hands, is effective, if curious. Note that the left hand holds two books. The head is distinguished in character and is an evident likeness, though constructed after El Greco's peculiar fashion. The chair and book, though curious in drawing, are in paint quality very much as Velasquez might have done them. The technique is quite direct, although one observes signs of glazing on the mouth, the tips of the fingers, and in some of the shadows. The color quality of the white and black vestments, the greenish chair, and the brown background are particularly fine, although the shadows of the white are rather brownish.

In sum, this is one of the finest of El Greco's portraits. His good qualities show in it to the best advantage, and his defects add a pleasing quaintness.

## 'THE NATIVITY'

## PLATE V

**T**HIS is introduced as one of the most extreme examples of El Greco's art. The drawing of some of the pieces, as, for instance, the cherub in foreshortening, the leg of the kneeling shepherd, the side of the Madonna's head, is unbelievable. At the same time, the group is well composed and possibly was the *Plan type* on which like subjects by Ribera and by Murillo were built up. Observe that the figures are lit by radiance from the Infant Jesus. This idea may have been borrowed from the famous 'La Notte' of Correggio. Indeed, the main lines of the Greek's composition are very similar to that of the Italian's: the lighting is imagined rather than studied from nature. It would be impossible that the face and arm of the kneeling shepherd should be so lit by light from the Child.

The face of the Virgin, despite its singular drawing, has a certain charm, and the head of St. Joseph is eminently Grecoesque, looking, indeed, more like a fierce Jeremiah than a meek Joseph.

## 'ST. BASIL'

## PLATE VI

**T**HIS is one of the figures of saints to which Geoffroy somewhat flippantly refers as being worm-eaten. Despite the excessive smallness of the head, perhaps because of it, the figure is not lacking in a certain severe dignity. The hands, again, though extremely small, are characteristic, that holding the staff being perhaps the more successful of the two. The landscape background should be noted as being exceptionally fine, especially to the left side of the saint. It suggests the sort of landscape which Velasquez was later to paint, and is altogether of a different, more modern sentiment than the landscape backgrounds of El Greco's Venetian masters. The embroidery on the vestments, of a singularly high degree of finish, is possibly the work of an assistant. The head of the saint, though still characteristic of the painter, is one of his best constructed and most soberly painted performances.

## 'PORTRAIT OF A PHYSICIAN'

## PLATE VII

**A**NOTHER of El Greco's long faces, but what expression of character lies in the cold, pale, phlegmatic face! The eyes are interesting as being done in a manner half way, as it were, from the Venetian convention and from Velasquez's pure light and shade. The eye is, for the matter of that, well expressed in light and shade, but the nuances of modeling in the half-light do not appear well expressed. Titian, on the other hand, never quite broke away from the old convention of drawing the eye like a button-hole; and while his vision was so acute that eventually he made a good eye, one will find in studying one of his heads painted in the same position as this that the eye is not so simply and frankly stated in mere light and shade as with El Greco.

The head is particularly well done, and in its distinction and character suggests some that Velasquez later painted.

## 'PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL DON FERNANDO NIÑO DE GUEVARA' PLATE VIII

**I**N some respects the most successful, at the least the most complete, of Greco's portraits. The stuffs are rendered with great skill. Note the painting of lace, which is done very freely yet suggestively, in manner more like Velasquez than like the Venetian masters. The textures and quality of the skirt and cape are remarkably rendered. The head is of a peculiar character, which is very well expressed. A slight expression of slyness may be caused by the eyes looking sideways toward the spectator, although the mouth as well looks as if it belonged to no simple-minded priest. As to the hands, one, the prelate's left, seems to have caused the painter a good deal of trouble and is even now not wholly successful. The other one is better.

## 'HEAD OF A MAN'

## PLATE IX

**O**NE of the most successful of El Greco's single heads. The face is full of character and quite sufficiently well drawn. Note, however, that the man's right eye is considerably higher than his left. This is a detail which mediocre painters almost always get right, but of which Greco apparently was oblivious. The edges of the hair against the background are very well studied and in a peculiarly modern way; that is, El Greco, unlike his Venetian masters, apparently got his edges by sheer brushwork, where these latter would have painted the thing more or less hard and then achieved their soft edge by glazings and retouchings.

The ruff is treated in a broad, almost impressionistic, way, rather than in the somewhat *meticuleux* way of Titian.

## 'CHRIST DEAD IN THE ARMS OF GOD'

## PLATE X

**T**HIS is one of the most characteristic of El Greco's compositions, illustrating very well both his merits and defects. The composition is hardly so interesting as some of his, yet it very clearly indicates the intention of the picture. The drawing is singular, like all of the Greek master's. It is said that he had a defect of vision which made him see everything a little twisted. At the same time, the construction is well understood, showing the artist's close



study of Michael Angelo. Bits like the elbow, the wrist, and the knee of the dead Christ are done with understanding and with considerable *finesse*. The expression of the heads is well indicated, the character of both the principal figures being well searched and studied.

A LIST OF EL GRECO'S PAINTINGS IN VARIOUS GALLERIES

**AUSTRIA.** VIENNA: Portrait of a Young Man—**ENGLAND.** LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Christ driving out the Money Changers—RICHMOND, SIR F. COOK'S COLLECTION: Christ driving out the Money Changers—**FRANCE.** PARIS, M. CHRISTIAN CHERFILS: Genre pictures, Boy, Girl, and Monkey—DON RAIMONDO DE MADRAZO: Holy Family—M. L. MANZI: Portrait—PRADES, PALAIS DE JUSTICE: Crucifixion—**GERMANY.** DRESDEN: Healing of the Blind Man—**ITALY.** NAPLES: Julio Clovio—PARMA: Healing of the Blind Man—**RUMANIA.** BUCHAREST: Marriage of the Virgin—**RUSSIA.** ST. PETERSBURG: Alonso Erciold—**SCOTLAND.** GLASGOW, MCCORKINDALE COLLECTION: The Nativity—**SPAIN.** ILLESCAS, CHURCH OF THE HOSPITAL DE LA CARIDAD: Figure of Charity; Coronation of the Virgin; The Birth of Our Lord; The Annunciation; Portrait of San Isidore—MADRID, DON IGNACIO ZULOAGA: St. Francis—DON PABLO BORCH: Good replica of the 'Coronation of the Virgin'—MARQUIS DE CASA TORRES: St. Sebastian—MARQUIS DE CERRALBO: St. Francis—CHAPTER HALL, ESCORIAL: San Mauric del Escorial; Dream of Philip II; San Eugenio and San Pedro—PRADO MUSEUM: The Baptism; The Crucifixion; St. Paul; Christ dead in the Arms of the Eternal Father (Plate x); Rodrigo Vasquez; St. Anthony of Padua—SR. BERVETE: Christ driving out the Money Changers; Head of a Man (Plate ix); Portrait of a Physician (Plate vii); St. Basil (Plate vi)—PALENCIA, CATHEDRAL: St. Sebastian—TOLEDO, CATHEDRAL: El Espolio—CHAPEL OF SAN JOSE: St. Joseph; The Coronation of the Virgin; The Virgin and Child with Sta. Inez and Sta. Fido; St. Martin de Tours on Horseback—CHURCH OF STA. TOMÉ: Burial of the Count of Orgaz; Parting of Christ and the Virgin—PROVINCIAL MUSEUM: St. Bartholomew; Canon Antonio de Covarrubias; Don Diego de Covarrubias; Portrait of Cardinal Tavera (Plate ii)—**UNITED STATES.** BOSTON, ART MUSEUM: Portrait of Cardinal Sforza Pallavicino (Plate iv)—CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: The Assumption (Plate iii).

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MASTERS IN ART

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**Hunt**

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AMERICAN SCHOOL





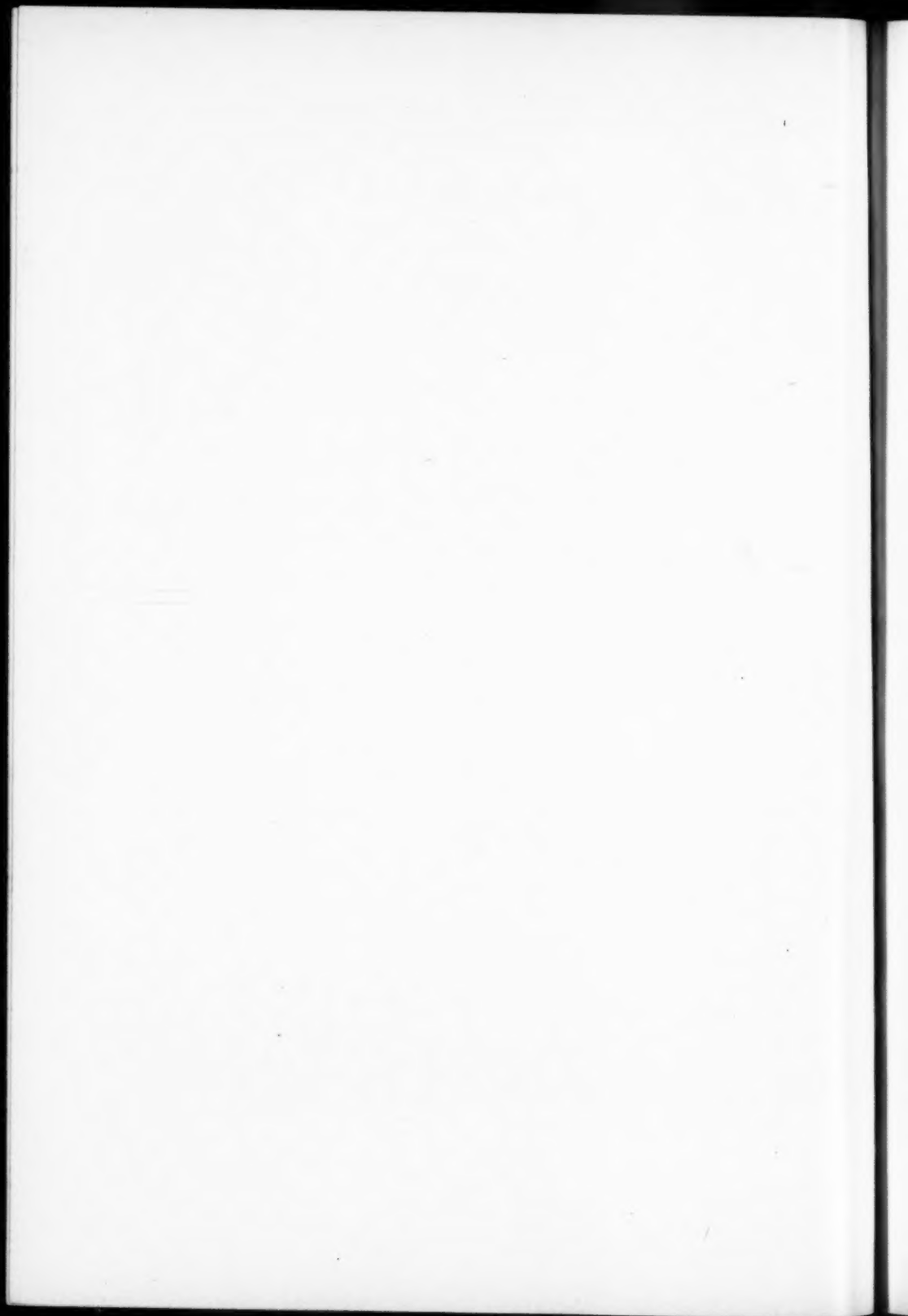














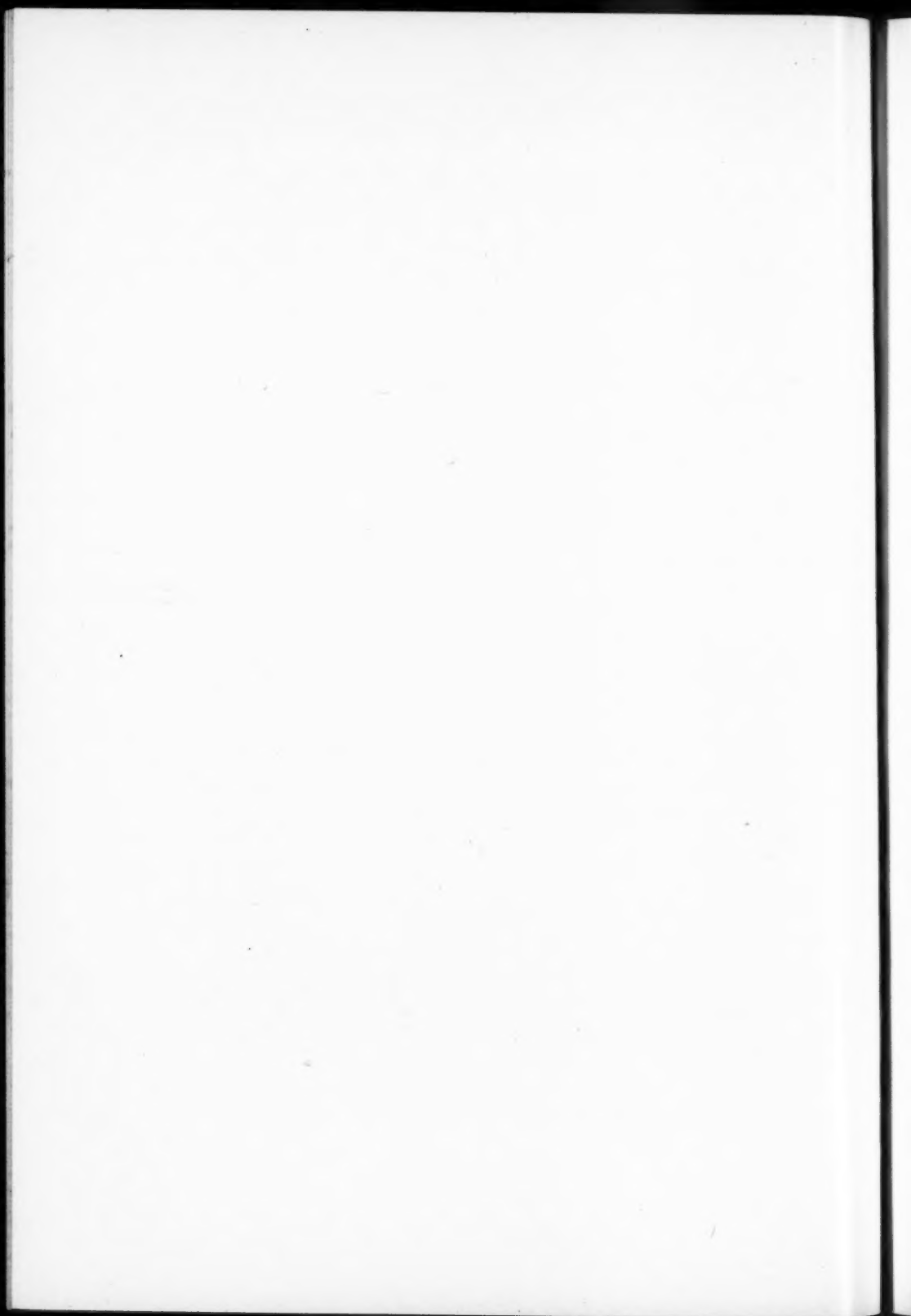


HUNT  
DISCOVERER [STUDY]

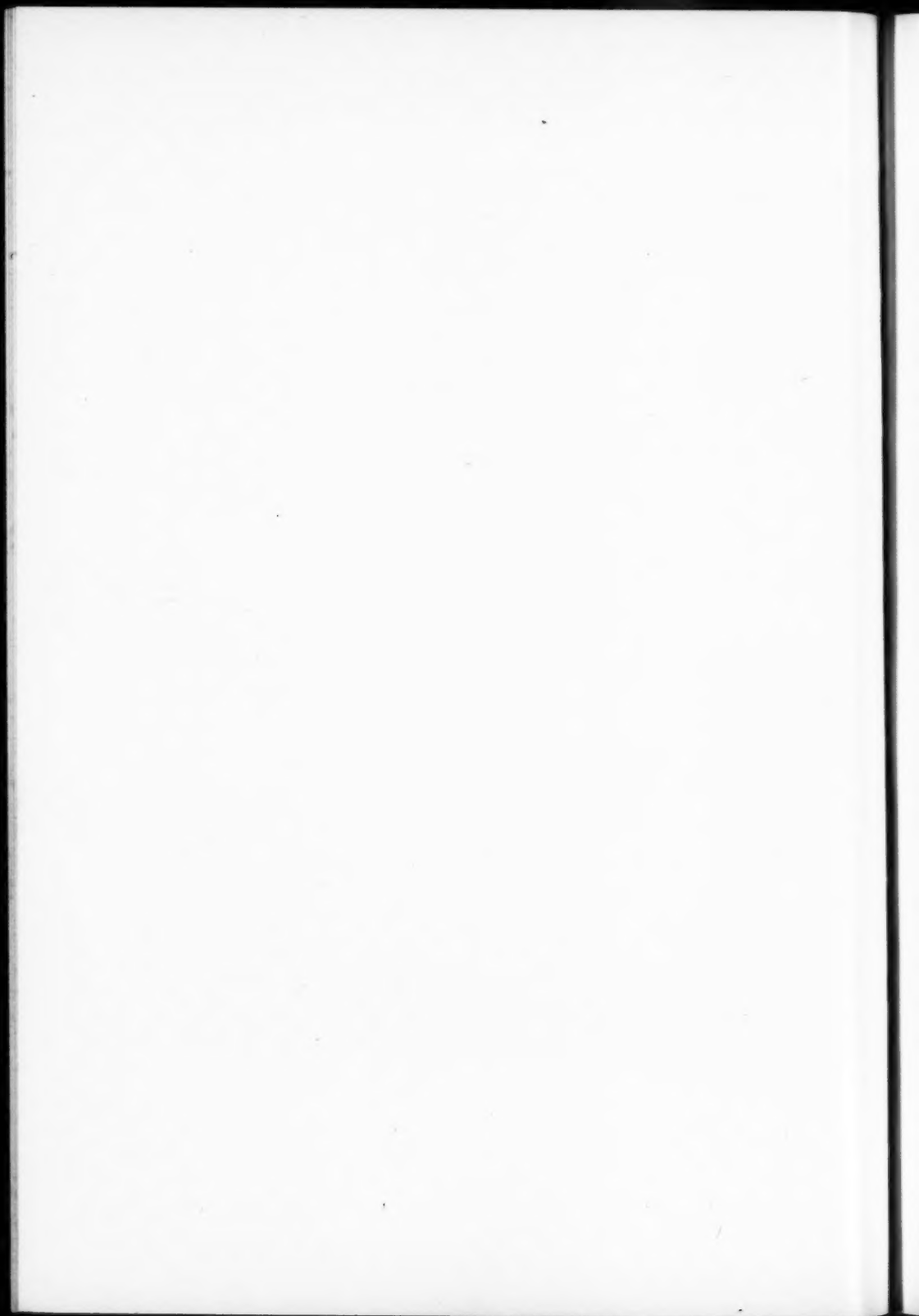




HUNT  
FLIGHT OF NIGHT

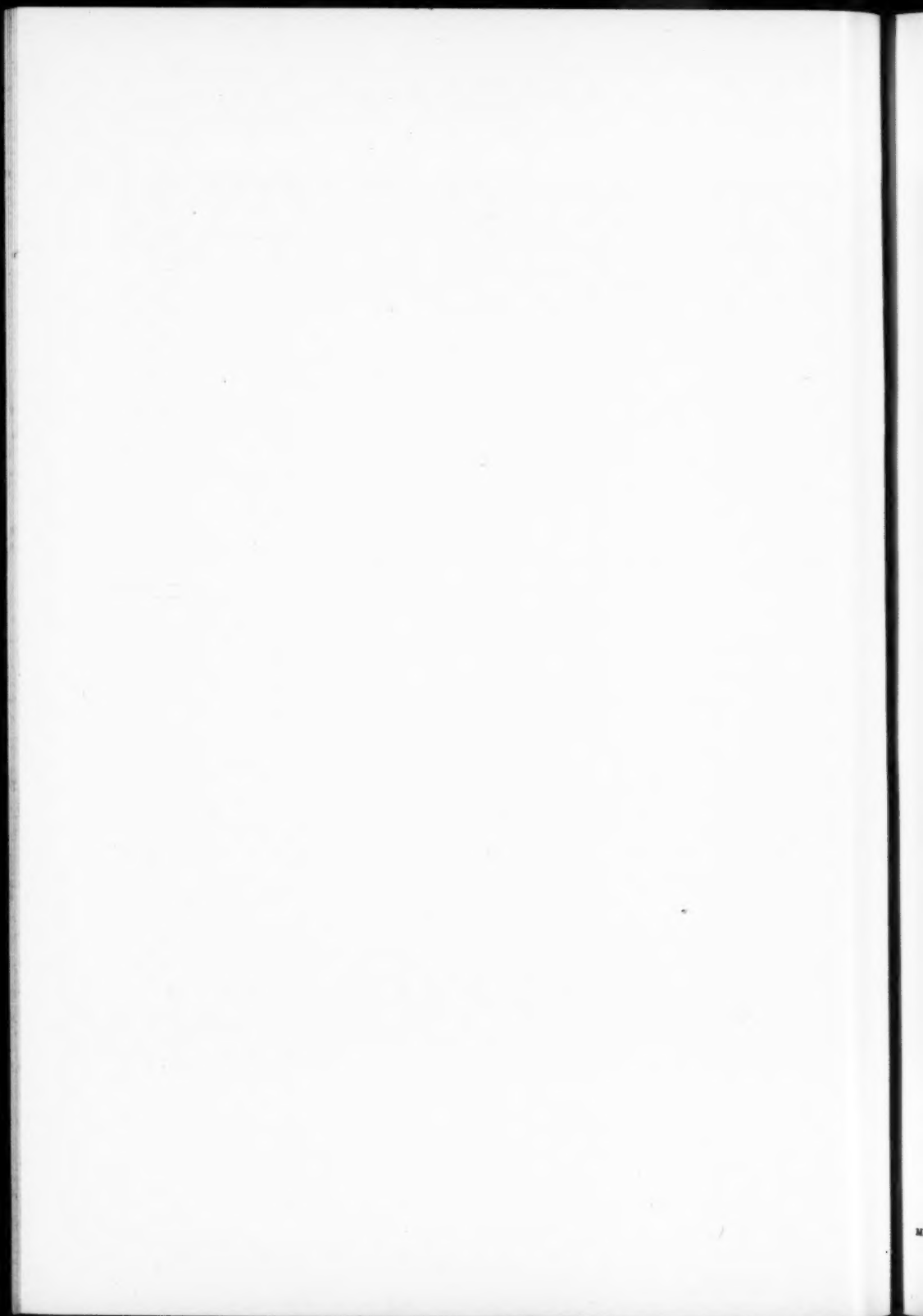








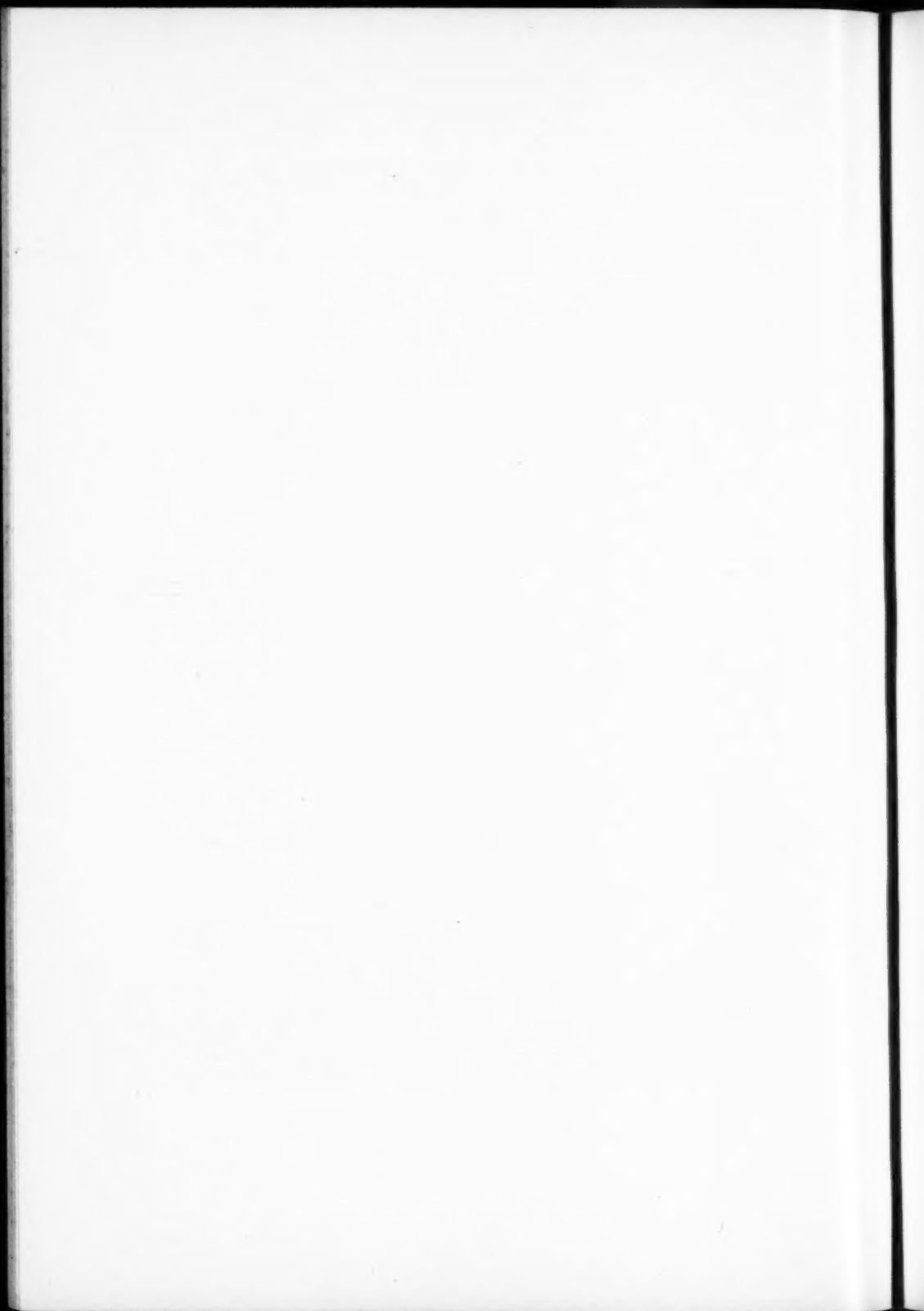




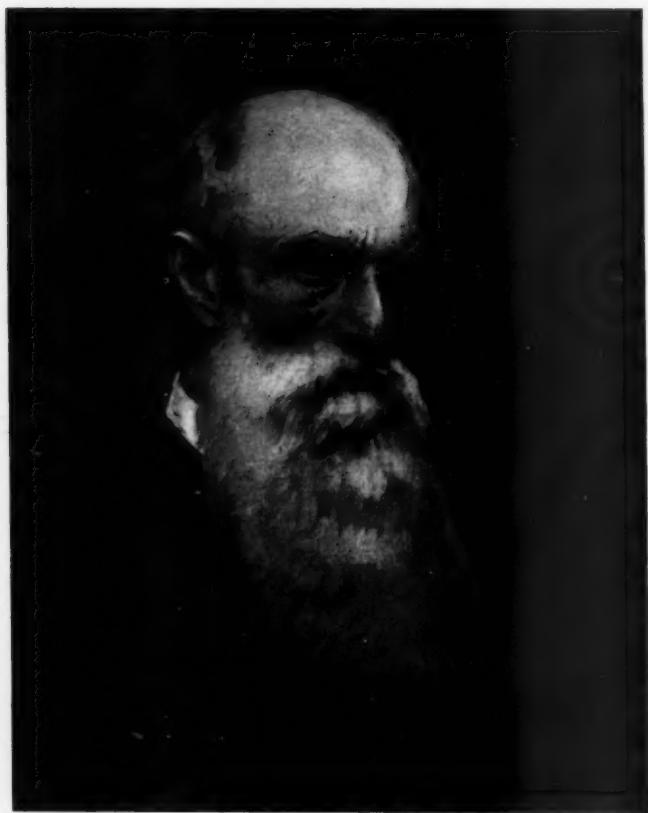












PORTRAIT OF HUNT

BY HIMSELF

This portrait has a rather grim, severe look, which was not wholly Hunt's character, as he was full of gaiety and gentleness and the milk of human kindness. But a man painting himself forgets these things. He is interested in the problem in hand, and paints spot for spot and line for line without thinking much about the expression. Probably, too, Hunt, whose life had not been entirely happy, looked rather sad when his face was in repose. His life, though successful, in the main, was full of constant disappointments. Hunt, as has been said before, looked like certain portraits of Da Vinci and Titian. He was also likened in his early life to Géricault, the famous painter of the "Raft of the Medusa."



## William Morris Hunt

BORN 1824: DIED 1879  
AMERICAN SCHOOL

**W**ILLIAM MORRIS HUNT was born in Brattleboro, Vermont, March 31, 1824. His father, Judge Jonathan Hunt, was a prominent jurist of the State and his mother was a woman of remarkable ability and force of character. She had always wanted to be an artist herself, and when her children were old enough she made every effort to have them taught something of drawing and painting.

William Hunt was a boy of remarkable cleverness and ability. Even at an early age he was distinguished for his skill in drawing and, indeed, in all delicate manual processes. His mother organized a class in drawing for herself and her family which was taught by an Italian refugee named Gambadella, so that from a very early time Hunt had a considerable knowledge of drawing.

He went to Harvard College for a time, and later learned, from a Boston expert, to cut cameos. Determining to devote himself to the study of art, he went to Europe in 1845 and began to work in Düsseldorf. Though he had most agreeable friends there, he did not like the methods of teaching then in vogue at that place, and determined to go to Paris. There he chanced to see a picture by Thomas Couture, the then famous painter of 'La Decadence Romaine.' This picture was called 'The Falconer,' and made such an impression on the young artist that he at once decided to enter Couture's atelier. Being naturally quick and skilful with his hands, he very soon became the cleverest painter of the class.

Couture, an artist of immense skill and ability, had a carefully thought out method of painting which was quite famous in its day. The student drew his study in very carefully with charcoal. This being fixed, he made a very thin "rub-in" with turpentine. Or let us quote Miss Helen M. Knowlton's description: "The method of painting in Couture's class was to make a careful and if possible a stylish or elegant drawing of the subject, adding only a few simple 'values' or shades, with a 'frottée' of thin color, leaving them to dry over night. Next day, by a formula which can be found in Couture's little book, 'Method of Painting,' another thin 'frottée' was used in portions; and with long-haired whipping-brushes the color was laid on in its exact

place — the darks where they belonged and of the right depth of tone, the lights thickly and of startling brilliancy. Not one stroke could be retouched or mud would ensue. The middle tones required the utmost nerve, feeling, and decision; but their quality when good was delightful."

It is evident from this description that such a method would be too mannered for absolute truth. Hunt, however, naturally skilful, soon mastered it and produced very brilliant work. Nevertheless, he was not entirely satisfied with it, and, chancing to come across some of the work of Jean François Millet, he was greatly struck by its power and sincerity. He came to know Millet, bought many of his pictures at a time when the great artist sorely needed help and encouragement, and always remained his friend.

Couture was not at all pleased at this entanglement with a painter "who," as he said, "was too poor to give his peasants wrinkles to their breeches." The relations between master and pupil became somewhat strained, and Hunt came more and more under the influence of Millet. It is difficult to imagine men of more different temperament: Millet, serious, a little heavy, a little sad; Hunt, light, gay, and full of the joy of living. No doubt on this account he became a great friend of Millet. The two men used to take long tramps in the country, and Millet would explain his manner of seeing and doing. Hunt, whether consciously or unconsciously, did various subjects something in the genre of Millet, but the work of the two men was really quite different. Hunt's, despite the peasant subject, were always graceful, delicate little Watteaux in sabots. Something of Couture's technique persisted in his work, making it different from the solid *maconné* manner of Millet.

The friendship of Hunt and Millet is indeed a curious thing, it was so unproductive of results. Men who never met Millet at all, like Segantini, show his influence much more than does Hunt, who knew him well for a long time. The fact is, the natures of the two men were entirely different. Hunt was too keen, too sympathetic, an observer not to see and feel the great qualities in Millet's art, but they were not his qualities; for, in short, his qualities supplemented those of Millet. He had just the grace and lightness of touch which Millet had not and which would have been out of place in Millet's somber work.

In 1856 Hunt returned to America and settled at first in Newport. Here he influenced, among others, the work of John Lafarge, then a very young man; and in the best later work of Lafarge one sees much of this Hunt influence. Later Hunt came to Boston and at first, strange to say, took a studio in Roxbury. Later he engaged an atelier in the Commercial Building in Boston and began his long Boston career.

One of his first important pictures was the portrait of 'Chief Justice Shaw,' which will always remain one of his finest works. Somewhat later he began his first picture of 'Anahita,' or 'The Flight of Night' (Plate v), which he afterwards painted again as a decoration on the walls of the Capitol at Albany. The original picture was an enormous affair some fifty feet long, and was unfortunately burnt in the great Boston fire, which destroyed almost all of Hunt's work made up to that time, besides pictures by Millet, Diaz, and other Barbi-

zon painters. This was a great misfortune, because, while in certain respects Hunt's work constantly improved till it came to be a prevision of modern impressionistic work, there is none the less a closeness, or solidity, in his earlier work — as so often happens in the work of a young artist of talent — that is superior to the more loosely made "facture" of his later years.

Toward the end of his life Hunt received a commission to decorate two great panels in the State Capitol at Albany. These decorations were the supreme effort of his life. They were painted with astonishing rapidity under the most difficult circumstances, and they were far the most important, the most ambitious and, as decorations, the best things that had been done in America up to that time. Indeed, as one reviews the acres of decorative work done here since then, one is compelled to say that his decorations, despite certain faults, are among the very few fine decorative efforts that have been produced in America. It may have been due to the enormous exertions necessary for finishing this decoration "on time" for the passage of the American Juggernaut; whatever the reason, Hunt's health shortly after gave way, he suffered greatly from nervous depression, and some six months after, while staying with friends in the Isles of Shoals, he was found drowned in a small pool.

Having been on the whole under-estimated during his life, it is possible that his work was by certain over-enthusiastic friends over-estimated immediately after his death. Certain of his pictures sold for what were then enormous prices, and in Boston, particularly, he was regarded as one of the greatest of painters. Now it is possible that the wheel has turned too much the other way. One seldom hears of Hunt; one seldom sees his pictures. This is partly due to the fact that the portraits, which made much the greater part of his work, are largely owned in private families. Such neglect is unfortunate, for it still remains true that Hunt is among the very few remarkable American painters, and as an artistic personality he still remains quite unique. It is this same artistic personality and temperament that did and does endear him to many artists. He was artist to his finger-tips, and such defects as he had were just as much the result of his artistry as were his merits. In a country rather lacking, for the most part, in artistic temperament, he was a supreme example of just that quality. And in artists' studios one still hears fine stories of his generosity, his gaiety, and his artistry.

In summing up an artist's qualities one wants to find just that trait which made him most himself and at the same time most different from others. In Hunt it would seem that this primal quality was grace. He had a delightful way of indicating things, no matter how slightly, and in his finished work, even if it were not in every respect wholly desirable, this quality of delicate grace is most often to be found. And most of all, perhaps, is this found in certain portraits of ladies, which have a peculiar air of distinction. Naturally, in virile portraits like that of Chief Justice Shaw this trait is not so obvious. But the sensitiveness that produced it is there. Besides, the 'Shaw' was a single great effort, and, though fine, was not perhaps so characteristic of the artist's nature as are several of the portraits of women.

His situation in America was in some respects a difficult one, and perhaps explains some of the qualities and the defects in his work. He had been very successful in France, showing a singular precocity. He returned to find America, or at least Boston, indifferent to many of the things he cared about. He had a distinct genius for society, and by his mere personal charm succeeded in interesting many people in the work of his friend Millet. And from this same reason many people became interested in his own work, people who perhaps would not have cared much about the work alone. It came about in the end that he had a band of most devoted admirers, while many others were, to say the least, indifferent.

This is the fate of almost all artists; but Hunt was not of a nature to bear it with the stoic equanimity which many artists, despite their temperament, learn to assume. It irritated him at times, this indifference, and to some extent it reacted on his work. So did the thick and thin praise of his devoted friends. And more than all this was the consciousness — for he must have been conscious of it — that he was far and away the best painter of his time in America. He had no able rivals, as had Titian or as Reynolds had, to push him to do his level best. If he produced a study head in two or three hours, full of charm and possibly lacking in study and in construction, he might very well have said to himself, "Well, there are slighted bits in it, but it's a lot better than any one else in America can do."

This was true enough, but it did not incite him to the earnest, thoughtful study which is most often shown in the works of the great masters. He was capable of the closest concentration in his work; as is shown, for instance, in the portrait of Mrs. Adams. Yet some of his work is not as good as he was capable of doing. He had immense facility. There are astonishing stories of his finishing a portrait in two or three sittings; and the result being so much better than anything that any one else about him was doing, it might easily have happened that he was tempted to let that go as pretty good which might have been made very good. "*Le meilleur est l'enemie du bon.*" And perhaps this tendency was a little helped by a chorus of most amiable friends, who were always ready to applaud the slightest sketch.

One is tempted to compare Hunt with two other famous American portrait-painters, to whom numbers of this series have been devoted; that is, to Copley and Stuart. The work of Copley was perhaps of these three the most studied and careful. On the other hand, it lacked the vitality of Stuart and the almost morbid charm of Hunt's best work. Copley, toward the end of his life, came to work with great facility, but his work never had the delicate grace which distinguishes that of Hunt. Stuart, on the other hand, as a painter of single heads, was, perhaps, better than either of these; but one is not disposed to judge an artist simply from his ability to paint single heads. One wants to see what he would do with more ambitious work.

In summing up, one might say that Hunt, while possibly not so remarkable a portraitist as the other two men, was much better equipped for all kinds of art, and immeasurably a more artistic personality. Stuart seems to have been content to go on turning out luscious portrait heads to the end of the chapter. Copley was more ambitious; but his large subject-pieces, like

the 'Major Pierson' and the 'Surrender at Camperdown,' though interesting, were hardly remarkable works of art. On the other hand, Hunt ranged over the whole field of art, and everything that he did, even if slight and incomplete, was at least extremely artistic. The other two men were each in their way admirable workmen. Hunt, though full of natural dispositions, was hardly workman enough, but artist to his finger-tips.

No account of Hunt would be quite complete without some reference to the famous "Hunt Class." He had the feeling that many fine artists have had before him,—that there was too much pedantry in the schools and that he could produce better results in a more human and suggestive way. What he did succeed in doing was stimulating a number of intelligent women to remarkable work; work in some instances full of charm and suggestiveness, but almost always lacking in the fundamental qualities. Hunt taught as to angels. These ladies, though full of the most estimable qualities, were at least human. Their work had, as we have said, charm and suggestiveness; it was sometimes quite beautiful in color; but for the most part it was lacking in good construction, in sensitive feeling for line, in carefully observed values, especially in color-values. In six months he had taught some of these students to produce astonishing results. In six years they could do but little better. In short, the final result of his experiment was to establish the necessity of the old drill, that steady grinding drill in fundamentals, which chafes so many an artistic spirit. Most of his scholars ultimately realized this; but when the time came for study in other schools, the power of assimilation was gone; they knew too much and they did not know enough. The class remains—like other pathetic and splendid Boston experiments, like the Brooke Farm episode and others—a proof that the pennies must be counted before the pounds, and that art, though divine, is rooted in material things.

In studying Hunt's various qualities, it may be said that his drawing was good, at least as regards the construction of heads, though hardly particularly incisive or poignant. When he came to draw the nude figure, as in the 'Anahita' or 'The Bathers' (Plate ix), though his results were full of charm, they did not reveal remarkable power of construction or of sensitive line. In short, he was not primarily a draftsman, though he was capable of drawing quite sufficiently well when keyed up to it. As to his color, it varied greatly in quality. Sometimes it was extremely saturated and puissant, as in the 'Mr Gardiner' and in the 'Niagara.' Again it was somber and rather blackish, as in the 'Hamlet.' Yet again, as in 'The Bathers' his work had a rich glow that was very agreeable, though hardly suggestive of nature.

Hunt's work was full of character. He not only, when he was interested, grasped and expressed the character of his sitter, but there were besides, in his very work and the doing of it, certain characteristic accents quite different from the work of other men. He was himself a very distinct personality, and he had the gift to make his work look just as personal. His composition was not, perhaps, very remarkable; that is, one does not recall many arrangements of startling originality and power—except, perhaps 'The Bathers.' On the other hand, he knew the work that had been done in the world thoroughly well and his composition is always adequate and unobtrusive.



Strange to say, his values were not always very good. One says "strange" because this quality of values — that is, carefully observed relations of tone — was one on which he constantly insisted in his class and a thing which he thought a good deal about. At times, as, for instance, in a little charcoal drawing of an azalea blossom, his values are quite wonderful, suggesting color. At other times one feels they are not wholly just. The influence of Couture's technique persisted throughout his life in his work. It is true that he felt he had outgrown Couture. So, indeed, he had, but one does n't easily forget the lessons of one's first master. Couture, as a matter of fact, was the first teacher whom Hunt had taken seriously.

Just how true his work was is a difficult matter to decide. His earlier work impresses us as that of a man who had seen most of the fine pictures of the world and who had a very definite idea of how he thought a picture ought to look. No doubt the influence of Couture, and later of Millet, strengthened in him this sense of how a fine picture should appear. His earlier work, then, follows this formula pretty closely. Even the finer things, like the 'Chief Justice Shaw' (Plate VI), were built up from this same formula. Later, especially in the last few years of his life, he seems to have grasped the real aspect of nature more firmly, and his latest work, especially the portrait of Mr. Gardiner and some of the Niagara studies, are of a striking truth and originality. In the effort to compass this, as happens often enough with innovation, some of his lesser graces may have fallen away.

It should be remembered that while other men in America were merely marking time, Hunt was working out for himself something that very nearly resembled Impressionist art. His latest pictures, the Niagara studies and the portrait of Mr. Gardiner, are done in very pure color and produce very much the effect of certain pictures by the French Impressionists, though they are more plausible looking. Hunt, it is true, knew something about these French Impressionists. He was back in Paris for a time in 1869, and it is said that he knew Manet. Manet's work, however, after all only marked the beginnings of Impressionism; and Hunt, in certain respects, went farther than he.

Hunt also knew the work of Whistler at a time when he was practically ignored in America. He mentions one of Whistler's works, possibly 'The Blue Wave,' in his "Talks on Art." But while he sympathized with Whistler in his struggle against Ruskin, it does n't appear that he was influenced by his work. Indeed, as Whistler was a much younger man, this could hardly be expected. He says himself on the subject of his English acquaintances: "I knew many of the pre-Raphaelite painters in England, and liked them very much. They made a charming society of their own, friendly with each other and hospitable to strangers. They are wonderfully earnest workers, so one cannot fail to deeply respect them. Their pictures are not interesting — Rossetti's, for instance, which yet had something fascinating in the expression of the heads."

Toward the end of his life Hunt came to look very like Leonardo da Vinci. This, no doubt, was partly owing to his long white beard. But he had in some measure many of Da Vinci's qualities. He had his personal beauty and some-

thing of his physical strength, and his skill at turning his hand to anything. And with this went a something, one would not say dilatory, but a something which made him constantly experiment, constantly change. It was one of the defects of his qualities. It probably prevented him from producing as important work as he might have, and yet it gave his work an interest to those who care to study it which it might not have had under other conditions. And there is also this pathetic likeness to Da Vinci — that both men, in experimental mood, painted their masterpieces in oil-paints on a stone wall, and as a result, both pictures are now irretrievably ruined.

What has made Hunt's memory known to students more than anything else is the little book called 'Talks on Art.' Hunt was in the habit of giving brilliant, dashing criticisms, full of pith and humor, and one of the members of his class used to write down whatever he said, on the back of a canvas or anything that came handy. These notes were afterwards collected and published, and they make a unique book. The book is particularly valuable as being a record of what an artist of ability thought about questions of art. It is a most stimulating book, and many an art student has felt more like working after reading it. If it has a defect, it is that it encourages the American in his chief defect,— a tendency to do things carelessly and to hope that some Oversoul will perfect what he has not taken the trouble to start properly.

The book is full of witty sayings, as, for instance, this remark:

"I had as lief smell of music or eat the receipt of a plum pudding as listen to a lecture on art."

It is a remarkable exposition of an artist's way of looking at things, and even where it is inconsistent, perhaps because of that, it expresses the artistic point of view very well. All through it one finds suggestive phrases:

"In order to be ideal you have got to be awfully real."

"Don't mind what your friends say. In the first place, they think you're an idiot; in the next place, they expect great things of you; in the third place, they would n't know if you did a good thing."

"Judges of art in America! What does their opinion amount to? 'Essipoff does n't touch me.' No, but spruce gum might."

"A great deal has got to be done materially in order to render things æsthetically."

"Do it! Don't be afraid. The moment you are afraid you might as well be in Hanover Street shopping."

"I remember your sketch of a turtle crossing a garden path — the most original thing that ever came out of Cambridge."

"We don't work enough for the sake of learning, but too much for the sake of having it known that we work."

"The struggle of one color with another produces color."

"I don't like *persuaded* sitters. I never could paint a cat if the cat had any scruples, religious, superstitious, or otherwise, about sitting."

"Duty never painted a picture or wrote a poem or built a fire."

"You can't even see a hair on a cat without losing sight of pussy."

"We can find all the disagreeable things in the world between our own hat and boots."



"Finish should be done in the same mood as the beginning."

"How shall I finish my owl?" "You've got his eye. Now you'd better put his body around it."

"If book-learning is called intellect, who wrote the first great books?"

"A man can be cultivated only up to his capacity."

"If speech is silver and silence golden, then gabble is greenbacks."

"I am trying for sentiment. 'Sentiment if you like, but do embroider it upon a possibility.'"

"Elaboration is not beauty, and sandpaper has never finished a piece of bad work."

"Let us remember that art, like jelly, has always been more easily recognized when cold."

"Be carefully careless."

"Whatever beauty there is comes not by itself but by what is around it."

"You can't finish anything until it is begun. Try to finish at first and you are digging a well up in the air."

"The most expressive phrases of this year's coinage: Chromo Civilization and Greedy Barbarism."

"In spite of his 'bad eyes,' Turner produced better pictures than all Germany."

There is this defect in the 'Talks,' that it is strong meat for babes. Nothing could be better for a young man fresh from five years in the Paris schools, but, spoken as it was for forty different people, it is naturally enough contradictory, so that the beginner is confused. And, worse than that, if he can *trouver son bien* therein, he can also find the particular sort of poison worst for him.

Hunt was a beautiful illustration of what the American nature can come to when it is filled with sweetness and light. He had, what most Americans lack, temperament,—a richness of blood, a passion of spirit, which seems frozen out of many of us by the modern cold-storage conditions under which we live. He was thoroughly American. His sayings are racy of the soil. But all that acridity, sourness, crudeness, which herald themselves in our national voice seemed burnt out of him by the fire of his passion for Art and Life.

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## The Art of Hunt

SAMUEL ISHAM

'HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING'

IT is not easy to give a satisfactory appreciation of the work and influence of Hunt. He belongs to the class of which Allston was the type and precursor,—ardent young Americans, intelligent, enthusiastic, feeling the charm of the accumulated art of the Old World with a freshness and an intensity to which the native mind, dulled by constant familiarity, rarely attains. Nor was it all vague emotion. The men produced work full of promise, but the promise was never quite fulfilled. When they returned to America there was something

in their surroundings or in themselves that checked their development. In the case of Hunt it was not lack of sympathy. If the great masses were wholly indifferent and the majority of the artists really hostile, yet the people with whom he came in contact were all friends and admirers, comprehending and encouraging him. Few artists have had surroundings more sympathetic. What he lacked was professional criticism of a few intimate friends — or enemies — who were of the craft, knowing of what the art was capable, understanding his aims, and interested in their complete achievement rather than taking the intention for the accomplishment. Such criticism was peculiarly necessary to Hunt, for he was not completely master of his craft. He was right to reject the drudgery of Düsseldorf, which would certainly have limited his development; but, though later he worked hard under Couture, who was an excellent draftsman, his drawing lacks some of the prosaic but necessary Düsseldorfian qualities. He was just emerging from the student stage when he broke away to follow Millet, and a dozen years of the severest self-training should have followed. Something of the kind there was, but not enough, and he remains to the end an amateur — not only in the sense of loving his art, but also in lacking the sure professional mastery.

His first exhibited work, a portrait of his mother done in 1850, is purely a work of Couture's atelier, and the same may be said for 'The Prodigal Son,' though there the handling had become looser and freer, so that it was not very well received. His other early figure-pieces mostly show the same influence, though yielding to that of Millet in his 'Sheep-Shearing' and some smaller canvases. It was after his return to America, when he had forgotten or assimilated the example of his French masters, that his most personal and original work was produced,— figure-pieces like 'The Boy and the Butterfly,' his many portraits, his landscapes and still-life studies, culminating with his decoration of the Albany Capitol.

The work is most varied and most unequal, but it leaves an unsatisfied feeling in the mind. It was so promising, so promising to the end; but somehow it never culminated into masterpieces round and complete, where the painter could be said to have given the full measure of his temperament. The Albany decorations approach nearest such a standard; but, done under unfavorable circumstances and in almost impossible time-limits, they were still tentative and incomplete. It might have been otherwise if the scheme for the complete decoration of the Capitol had been given to him, as proposed, and his life had been spared to complete it.

This regret for what might have been should not belittle Hunt's actual achievement. His was a strong, artistic temperament, personal, and not to be turned into a mere echo of Couture or any other master. He had not only the emotional delight in beauty common to so many young Americans in Europe, but his emotional perception was artistic. He saw form simply, nobly, and in those great masses that give character, and he was besides a colorist. There is a certain ability to give a warm, rich tone to a picture which the competent student gets in a good school. In this sense May has just been called a good colorist; but Hunt was something different and beyond. He was

a colorist as Inness was, and felt naturally the delicate harmonies and contrasts of nature; he remembered them and recorded them in all their strength or subtlety. Coloring was not a kind of varnish to be spread over the picture; it was the picture. Canvases like 'The Bathers' or 'The Boy and the Butterfly,' his landscapes or still-life studies, are simply records of his delight in beautiful tones. Even some of the earlier figure-sketches are relieved from commonplaceness by the luminousness of a neck or a bit of dress against the sky. This feeling for color united with that for large, simple form made Hunt impatient of minute handling and forced him into a freer technique than had been previously used in America; and it is through this large handling and the feeling for texture involved with it that he exerted his greatest influence.

We have to recall the opposition and abuse which so conventional a thing as his 'Prodigal Son' aroused when exhibited at the Academy of Design and at New Haven to understand how universal was the laborious, inartistic technique evolved from Düsseldorf and an untrained native taste. In landscape, Inness and Homer D. Martin broke away from it, bringing down upon themselves the reproaches and ridicule of their *confrères*, but in figure-painting Hunt was the first. He was hardly master enough of his craft to lead the way with absolute authority. He could draw absolutely enough in the Couture manner if he set himself seriously to the task, but in the swift, dashing work that he loved he was not sure enough to do with certainty what he would. When, for instance, he painted a large version of 'The Bathers' he neither corrected the faults nor retained the freshness of the original sketch, and his portraits were generally left unfinished. He worked on them impetuously for a few hours, striking in the broad general masses, and then his interest would died out. He shirked the labor of carrying the sketch to completion; but when his enthusiasm lasted to the end he produced canvases like the 'Chief Justice Shaw,' admirable in character and workmanship,— and much derided in Boston when first shown. His message was that nothing but the essential should be painted, and nothing unless the artist felt an immediate, personal enthusiasm in his work. It is this that gives vitality to his paintings, and he taught it equally in his life.

Hunt was a personage in Boston. His irrepressible energy, his magnetism, his outbursts of praise or blame, his picturesque praise, his catholic taste, so independent and sure that he was an apostle for Japanese art as well as for the Barbizon school, all gave him a power which he exercised nobly. At Newport, in the early days of his return, he greatly influenced LaFarge, and later, when J. Foxcroft Cole and Bicknell and other early students in Paris came back, he bought their pictures and did what he could to make their path easy. At the sight of some of Vedder's pictures he wrote to the artist, whom he did not know at all personally, and organized an exhibition of his work in Boston, which was successful in every way. Special fame has been gained by the class of young ladies that he taught, and his incisive admonitions to them have been garnered in a book. It is not recorded that any of his pupils gained great distinction in art, but one envies them their experiment, their loyalty to their master, their illusions. Hunt made them share his emotions, which

was an education in itself; he could not make them share his work, and even in his own case the emotions were probably finer than the work. He may have thought so himself, for one of his sadder sayings is, "In another country I might have been a painter." Perhaps with more encouraging surroundings his art might have been more complete, but his influence could hardly have been greater for good. He was of his time, and helped to shape it, and as he retorted to some one who spoke to him of Allston, feeling perhaps a sort of parallelism in their lives, "Well, there is one thing they can say of me: that I have seen something of what has been going on around me."

C. H. CAFFIN

'THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN PAINTING'

**P**ERHAPS the fame of a certain picture, 'Romans of the Decadence,' and the extraordinary interest which its appearance at the Salon of 1847 aroused, had something to do with stimulating his imagination in a new direction; at any rate, it was the painter of this picture whom he sought as a teacher. He joined the studio of Couture. The latter, a pupil of Delaroche, had been trained in a "classic" manner of drawing the figure, which may be summed up in Tennyson's description of Maud:

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,  
Dead perfection, no more."

But in Couture's case the frigid and sculptor-like character of the so-called "ideal" figure was warmed with a romantic ardor and enriched with color. It was this combination of qualities that had created a sensation; for it seemed to reconcile the conservatism of the older men with the eager throb of younger life. Yet, as a matter of fact, the picture, like its subject, belonged to an older order of things and had no relation to the spirit of the age. The latter, a scientific and mechanical affair, was directed to an exact study of the cause and effect of natural phenomena; in literature, likewise, to a realistic examination of present life. This picture, with its elaborate classic setting, composed of fragments of Roman architecture cemented together by the painter's imagination, with its crowd of voluptuaries, men and women, under the influence of liquor, in shameless abandonment, contained an element of perennial truth. By inference men could draw from it a moral for the present, but it was hidden under a masquerading of the past. Zola, presenting the same moral, clothed in the actual forms of the rich and poor of his own time, thereby made it sting the conscience of the public. That was shocking, for people do not like the naked truth. In this picture there was no such violation of propriety; the truth was, as it were, only nude; nakedness diffused through a prism of make-believe perfection — art, not life.

But there was a contemporary of Couture's whose ideal was art and life — life in art, art vitalized by the expression of life. As yet, however, he was only that "wild man of the woods," Jean François Millet, unheeded. He, too, in his early struggle for bread had painted "ideal nudes"; now his subjects were the peasants of Barbizon, rough-hewn types of men and women, coarsened and twisted out of shape by toil, as far removed as possible from Couture's.

Yet Hunt, and it was a strange fact, became, during the latter part of his sojourn in France, as strongly influenced by Millet as he had been by Couture. Perhaps it may be explained in this way: starting out with the intention of being a sculptor, he had evidently a prior sensitiveness to form; then, as he came to know pictures, the feeling for color was aroused; he found both satisfied in Couture's work. Moreover, he had come out to learn, and the student's first craving is for definite formularies. Couture, well equipped with set methods and maxims, could show his pupils exactly "how to do it," and in his studio Hunt remained for several years, an enthusiastic follower of the master's technique.

But gradually the eagerness of the mere student abated. The influence of Millet, coming later, touched a maturer need. Firstly, it gave him the inspiration of a motive. Millet's uncouth simplicity of truth struck a vein of sincerity in himself. It taught him a notion of the "ideal" very different from the one aimed at and inculcated in Couture's studio — an idealization, not of unnatural perfection, but of human nature as it is; not of high-wrought passion and romance, but of fulfilment of the daily routine of duty. It was a motive at once artistic and moral, based on Truth. And secondly, it was presented with a correspondingly simple sincerity of technique. Millet's strong, broad generalization was as far removed from the exquisite refinement of Couture's method as from the niggling exactness of the Düsseldorfians; its grand sweep of line and dignity of masses were not obviously enforced, but to be discovered under the guise of clumsy forms; it was a method in which nothing is sacrificed to truth of nature, and yet commonplace is always overcome by art.

It was a technique so peculiarly the product of Millet's own conscience that it was not to be learned by any one else; and the principle which it involved, of beginning with nature and ending in art, was so different from Couture's, which was art only, first, last, and all the time, that Hunt never wholly emerged from the conflict of these two influences. He attempted to affect a compromise, but with only partial success, and remained to the end a painter of whom more might have been expected than he actually achieved, since he never gained the assurance of belief in himself which is possessed by many a smaller man.

Returning home, he settled in Newport, Rhode Island, and then moved to Boston, where the remainder of his life was spent. Around him gathered a number of pupils, impressed by the charm of his personality and the dignity of his artistic ideals. This in itself helped to impede his own technical advancement, since it kept him over-occupied with theories and limited his opportunities for the actual practice of painting.

Yet this sacrifice of himself certainly redounded to the benefit of others, for he sowed the seed which has since grown and multiplied. The gist of his teaching was that it is not the subject, but the way in which the subject is rendered, that determines the artistic method of a picture; that in the hands of an artist, any subject, no matter how simple and insignificant, can be made artistic; and that this artistic quality, a product and expression of himself, is



what the painter should aim chiefly to embody in his pictures; furthermore, that the ideal of good brushwork is not to concern one's self with niggling precision of detail for detail's sake, but to obtain truth of character and expression.

A writer in the sixties describes his work as "naïve," which, from our present point of view, it certainly was not. There is nothing in it of the child-spirit; on the contrary, very much of the virile and intellectual. But it displayed what was an unfamiliar quality to his contemporaries,—a capacity for seeing artistic possibilities in the simplest subjects.

Turn to the accompanying reproduction of 'The Bathers' (Plate 1x). There is here involved no elevated conception, as in Cole's 'Course of Empire,' nor grandeur of visible appearance, as in Church's 'Cotopaxi,' yet, as a picture, it is vastly superior to either. The reason is that in the making of it the artist's motive was a joy in the possibilities of beautiful expression that the subject offered. First, the poise of the figure, the elastic force of the body and limbs, suspended rather than resting in perfect ease of balance; secondly, the charm of color as the sunlight plays over the nude form, glistening upon the ripples of flesh, illuminating the shadowed parts and kindling all the tones into a healthy, vigorous glow. Everything else in the picture is made contributory to these two possibilities of beautiful expression — poise and sunlit flesh-color — so that, if you had the good fortune to see the original at the last Comparative Exhibition, I think you will agree that it communicated a heightened sense of joy in life.

If this is so, then, you will observe this picture, after all, has an idea involved in its subject that appeals to the imagination. We perhaps reach the heart of the matter when we realize that an idea may be an abstract one, not connected with any definite individual or incident, about which a great deal can be said in words, or which can be described in the form of a story. But the trouble is that so many people are lacking in imagination, or, even if they have imagination, it is not stirred by feeling; it needs to have the idea conveyed to it through a tale of words. I wonder how many people cared about Millet's 'Man with a Hoe' before Mr. Markham versified its appeal, and, on the other hand, how many of those who had appreciated it already found the appreciation increased by verbal exposition?

Hunt's pictures included portraits, figure-subjects, and landscapes, some of the last named containing sheep, which are painted with a truth of character that recalls the work of Jacque. At a time when precision of detail was apt to be considered the highest requisite of a picture, Hunt substituted for it truth of character and expression. Some of his portraits are said to have been indifferent likenesses; but the representation, as it appears in the picture, is invested with distinction and seeming individuality.

HELEN M. KNOWLTON

'ART-LIFE OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT'

WHEN the first French pictures were imported here they aroused a good deal of animosity on the part of those who did not understand their import. There was a fine collection of French masters on exhibition at

the Boston Athenæum in Beacon Street, works by Millet, Rousseau, Troyon, and others. The teacher of art in Harvard University was especially severe upon them, and published a letter in one of the newspapers in which he denounced them without measure. His words naturally aroused Hunt's indignation, and the following letter was the result:

*To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:*

The standard of art education is indeed carried to a dizzy height in Harvard University, when such men as Jean François Millet are ranked as triflers. A public exhibition of the *art work* of the gentlemen educated in this advanced school (if the fruit answers the expectations of the tree) would make the university notion of art more clear to the world, and be of service to those of us whose early advantages in art study were necessarily limited by the incapacity of such teachers as Millet and other well-known names of his nationality—a nationality which has always held high rank in art, but which, like the red men, must disappear before the strides of our mighty Western chromo-civilization.

The soil and schools of France within thirty years have shown the world the honored works of Géricault, Delacroix, Ingres, Rousseau, Troyon, Décamps, Meissonier, Regnault, Michel and Gérôme, Corot, Courbet, Couture, Millet and Diaz, Jules Dupré, Baudry, Daubigny, and a hundred others whose earnest work the world never can forget; while those who profess to teach art in our university, with the whisk of the quill undertake to sweep it all into oblivion. The unpardonable conceit of such stuff makes one's blood tingle for shame.

Who of us can volunteer to carry art to France? Which one among the painters named above was not more familiar with Veronese's best work than are our children with the Catechism? They were not only familiar with all that is *evident*, but devoted students of the qualities in Veronese of which few besides them know anything!

It is not worth while to be alarmed about the influence of French art. It would hardly be mortifying if a Millet or a Delacroix should be developed in Boston.

It is not our fault that we inherit ignorance in art; but we are not obliged to advertise it.

WILLIAM M. HUNT.

In 1859 the members of the Essex County Bar resolved to obtain for the Court house, in Salem, a portrait of Chief Justice Shaw. Hunt was living in Newport, Rhode Island, and desired to paint the portrait as an entering-wedge to his profession in Boston. The project was generally opposed by his friends. The especial portrait-painter of the city was Joseph Ames, and it was thought that two men in that branch of the profession would hardly find enough to do. In addition, it was a matter of doubt,—the raising of a sufficient sum of money for the Shaw portrait.

"I want to paint the portrait," said Hunt; "and I don't care about the money."

About one hundred dollars had been obtained by subscription from the members of the Bar; and accepting the commission without reserve, Hunt at once began upon the portrait. It was painted in a small room in the Mercantile Building, corner of Summer and Hawley Streets, the floor-space being so limited that the artist, while painting the lower half of the standing figure, was forced to kneel before the canvas.

The subject was one that would have appealed to Velasquez. Hunt felt this, and brought to the work a full understanding of its possibilities. Judge Shaw was a man who could not have been painted by an ordinary artist. Hunt felt the breadth and weight of his personality, and knew that it must



stand for the highest expression of Law and Justice. He had a strong and decided idea of how the judge was to be represented, and nothing was allowed to weaken the force of that impression. When Mrs. Shaw asked that she might be allowed to see the portrait in the course of its painting, Hunt gently but firmly refused.

"I was painting the judge of the Essex Bar," he afterwards said, "and not for the family. Mrs. Shaw would not have liked it. It would not have looked as she would wish to have it. Had I listened to her my impression of the man as I had seen him would have been changed — perhaps weakened. I was right to be firm about it. I wanted him to look as he did in court while giving his charge to the jury; not as he would appear at home, in his family."

The sum of five hundred dollars was finally paid by the members of the Bar of Essex County. The portrait is invaluable. It hangs in the Court-house at Salem, Massachusetts, and is the Mecca of many an artistic pilgrimage. Rightly it is considered a memorial of a great artist and a great Chief Justice. It is often likened to the portraits of Velasquez, and is remarkable for its wonderful rendering of character and for the extreme breadth and simplicity with which it is painted.

On its completion it was exhibited in the gallery of Messrs. Williams and Everett, and while there excited more derision than any portrait that had ever been shown in Boston. One morning, Mr. Hammatt Billings, a well-known architect and designer, entered the gallery, and found a group of artists with their heads together, wondering if the portrait were not a joke. They stepped aside to observe its effect upon the new-comer.

"Well, Mr. Billings, what do you think of it?" asked one.

"I think," was the reply, "that it is the greatest portrait that was ever painted in this country."

The by-standers felt that they had made a mistake; that here was a work of art which was quite above their comprehension. They walked away, and left Mr. Billings alone with the portrait.

In reply to a somewhat captious art-critic who charged Hunt with holding autocratic sway over Boston, and with cramming the city with French art, of which he and Thomas Couture were the prophets, Hunt said:

"I have never undertaken to teach Couture's method, or that of any other painter. I have endeavored, as all my pupils will say, to develop in each an individual manner. I would as soon think of teaching a method of writing poetry. The words 'French art,' which you put in my mouth, I do not remember to have ever used in my class. They convey no meaning to the art-student further than being a suggestion of a class of skilfully painted pictures, imported into New York, and sold to amateurs and dealers all over the country. The term is used here by what are called 'dealers' assistants,' who drum up purchasers and pocket commissions.

"Among modern pictures I admire the works of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Hogarth, Constable, Turner, Géricault, Delacroix, Ingres, Flandrin, Corot, Millet, and others. I have pointed these out to my pupils as admirable; and

I shall not forget that Géricault, one of the greatest of modern painters,— and, mind you, not a stickler for French art,— went over to England, and wrote to Delacroix to follow him, saying that the English had, at that time, the best painters.

"The idea that fine-art was ever confined to a school, or a people, is too idiotic to speak of. To be accused of upholding such a sentiment is as silly as it would be for me to publish that you believe that the art-criticism can only be written with a quill of the great, bald-headed, American eagle."

A sculptor-friend of Hunt's, who had executed, while in Paris, some fine bronzes, wrote to ask if it would be a good idea to exhibit them in Boston, and wished to know if there would be any probability of their being sold. He received this characteristic answer:

"By all means show your things in Boston. If there are not more than three persons here who will enjoy them, you should send them. These three need to see them. As for selling, that you need not expect. But if you can get up a lecture on the shape of the dishes used by the Greeks in which to mix plaster you will have plenty of chances to deliver it, that subject being, at this moment, of surpassing importance in this city."

Riding in a Washington Street car he saw a woman rise from her seat and frantically pull the bell-rope. Hunt exclaimed, *sotto voce*, and with well-feigned dismay:

"That woman almost went by *Winter Street*" (the Mecca of Boston shoppers).

Hunt was painting one of the first judges in Massachusetts when a son of the sitter called to see the portrait. Observing only the shaded white shirt-front, he exclaimed:

"Is father's shirt as soiled as that? I thought that he wore a white one."

"My God!" thundered forth the painter. "Is n't your father anything but a white shirt?"

Speaking of stupid people, he said:

"I'd like to be like that tea-kettle, stupid thing. It reflects everything, and feels nothing."

Tom Robinson once said to Hunt:

"In the days of Velasquez, and the other great fellows, there were better-looking men to paint than now."

"No," said Hunt; "if you had photographs of the old fellows they painted you would find that they were no better than the men of this time. It depends upon who looks at them. Could we look with the eyes of a Rembrandt or a Velasquez, we should have no lack of fine subjects."

Speaking of Napoleon Bonaparte, Robinson said that he could not understand his fascination. He had regarded him as a scourge. Hunt replied:

"Napoleon was able to make the Frenchman more of a Frenchman than he had ever been before. He finished him off."

Robinson had painted a fine 'Head of a Bull,' and had sold it for a hundred dollars. A by-stander inquired:

"Why don't you paint a thousand of them?"

"Yes," said Hunt, "and sell them for seventy-five cents apiece."

Hunt had, at one time, an Irishman to take care of his studio, a man who took every opportunity to watch the painter while at work. One morning some of the brushes and paints were missing, and the man confessed that he had carried them home in order to paint portraits of his wife and two children. Hunt asked him to bring the work for him to see, and declared that they were "not so bad." Talking with the man about the chances of his success, he said:

"You may get your living by it and you may not."

"I'm not going to get my living by painting portraits," said the man. "It is too d——d hard work."

President John Quincy Adams once asserted that he "would not give fifty cents for all the works of Phidias and Praxiteles;" adding that he hoped that America would not think of sculpture for two centuries to come. On hearing of this, Hunt dryly inquired:

"Does that sum of money really represent Mr. Adams's estimation of the sculpture of those artists, or the value which he places upon fifty cents?"

## The Works of Hunt

### DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

#### 'PORTRAIT OF MASTER GARDNER'

#### PLATE I

HUNT is said to have looked forward to doing this portrait with very little interest, but when he met the famous head-master of the Boston Latin School he perceived that here indeed was a character and a splendid subject for a picture. The very marked and striking characteristic points of the schoolmaster are brought out with great force and vigor. This is one of Hunt's strong pictures. The flyaway hair and careless cravat are full of character. It is not a posed picture, but simply a tired old schoolmaster, heavily planted in his chair and resting a moment. The figure, as in almost all of Hunt's, is well placed on the canvas.

#### 'PORTRAIT OF MRS. C. F. ADAMS'

#### PLATE II

THIS portrait, handsomely arranged and dignified, is also interesting as showing how completely Hunt could "finish" a subject when he was thoroughly interested and thought the *motif* demanded it. The eyes and

mouth, indeed the whole face, is carried further than are many of his portraits; and the lace, while kept in proper subordination, is delightfully studied in the right places. Again, the hands are full of individual character, and painted with a suavity which does not prevent a high finish. The expression of the face is distinguished and agreeable, while no effort has been made to flatter. This picture sticks in one's memory as one of the finest of Hunt's portraits.

'HEAD OF AN OLD MAN'

PLATE III

**T**HIS head of a fast disappearing New England type is packed full of character. The quality of the big nose, the grim mouth, and the firm, hard eyes are excellently well indicated, and the long hair and beard of an elder mode are suggested with a proper understanding of their effect on the character of the whole.

This, in comparison to the 'Mrs. Adams' and the 'Portrait of Miss T.,' indicates the astonishing versatility of Hunt. He could indicate feminine grace with an almost supersensitive delicacy, while in portraits of men, like the one of which we are speaking, of the 'Judge Shaw' and the 'Master Gardner,' he would express the most virile traits in a masterly manner.

'THE DISCOVERER' [STUDY]

PLATE IV

**T**HIS, though only a cartoon study, is introduced because 'The Discoverer' was one of the great efforts of Hunt's life and ought to be considered in a review of his work. It is pure allegory, although Hunt was, for the most part, a romantic realist. The figures, though in no sense academic, have a certain charm, and the masses of light and dark are well balanced on the canvas. Both these pictures represent something entirely original in the history of decorations. Most decorations can be studied in relation to the things that came before, but though Hunt knew his old masters as few men did, these pictures betray nothing in composition that suggests any of the older men.

'THE FLIGHT OF NIGHT'

PLATE V

**T**HIS study gives a passable idea of the effect of the famous decoration at Albany, now unfortunately ruined. It is to be noted that while almost all modern decoration betrays its origin — this recalling Puvis, that Tiepolo, another Veronese — this picture at least is very personal, recalling no particular master. Hunt by this time knew perfectly well what he wanted to express, and expressed it in a quite individual manner.

The horses, for which he made a magnificent clay study, are full of fine action and are well placed one in relation to another. Hunt was extremely fond of horses and felt that he understood their beauty and character.

## 'PORTRAIT OF JUDGE SHAW'

## PLATE VI

THIS has stood for many years as the finest portrait of a man painted in America, and, while technically other portraits by Americans have surpassed it, it still remains a tremendously vital and impressive performance. Hunt has got the impression of the grim old judge, perhaps pronouncing a verdict. There is something monumental about the thing. It would look as well in bronze. Apart from the great power of the thing, there are smaller matters to note. The figure is very well placed on the canvas. Note the skillfully placed *rappel* of white paper under the book, which repeats the clear note of the brief and the white cravat. There is no sense of emptiness; the canvas is well filled, and yet there is not one unnecessary accessory.

## 'PORTRAIT OF MISS T.'

## PLATE VII

THIS portrait study, though hardly more than a sketch, is included as showing the distinction and grace of Hunt's manner. While he was able to carry a picture very far, he sometimes — perhaps too often — dreaded to lose the first fine careless rapture of a sketch in those subsequent operations which sometimes destroy all spirit. In this case, one is glad of the result, although it would be interesting to see what he would have made of another canvas of the same subject carried to the limit of his capacity. In this, the primary things, the poise of the head, the character, and the general effect, are very successfully rendered.

## 'GIRL WITH WHITE CAP'

## PLATE VIII

ANOTHER instance of Hunt's love for excessively delicate subjects. He was always able to avoid the merely pretty in these things, although one sometimes wishes he had cared to finish them more. Doubtless he felt that in this profile he had attained an impression of exquisite sensitiveness which he did not care to lose. Oddly enough, this picture recalls certain heads of Jean Gigoux, a Romanticist who lived well into the 80's and in his later years painted heads influenced by latter thought, of a curious refinement and delicacy. The *flou*, or softened edges, which are so much the fashion nowadays, were a new thing in Hunt's day, and he was indeed often in his time criticised for making the forms so vague.

## 'THE BATHERS'

## PLATE IX

SURELY one of the most original of compositions. There is an inevitableness about it which belongs only to things seen in nature. Hunt, while driving, saw a youth diving from a man's shoulders, and, going home at once, painted this picture almost at a jet. He felt that there were certain slighted bits of drawing, but wishing not to risk the loss of qualities already attained, he preferred to make a larger picture from this. The larger picture, though fine, is said to lack something of the charm of the first. The picture, though hardly in accord with certain modern ideas of *plein air*, is a thoroughly artistic

performance. Note especially the subtle loss of balance, very characteristic of the pose.

'GIRL READING'

PLATE X

**T**HIS girl reading suggests as much the influence of Millet as any of Hunt's works do, and yet any resemblance that may exist is purely superficial. This young peasant, if peasant she was, is of a delicate, neurotic type. Everything shivers with nervousness. There is nothing of Millet's fine, somewhat stodgy sculpturesque quality. It is *raffine* with a certain American delicacy which was characteristic of Hunt. The light and shade is handsomely seen, and, though the shadows are painted with something that looks like burnt Sienna, giving an unnecessarily warm tone, the general color-effect is agreeable. This picture is included as characteristic of his early work.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM M. HUNT

**H**HEAD OF A JEWESS; Priscilla; Farmer's Return; Sheep-Shearing at Barbizon; Fortune-Teller; The Bathers (Plate IX); Prodigal Son; Girl with a Kitten; Girl Reading (Plate X); Girl Spinning; Violet Girl; Marguerite; Girl with a White Cap (Plate VIII); Hurdy-Gurdy Boy; Drummer-Boy; Bugle Call; Gloucester Harbor; Newton Lower Falls; Head of an Old Man (Plate III); Coast Scene at Magnolia, Mass.; Dead in the Snow; The Lambs; Portrait of Chief Justice Shaw (Plate VI); Allan Wardner; Portrait of Horace Gray; Portrait of Chief Justice Gray; Portrait of Miss T. (Plate VII); Portrait of Miss S. G. Ward; Portrait of Peter C. Brooks, Jr.; Portrait of his Wife; Portrait of Mrs. C. F. Adams (Plate II); Portrait of Master Gardner (Plate I); Portrait of Hon. W. M. Evarts; Portrait of Miss Mason; The Flight of Night (Plate V); The Discoverer (Plate IV); Mural Decorations in the Capitol at Albany.

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MASTERS IN ART

**Moore**

ENGLISH SCHOOL

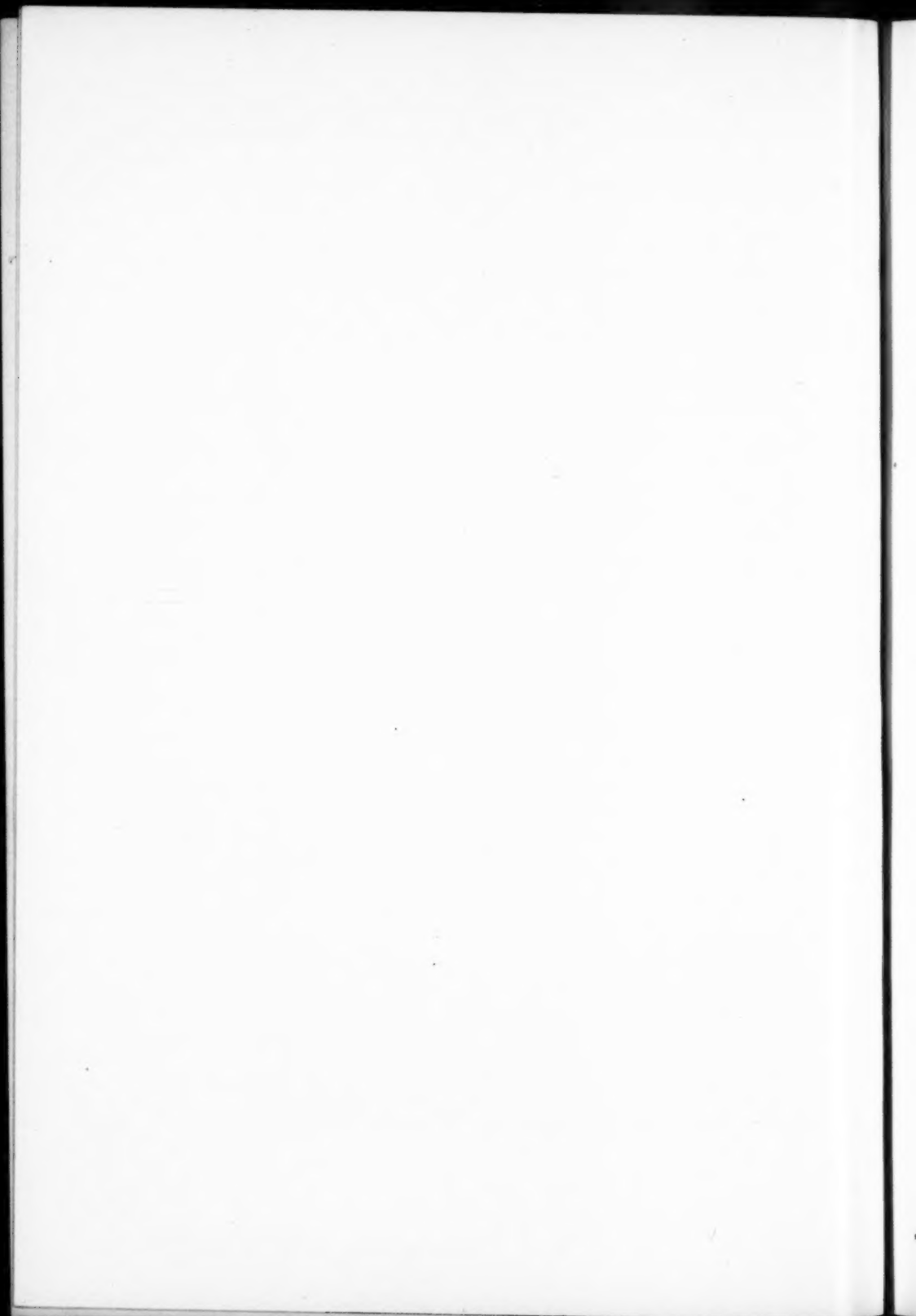






MOORE  
SUMMER NIGHT  
LIVERPOOL CORPORATION

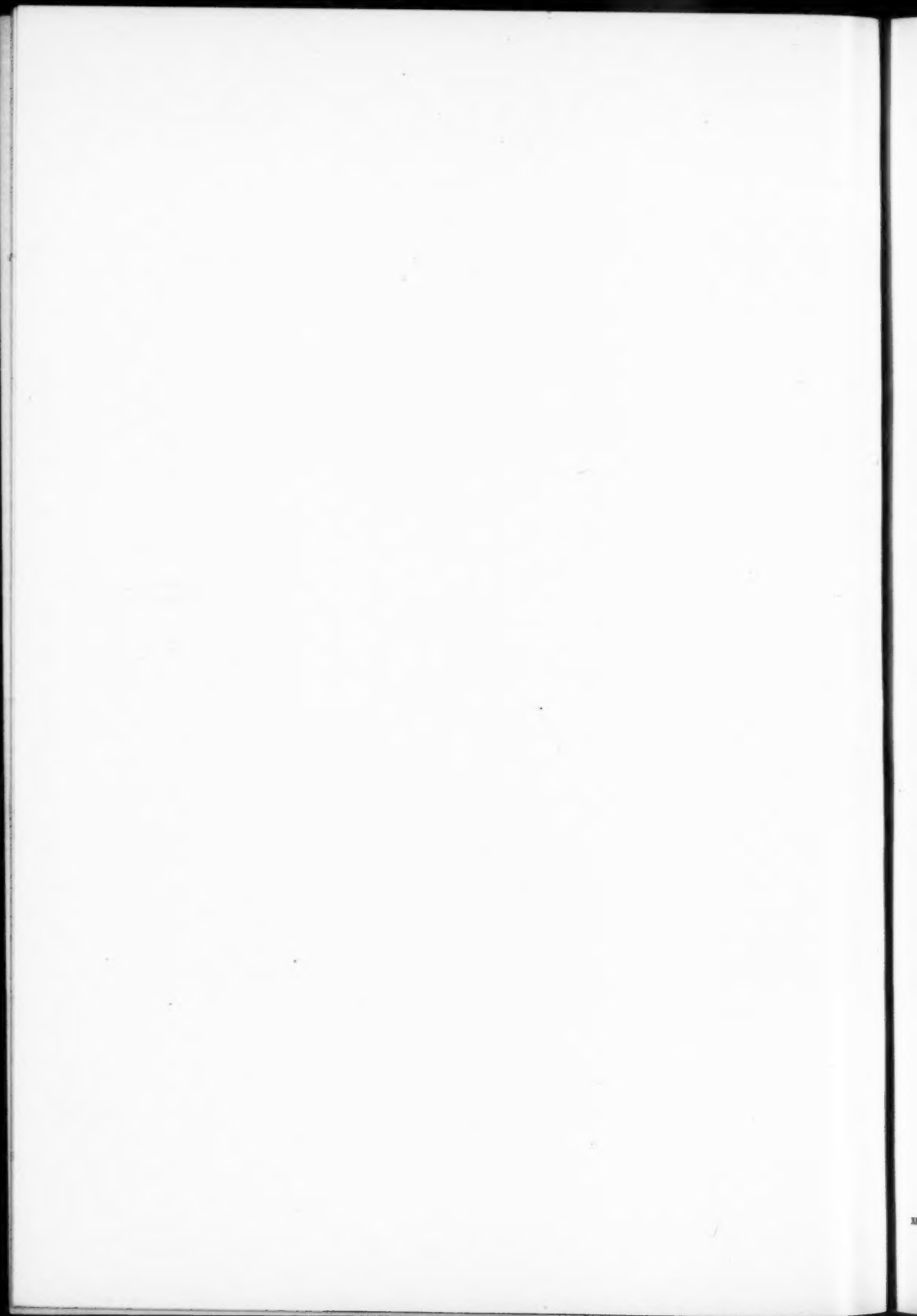
MASTERS IN ART PLATE I  
PHOTOGRAPH BY H. DIXON & SON  
[1881]



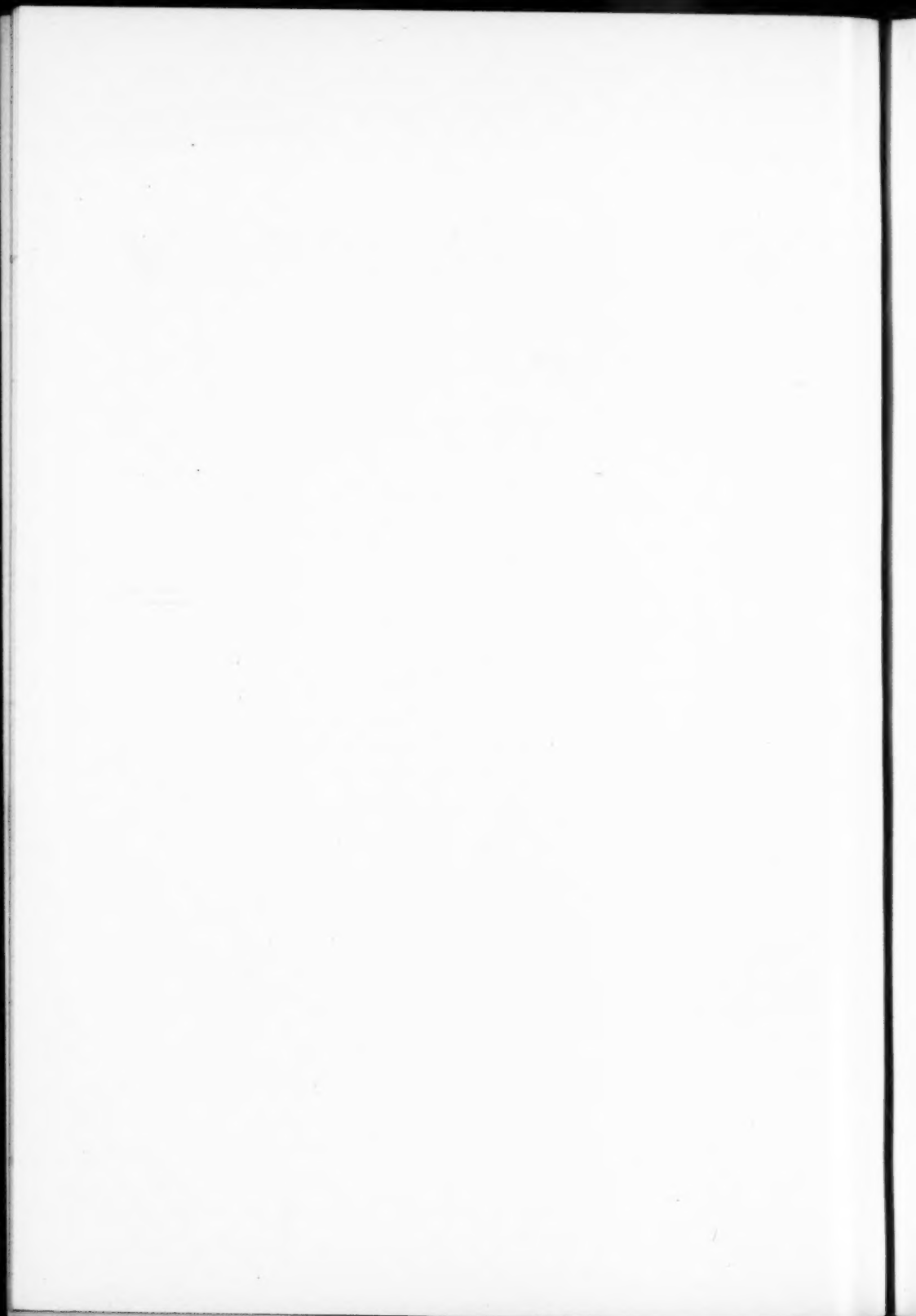


MASTERS IN ART PLATE II  
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.  
[343]

MOORE  
BLOSSOMS  
OWNED BY H. TATE





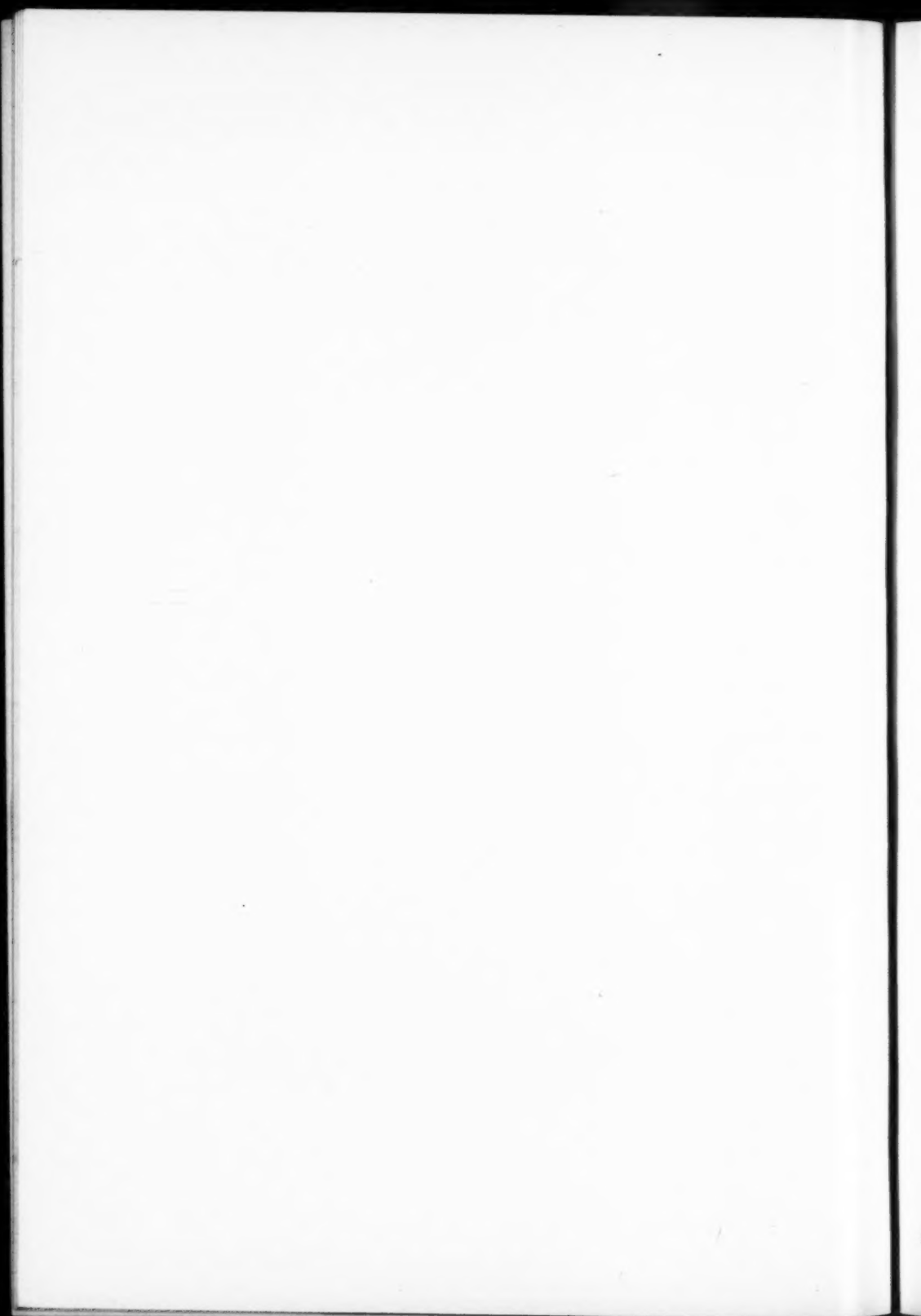




MOORE  
A MUSICIAN  
OWNED BY JAMES LEATHART



MOORE IN ART PLATE IV  
PHOTOGRAPH BY G. L. V. R.  
[ 1947 ]



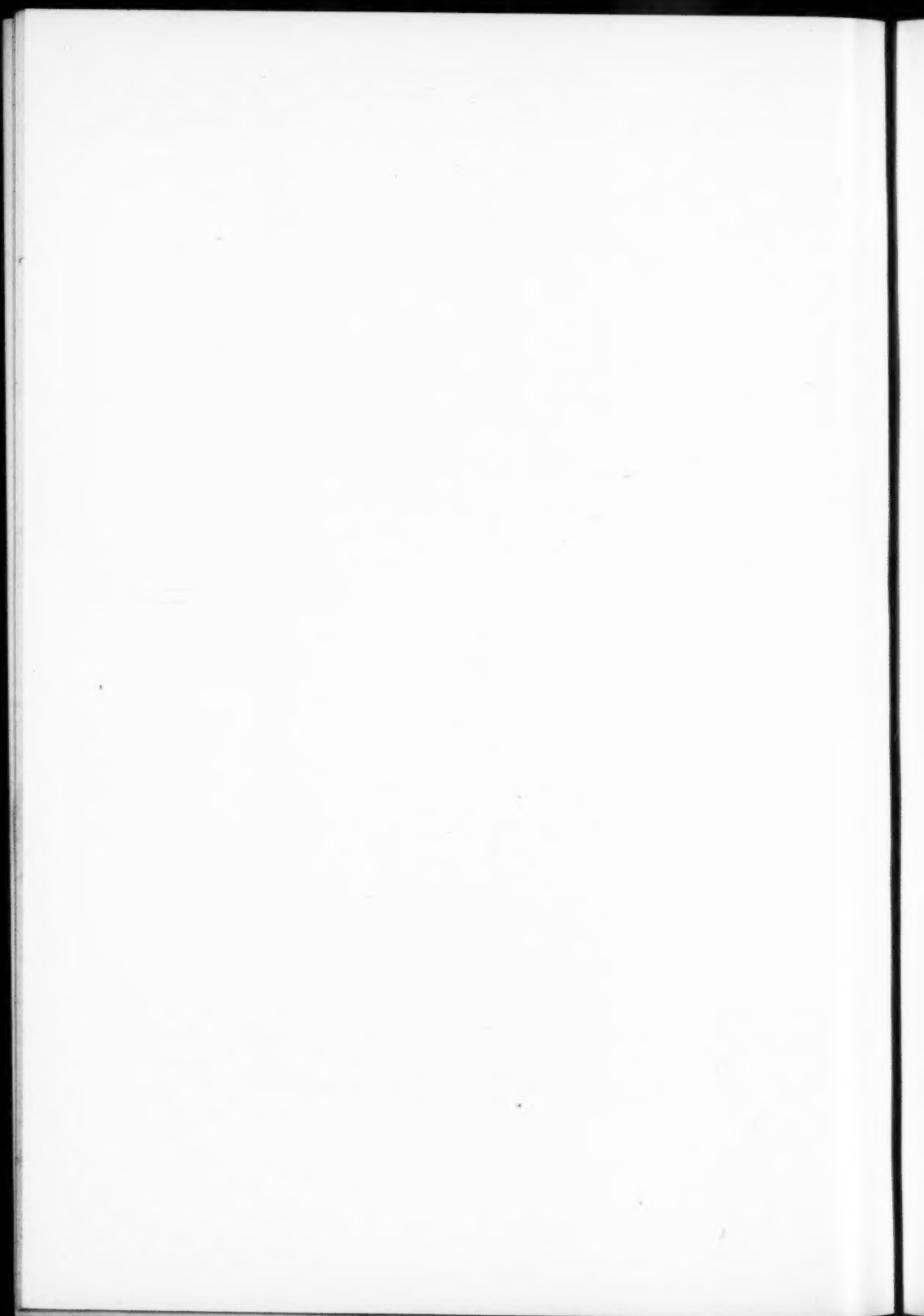


MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLVER

[849]

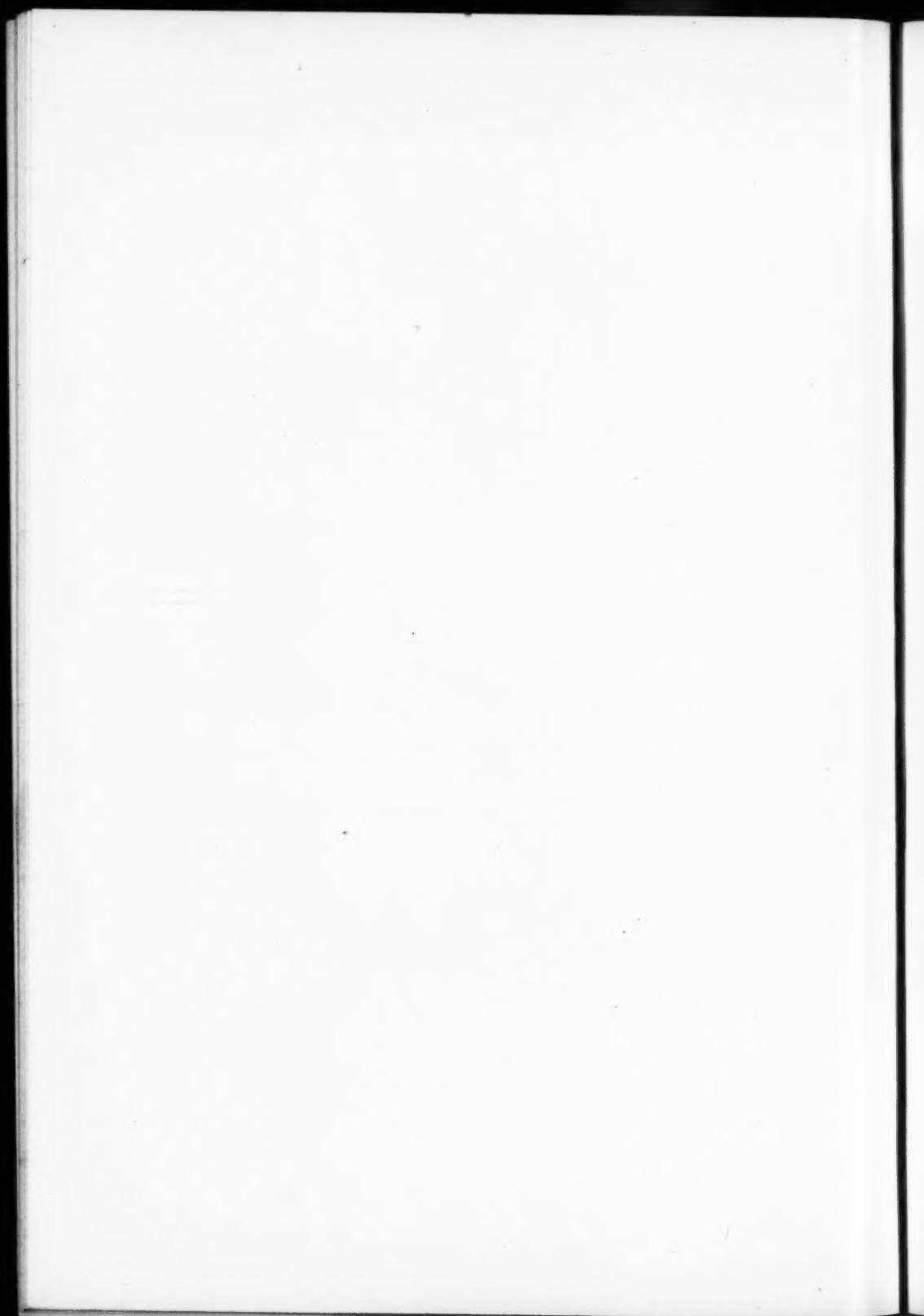
MOORE  
THE WARDROBE  
OWNED BY W. GRAHAM ROBERTSON





MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI  
 PHOTOGRAPH BY SEL  
 [351]

MOORE  
 POMERANATHS  
 OWNED BY HERBERT TRIST

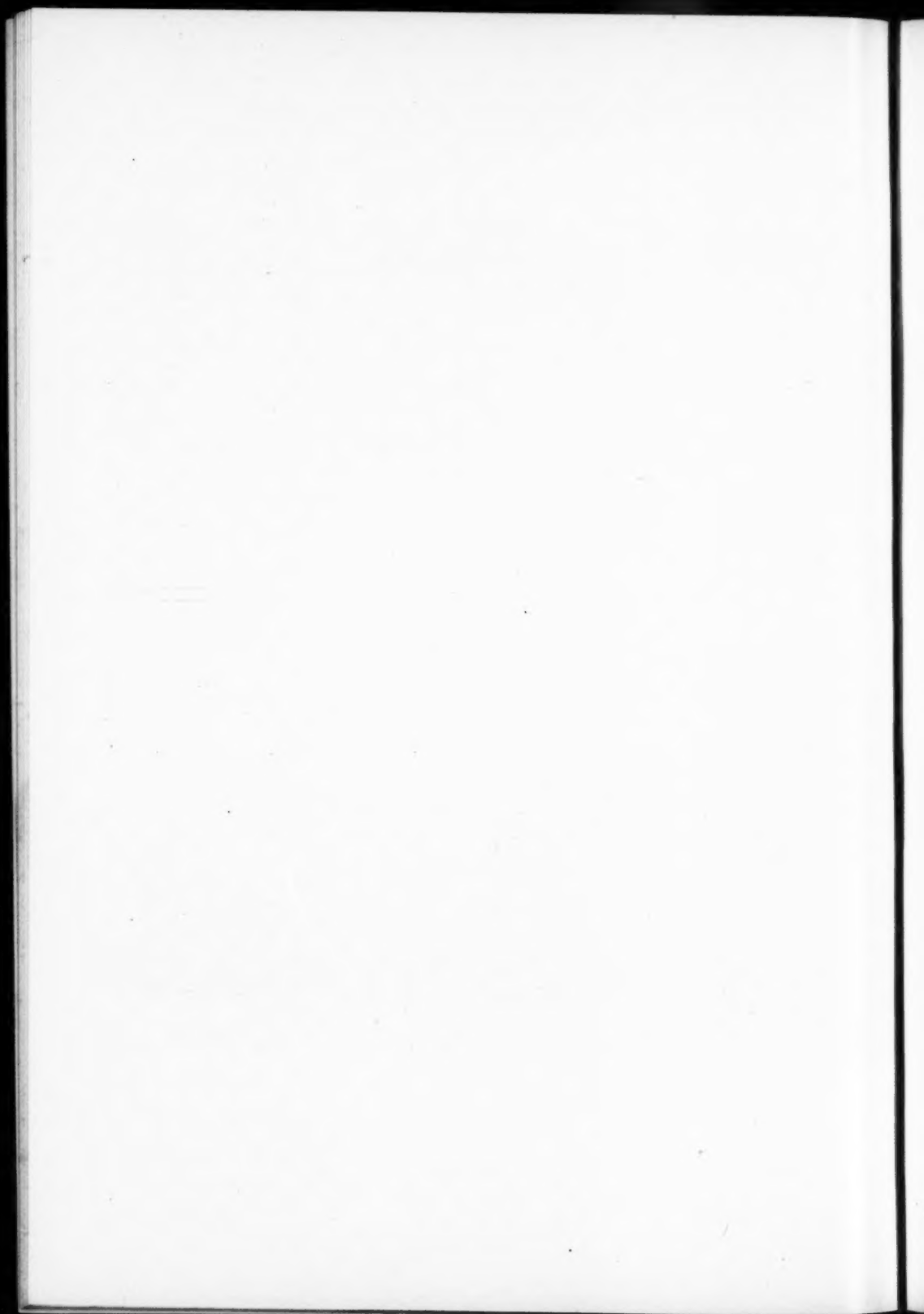




MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII  
PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON PHOTOGRAVURE SYNDICATE  
[ 353 ]

MOORE  
MIDSUMMER  
OWNED BY W. CONNOL, JR.











MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLYER

[ 857 ]

MOORE  
BATTLEDORE SHUTTLECOCK  
OWNED BY JAMES LEATHART







ALBERT MOORE  
FROM A PORTRAIT



## Albert Moore

BORN 1841: DIED 1893  
ENGLISH SCHOOL

**A**LBERT JOSEPH MOORE was the son of William Moore by his second wife, Sarah Collingham. He was born in September, 1841. His father was an artist of very considerable ability, rather well known in the north of England as a portrait-painter. His mother, too, came of a family of artists. Indeed, they were all artists in this happy family; for his brothers Henry Moore and John Collingham Moore were both painters of more than ordinary ability. Henry Moore, in fact, was the best marine painter of his day in England.

Albert Moore was a very precocious infant in the matter of art. It is recorded that he could draw before he could read or write. At all events, he began to draw very early, and there is extant a crayon drawing by him, a portrait of his father, which would not discredit a much older artist. Moore's father and brothers were of great assistance to him in his early work, though it is said that even at that time he was very independent in his judgment and never followed advice unless it appealed to his reason.

His father died when he was thirteen, and his mother moved to London. Albert, although obliged to go to school like other children of his age, still managed to keep up his art work — so much so that when he was sixteen he painted and exhibited a water-color. This was at the Royal Academy.

About this time he entered the Royal Academy, but from his own account it may be guessed that he remained there only a few months. He said that he felt the red tape of the place bound him down and that he could not develop in such surroundings. After leaving this place he and some of his friends formed a club something like the famous Langham, where they might paint from the model and incidentally correct each other's work. Some of the members of this club were Frederick Walker, W. M. Richmond, Marcus Stone, and Henry Holliday.

At this time he made the acquaintance of an architect, W. Eden Nesfield, who is said to have been a man of more than ordinary ability, although, like many men of his type, he hardly met with the success he deserved. Nesfield undoubtedly had a great influence on Moore's career, for it was he who secured the young artist various commissions for decoration, and doubtless,

too, he imposed on his friend some of his architectural views as to the place and scope of good decoration. At this time, too, Moore, besides covering wall-space, made designs for wall-paper, tiles, stained glass, etc. It is evident that all this decorative work must have had a very considerable effect on the young man's art. Just how much, it is hard to say. But it is notable that up to a certain period his work was a good deal like the work of most ambitious young artists. Suddenly he made a complete *volte face* and began producing works very different from what he had done before; and the change was almost immediate. He seemed to spring at once into his new style. For instance, 'Pomegranates' (Plate VI), which is almost the first of his works in this style, is also the most delightful. He kept up this delicate Greek style of work from 1860, when 'Pomegranates' was painted, till 1883, when the first symptoms were observed of the disease which finally ended his life.

There is not much to tell of Moore's life that is not connected with his work. He worked with untiring persistency, often, it is said, spending months in merely perfecting the drapery in one of his pictures. After recovering from a first operation necessitated by his disease, he threw himself into work again and was able to produce some fine things. After a few years, however, another operation became necessary, and, while he partially recovered from this as well, his health was undermined and his latest work is hardly so good as that produced in his prime. The disease had made such inroads into his system that nothing further could be done for him, and he died, finally, in the fifty-third year of his age, on September 25, 1893.

It has been said that Nesfield taught him what architects want in decorative work. And Moore's work always showed something of this knowledge, even though most of it was what is commonly called easel-painting. He did, however, also do a great deal of decorative work. This study and grip of design told in his later work, for whenever he wanted a pattern on a chest or chair or wall he could make a design for it of just the shape and character he desired. The architectural trend which Nesfield had given him shows in the design of his pictures. He was fond of arranging the *mise en scene* of his pictures in the merest vertical and horizontal lines; that is, they seldom suggested any entrance into the canvas. The picture often represented a flat wall handsomely adorned with lovely figures set over against it; but there was seldom the effort to "carry the eye into the picture," of which one hears so much from teachers of composition. If he made a handsome design and filled his spaces fittingly he had attained his aim, and what was happening behind the figures did not interest him.

At first there might seem no stranger thing than to find a Grecian like Moore in a country of fog and rain like England. But the curious thing is that the English have always rather fancied themselves as Grecians. Probably no nation on earth is more different in essentials from the Greeks than the English, yet there are certain superficial resemblances. One sees insolent young athletes who remind one of the Hermes of Praxiteles, and while Queen Victoria could hardly be said to look like the Venus de Milo, the Venus has a certain absurd resemblance to the good queen in her youth. Be all this as it may, Albert

Moore was certainly obsessed by Greek art. He had studied the Elgin marbles till their essence had become part of his intellect, and he composed in the same sense as the sculptor of a beautiful Greek bas-relief.

Whether he was influenced by Leighton or Leighton was influenced by him does not appear. Suffice it that both had the same passion for Greek art, though Moore, one would say, had grasped its essentials more thoroughly than Leighton. He drew just in the sense of the bas-reliefs of the Frieze of the Parthenon; that is, his drawings look like Greek bas-reliefs. They have their beautiful proportions and, too, something of their simplicity, not to say occasional bluntness. Moore never achieved, it is a question whether he tried for, the *finesse* of work like Bouguereau's or Tadema's. His paintings always have a grandiose quality. It is not in felicities of execution that he excels, but in composition or arrangement.

Many people think of Moore as a sort of under-study for Sir Frederick Leighton, or even for Alma-Tadema. But to comprehend him one should understand how different was his aim from that of these other men. Sir Frederick, knowing himself a Classicist, conceived the Greeks to be the noblest subjects to paint. Alma-Tadema was, perhaps, primarily interested in re-constituting the life of Greece and of Rome. Moore, it might be said, was not particularly interested in the Greeks as Greeks any more than he was in the Japanese as a nation. But he took his goods where he found them, and whatever was beautiful appealed to him, and he was quite simple-minded about jumbling beautiful things together without worrying about style. For instance, in his 'Yellow Marguerites' (Plate VIII) a Greek chiton and a Japanese fan appear together, and surely yellow marguerites were not the flowers of ancient Greece.

Perhaps this naïveté (if it were not the last word of sophistication) is even more marked in our painter's 'Quartet.' Here handsome youths and men clad in Greek draperies are gravely playing on Renaissance violins and 'cellos in serene unconsciousness that fiddles were not invented in their time.

Moore has been severely criticised for this peculiarity, but it is really one of the integral qualities of his art. It would have been ridiculous in the work of Alma-Tadema, for instance, where consistency is a main quality; but with Moore beauty was everything. If the Greeks did not have *viols d'amor* he gravely pitied them, and composed a picture in a happier land than theirs, where men might wear a perfect costume and enjoy a perfect instrument at the same time. It was this quality that made him particularly significant in England, for Englishmen cannot, as a race, be fairly accused of having set beauty before everything. With Moore, however, it did come before everything. His only reason for making a picture was to have it as beautiful as possible. He was singularly free from that desire to tell a story which is so characteristic of most English artists. What he wanted to do was to make his particular square of canvas as lovely as it might be made. That it told no particular story beyond the Joy of Living and the Righteousness of Beauty did not concern him at all. He thought

"If eyes were ever made for seeing,  
Then Beauty is its own excuse for being."

It was this side of him, no doubt, that attracted Whistler to him and accounts for his influence on Whistler's work; for it cannot be denied that he did have a great influence on Whistler, while there is no sign that Whistler had the least effect upon Moore. There are in existence certain paintings by Whistler which look more like bad Moores than like Whistlers. But Whistler, with that prescience which was one of his qualities, soon perceived that the Moore subject was not for him, and desisted. He was always, however, generous in his praise of Moore's work, and praise was not too common with him.

Moore, on his side, admired Whistler's work and manfully bore testimony to his beliefs in the famous Whistler-Ruskin trial. Both men were in certain respects ostracized and must have found a certain comfort in each other's company and conversation, though it is to be supposed that Moore's grave English serenity must have ill assorted with the cackling, crackling wit of the American.

Moore had a very definite system of composition, and when one has grasped this it is not difficult to analyze the main lines of his pictures. He always based his arrangement on certain horizontal lines; for instance, the lines of the bench and shelf in the 'Quartet,' or the lines of the couch in 'Yellow Marguerites.' These lines were "broken" or crossed by the more supple lines of the draped figures, which, in a certain sense, only existed to perform this office in the composition. Of course, there were all sorts of subtleties as well, like the placing of some bit of detail to obviate the sharpness of some angle, but this matter of the horizontal lines was the underlying principle in his compositions. No doubt he got this idea from Greek bas-reliefs, and, in a certain sense, his pictures were bas-reliefs.

Albert Moore never became a member of the Royal Academy. It is possible that he would not have cared to belong to it; but, as a matter of fact, he was never asked. This is the more curious in that his brother was one of the Academicians. It is not to the credit of the Academy that they should have ignored one of the most original and stimulating of modern British artists; and yet one, in a way, understands their attitude. They found it hard to forgive the entire lack of literary *raison d'être* in his pictures. He would paint a single figure of a young girl doing nothing save to exist and be beautiful. They wanted to know what she was thinking of, what her past status had been before the painting of the picture, and whether there was reason to suppose her conduct in the future would approximate to that of the past. Indeed, if Moore had no other distinguishing quality, if he had lacked all his qualities of Invention, Decorative Arrangement, Line, Color, Form, he would still have this distinction: that in his day and generation he was practically the only Englishman who made pictures which were not tainted with sentimentalism.

Moore had a very definite and rather complicated method of painting which is described and explained at great length by Mr. Lys Baldry in his life of the artist. Some parts of this method seem admirable; others are at least ingenious. Its basis was excessive care in getting the line and form just right, and, these things arranged, equal care was to be observed that the *facture* of the painting should be fresh and unteased, to the end that the work, though really care-

fully studied, should have an air of spontaneity. It is a way which might not suit the temperament of every artist. Yet in Moore's hands it certainly produced good results. And nowadays, when so much work is done too carelessly, too much in the spirit of a sketch, one cannot but admire the severe discipline of his method.

One would hardly call Albert Moore a realist, in the sense of selecting workaday subjects or treating them in an unimaginative way. And yet, his subject once chosen and his arrangement made, Moore, like all great artists, treated the actual form of his picture in a very objective way. He was careful to have the *mise en scène*, the lines, the draperies, the figures, the types, in his pictures as beautiful as possible. These chosen and arranged, he made them as "like" as he could.

Mr. Alfred Lys Baldry has a great deal to say about Albert Moore's color, and in one sense he was, indeed, a colorist; that is, he thought a great deal about color. His pictures were always efforts to present handsome color arrangements. At the same time, they cannot always be called successful in this respect. Sometimes, as in 'Pomegranates,' the color combination will be at the same time daring, yet well chosen. At other times, the mere list of the leading colors in the combination is enough to set one's teeth on edge.

Of "values," in the sense that they exist in Velasquez's 'Meninas,' there is little enough in Moore's work; for he was not preoccupied in problems of atmosphere, of chiaroscuro, or the subtle tightening and loosening of lines that make for focus. But in the sense of a handsome design, of light and dark masses — what the Japanese call *notan* — in this sense his values were admirable. All his best pictures make this handsome "spotting," so that with a burnt match dipped in ink one could copy the dark masses against the lights on a scrap of paper the size of a postage-stamp and still have a handsome design. Moore was almost infallible in this, and it may be said that all the really great pictures of the world are successful in this same handsome balancing of dark masses against light; and this includes the proper observance of how large the light masses shall be in relation to the dark.

His color, as has just been hinted, was based on the same idea. He would have one strong note running in different shades and hues through the whole thing. In this he was not unlike Whistler; but, unlike Whistler, he would introduce the strongest oppositions of color, which looked all the more marked on account of the lack of chiaroscuro in his work. Perhaps it may be said that though he loved color intensely, his color is the least successful part of his work. It was the most English thing about his work. Although the hues were usually most beautiful in themselves, they sometimes "swore" at each other, to use the studio phrase, and in a measure destroyed the *ensemble*, which he knew so well to make, of lines and tones. This is not to say that he was always unsuccessful in this regard. In some of his pictures, as in the 'Summer Night' (Plate I) and the 'Pomegranates' (Plate VI), he was most successful; in others, hardly so much.

But, on the other hand, as a designer he was very wonderful. Not only is the design in his pictures always interesting and, at times, singularly beauti-



ful and original as well, but in all sorts of allied arts he made designs of fine quality. One might say that his design was based on the Greek with some hint of the Japanese, especially in his later things. It was based — this design, and his color as well — on opposition. He placed certain definite immovable verticals and horizontals and then “broke” them with lovely oppositions of drapery and form in all sorts of alluring attitudes and shapes. When one has got the key to his scheme of things it is interesting to see how easily it turns the lock of his secret. The ‘Quartet,’ the ‘Summer Night,’ and the ‘Yellow Marguerites,’ to speak of three of his loveliest imaginings, all are based on the principles just spoken of.

As to his drawing, it was good enough, though one would hardly call him a great modern draftsman in the sense that one does Ingres or Delaunay. Yet this drawing of his sufficed all his needs. It allowed him to place everything supremely well, to design his shapes handsomely. One never feels that his drawing is incorrect. If one said the worst of it, it would be to hint that it was sometimes a trifle wooden. He had not what William Blake called the bounding line, that vital, intense, springy line that marks the great draftsman.

What one feels most strongly in Moore’s works is their decorative intention; not only in the general scheme of composition, always based on the bas-relief idea, but in every detail, the decorative intent is manifest. One might say that a good decoration should have this quality — that every inch of it should be “amusing,” should interest and delight the eye. Where a dramatic, a story-telling, or a realistic picture should have one point of interest, a focusing-point, to which the eye is irresistibly drawn even at the expense of the minor details, a good decoration, while it has its important lines and masses, still permits the eye to wander complacently all over the decorated space, finding pleasure in this hanging, in that rug, without undue interest in any particular thing. That, indeed, is the essence of decoration — that it should decorate. And in Moore’s work one always feels this preoccupation, that every inch of the space covered shall be made “amusing” and delightful to the eye. In his latter work it may be that this intention was pushed almost too far. The design on the rugs and on the wall is brought out so firmly as to give the thing almost the look of a mosaic; but this was Moore’s quality, which, once in a long time, became almost a defect.

In technique, Moore, especially in his early days, was far ahead of his time, for England at least. At the time he painted his ‘Pomegranates’ one might say that there was no man in England who could match him for crisp, fragrant laying-on of paint. At a time when almost every one but the pre-Raphaelites was painting in a messy, sloppy way, Moore’s technique was crisp and clean; and where the pre-Raphaelites were rather hard and dry and tight, Moore’s *matière* was always fluent and agreeable in surface. Toward the end of his life it may be that his painting became a little *meticuleux*. His care of every detail of drapery was so great that he sometimes did not properly observe the *ensemble*. Still, as English painters go, he might be called a master of technique.

It is a curious instance of how subtle a thing is originality that Moore,

whose art was all based on the Classic and the Japanese, should yet have done most original work. It is his point of view which makes it original. His young men and maidens wear Greek draperies, they flirt a Japanese fan or play upon a violoncello of Renaissance design; but they are modern all the same, and it is a modern sense of beauty, a something quite different from the æsthetic feeling of old times, which informs this work with a peculiar originality. He has picked Greek asphodel, Japanese camellias, violets from Florence, but has bound them into a nosegay which is new, fresh, which has a delicate composite fragrance that suggests the old, yet is different.

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## The Art of Moore

ALFRED LYS BALDRY

'ALBERT MOORE'

THE first stage of one of his pictures was a mere thumb-nail note, often in pen and ink on some odd scrap of paper; but this was repeated again and again until the main facts of the subject that he had in his mind were settled. The next point was to devise a system of line-arrangement, congruous with the leading lines of the sketch, and convenient for the placing of accessories as well as for the composition of the figures and draperies. By the aid of this he was able to settle the distribution of his color-surfaces as well, to plan exactly the spots and masses which played such important parts in the carrying out of the combinations he had selected. He could judge, too, how large to make each patch of a particular tint, and could fix the proper relation between color area and degree of brilliancy, necessary for maintaining due balance and support throughout the canvas.

When these preliminaries were settled he began a series of careful drawings of the figures, nude studies in black and white chalk on brown paper. These were generally of only moderate dimensions about a foot high, as he held it easier to draw correctly and expressively on a scale that was not too large. This size was the one that seemed to him to be most workable; one that would admit of the drawing being judged as a whole at a distance of an arm's length. His object in these studies was to secure exactly the pose of his model, to keep the actual proportions and character of the figure that he might be working from, and to make a faithful representation of the type of nature that was before him. Any attempt to modify or improve upon the visible characteristics of the model in such sketches as these he entirely condemned; for he argued that without the solid basis of fact, the actual vivid representation of life even with all blemishes and imperfections, there could be no efficient correction. He reserved for another stage the amendments that his knowledge of what was best in both nature and art taught him to be necessary.

The preparation of the black-and-white cartoon was the next matter. For this he enlarged his nude studies to the sizes that he intended the figures to



be in the picture, and made whatever changes in proportions or features its scheme or the deficiencies of the model made necessary. He settled the places and relation of the groups, and their positions with regard to the boundaries of the composition. A pricking was then made, the lines of the cartoon were transferred to the canvas by a pounce of charcoal-dust, and these faint outlines were filled in with a rapid sketch of the whole subject in pretty full color.

Then he set to work on the drapery studies, leaving the picture itself a while untouched. He transferred to a number of separate canvases the figures from his cartoon, drawing them in outline with thin color over the dots made by pounce. In his earlier years his habit was to make, during the short time, an hour or so, that he could depend upon his model remaining in the pose required, a couple of rapid studies. When the casting of the draperies, a matter to which he devoted an immense amount of attention, seemed to him to be satisfactory, and to give him the lines and composition he wished, he made in all haste, but with extreme care, a black-and-white drawing of it — often on tracing-paper pasted over his original life sketch — giving to this drawing rather more than half the time available. During the rest of the sitting he painted on one of the canvases which he had prepared with an outline of the figure an even more rapid colored study, stating precisely the matters of color transition and variation that it was important for him to know thoroughly for the proper working-out of the details subsequently. With these two versions of the drapery to refer to, he had all necessary information, and knew exactly how to treat the same arrangement of lines when it came to be painted in the main picture. Latterly, however, he changed his methods of work to some extent, substituting a photograph of the draperies for his chalk drawing, and giving practically the whole sitting to a thorough, and often highly finished, oil-study. It was in this way that he came to have by him so many works which were apparently only slightly modified copies of one another. When he painted a study of more than average completeness he very often developed it into a picture for the Academy or the Grosvenor, by the addition of a head, hands, and feet, and by designing a suitable background and appropriate accessories. This is the history of the origin of many of his smaller productions like 'Jasmine,' or 'Rose-leaves,' and even of some of his more important canvases, as, for instance, 'A Revery.'

It is worthy noting here that when, as he occasionally did, he repeated a picture this repetition became, not a mere copy, but a distinct version, different in color-scheme and often considerably altered in details of treatment. Each separate work, though composed on the same lines and with identical accessories, was studied from nature and painted with whatever inevitable variations might be presented. This may be well seen by a comparison of the two seeming duplicates, 'Beads' and 'A Sofa.' In both of these he used the same figure cartoon and followed the same main lines of drapery arrangement; but he went direct to nature in each case, and the differences that can be found between them are those that he saw. He refused to secure exact repetition at the expense of faithful study of what was before him, and gave to the replica as much labor as he had already devoted to the original.

While the drapery studies were being made he generally advanced the picture itself another stage or two. The first thing was to lay fairly thick over the color-sketch a priming of white lead; and as soon as this had hardened, to transfer to the fresh surface the nude cartoon. He painted the figures with a good deal of minuteness, going into a considerable amount of detail, and then covered them with another priming of white lead. The object of these successive primings was to give the picture a sufficient backing of white to secure it from all risk of darkening or of losing its brilliancy of color; and to provide also a ground which would be pleasant to work upon, and on which the brushmarks would have a better effect than the harsh thread-lines of the thinly primed canvas. Each coat of white lead had also the effect of reproducing the original surface of the canvas, and of softening down any coarseness or inequality of texture caused by brushwork of the intermediate paintings, and yet was never solid enough to entirely obliterate the work beneath. There remained always sufficient trace of each stage to make the carrying out of the next one easier and more certain.

By the time the second priming had dried, the drapery cartoon was ready. This was the outcome of the studies already drawn and painted, and in it were still the exact placing of the folds, the relations of the various masses one to the other, and the conformity with the general composition of the picture. When this second cartoon had, in its turn, been transferred to the canvas, he usually dwelt at some length upon the preparations for the final stage of his work. Before he began to deal with the color he carried the whole design as far as possible in monochrome, using a very gentle tone of silver gray. He had by now settled what were to be the accessories and minor details of his picture, and had decided upon all the smaller incidents and subtleties with which the main motive was to be varied, so that there was comparatively little difficulty in making this gray drawing very nearly complete.

There was, however, yet another preliminary to be gone through before the actual completion could be considered to be within measurable distance — the painting on tracing-paper, pinned over the gray sketch on the canvas, of a color-cartoon in which the whole color-effect of the finished picture was anticipated. This painted tracing served a double purpose: it gave an opportunity of testing any doubtful points that might yet remain in the color-scheme; and it enabled him to overcome one of the chief troubles of direct painting — the difficulty of giving their right effect to patches of color upon a canvas as yet covered only with neutral tints. By fastening the tracing over his picture and cutting it away bit by bit as he worked, he was able to keep the surface upon which he was actually engaged surrounded always with color of the same force and brilliancy as he was applying to the canvas. By the help of such a device there was security against the chance of having to retouch those parts of his picture which he first handled, because when its whole area was covered they looked weak and out of keeping with the rest and there was no longer any danger of his diminishing the effectiveness of his color-harmony by having to bring the whole of the work down to the level of

certain unduly dull tones which seemed, when isolated, to be more brilliant than they really were. The fact that some of the tracings have survived proves that he also found them useful, now and then, as aids to the final choice of his color-scheme. Those that were not cut up were first ideas that he had seen fit to modify, experiments really that he had not adopted. The sketch called 'Lovers' is one of these, an arrangement of orange, rose-color, white, and green, which was apparently too complicated, seeing that the 'Idyll,' his Academy picture of 1893, for which it was designed, was actually carried out in a similar harmony of yellow, green, and white. His method of handling the color in the last stage of his picture was straightforward enough. His chief object was always to do as much as possible at one painting, and to avoid the necessity of going twice over the same space. If any preparatory work was necessary before the actual finishing-touches could be applied he kept it for simple matters of large modeling, and avoided small details. He feared to lose the effect of freshness and spontaneity by any suggestion of labor, and aimed at making his picture look like a happily contrived and expressive sketch. Every possible device was used to prevent hesitation or uncertainty in the actual painting. Even the colors were, as far as was practicable, mixed beforehand, and sufficient of each put into tubes ready for use. His custom was to mix the color of the highest light, his warmest shadow, of the coldest shadow, in the drapery or other subject he was going to represent, and to set his palette with these, using the ordinary color-box pigments only for modifications and variations of the prevailing color. He began by drawing with his high-light color upon the gray sketch, or, if he had already covered that with any preparatory work, upon a transparent gray tone rubbed over the underpainting, the forms of the lights, stating them carefully in full color and making them exactly right in shape; over this, while it was still wet, he carried a very thin and fluid scrub of color, matching, as nearly as possible, the prevailing high tone. The effect of this seemingly messy process was to give him a very delicate gradated and subtly varied representation of the subject, lacking only the darker shadows and the highest lights to be complete. Speed was, of course, necessary in this method of work, and, as with the wet plaster in fresco-painting, whatever of the high-light drawing or color-tone that could not be finished at once had to be removed. To have completed it next day would have been impossible.

The principle of it all was not unlike that of water-color painting, much of the comfort and convenience of the method depending upon the possibility of working always on a damp surface. This analogy was still further strengthened by the extreme thinness of the color which he habitually used, and by the liquidity of the medium with which he diluted his pigments — petroleum mixed with a small quantity of oil. The advantage of these thick primings and closely covered underpaintings becomes very evident when the delicacy of the later stages is considered. With the solid backing of white lead, with all the main facts of his subjects clearly expressed from the first beginnings, he knew that no change that time would bring was likely to affect the stability

or permanence of his work. Age, which has a tendency to make transparent the thickest mass of pigment, could only strengthen it and give it increased luminosity; and if anything ever came through, as an underpainting at times is apt to do, it would but reinforce the surface details. Moreover, the thin final touches could be applied with all certainty and with no fear of their appearing empty and slight upon the solid basis prepared for them with so much ingenuity and foresight.

A very similar preparation was made for his rapid sketches and studies. These were almost invariably painted on a canvas covered with at least two coatings of white lead, and toned with transparent color to a delicate gray. He had always available a stock of these prepared canvases upon which to note anything of which he desired to have a record. His method was the same as in the final painting of his pictures, and his effects were arrived at by the same sequence of high-light sketching, color-toning, and shadow and high-light painting. Of course he had for his sketches no underpainting nor any previous placing of details. He had only the roughly drawn outline of the nude figure to guide him; yet by a deliberately contrived device, by a careful crossing of the brushmarks, he provided himself with a ground upon which even the thinnest scrub of color had the look of being elaborately painted. In this way he was able to secure the effect, even in slight sketches, of many paintings, and of thickly applied pigments. He was able, in a word, to work in the manner that was to us most pleasant, with thin, fluid colors, and yet to give to his productions the mechanical advantages and the appearance of solidity.

HAROLD FREDERIC

'SCRIBNER' [1891]

HE is frankly an idealist. He held that the ideal form of things is the ascertained best form of nature, the tradition of which has been handed down by little groups of devoted men from the time when the artist came into closest touch with what was finest and most beautiful in form. Even in that golden age the Greek masters had traditional ideals which transcended the wonderful nature they knew. The central group of the Parthenon frieze shows gods and goddesses dressed differently from the procession of people who wear the costume of the period. The dreams of Phidias were loftier and better than the best that even his informed eye could see in the chosen models of Athens.

Art has touched no other mark so high as that of Greece, even in the best days of the Renaissance. Mr. Moore will explain this upon the ground that when art reappeared in Europe, after the crash and darkened desolation of the barbaric conquests, it emerged as the slave of the Church and kingcraft, and was set to the task of depicting stories for unlettered generations. For ages its work was to paint scriptural scenes for the churches and abbeys, and portraits and processions for the palaces. The Old Masters carried their art — wonderful as it was in its highest expressions, and inspiring as it must be for all time — to its acme of effectiveness in the days preceding the diffusion

of printed books, and when the painter was still essentially a teller of stories. When men began to read their stories, instead, painting sank to lower levels wherever it was not emancipated from the story-telling theory.

The modern revival has been vastly hampered and retarded — in England more than elsewhere — by the perpetuation of the old, popular theory that art must of necessity deal with stories. Every artist remembers drawing an ideal head in his school-days, and being asked by all the non-artistic boys, "Who is that meant for?" The commonplace mind instinctively seeks to identify pictures with things familiar to it. The great painters, in the days when there was no printing-press rival, could afford to bully or ignore this instinct, and forced the wondering and untutored masses, for sheer need of a story of some sort, to stare at their work and marvel over it, and so to, in some vague little measure, follow after them in their upward flight. But to-day the academic painter may not venture upon any flight at all. In pursuit of his hereditary misconception of his art as purely that of the narrator, he must tell a story which the commonplace mind will easily lay hold of and like. That means painting down, instead of up. It means the lowering of both artist and public. It means the Royal Academy.

There are, of course, a certain number of painters in the Academy who are artists as well, with a high sense of beauty and an honest shame in the necessity of the narrative pot-boiler; and their President is even a poet, who dares much in his efforts to escape the burden of Philistinism. But the weight of the Academy as a whole presses so heavily upon the other side that these enlightened few are powerless to shape either its precepts or its example, and their diminishing group is under no circumstances recruited from without.

The revolts in England against this orthodoxy of story-telling mediocrity have been many, but their history contains the record of few successes, and is not very comforting reading. It is not much to be able to say that Whistler is the foremost painter in England, if people will not buy his pictures, and if the young men who profess to follow him think more of being unlike the Academy than of being like their master. The revolts have been more fertile in astonishing extravagances than in substantial and hopeful work. Too often, where genius has been planted, only bald eccentricity has come up.

Albert Moore has made no revolt, because he has never owned allegiance, and because he has luckily commanded from the outset a success sufficient for independence. When he first began to look at things Britain was wrapped as with a mantle in ugliness. The sense of beauty in form had been dead for years. The horrors of the Georgian architecture had been succeeded by the despair of frantic imitations of the worst that other people could do, as witness the Egyptian Hall in Piccadilly. Women wore crinolines, and men cased their legs in peg-tops. People sat on black horse-hair furniture, and the Pavilion at Brighton was supposed to be a vision of artistic perfection. It was a great deal that young Moore, in this barren environment, should have dreamed a dream of what beauty was. It is vastly more that, having awakened to a mastery of his powers, he should have toiled unweariedly, steadfastly, turning neither to the right nor to the left, after the realization of this dream.



Although one of the most facile and skilled of draftsmen, Moore has painted only two portraits in his life, and has resisted with equal firmness every attempt to induce him to draw for publication. All the labor of his life has been scrupulously devoted to his paintings, and to the mass of charcoal studies, pastel cartoons, and painstaking drawings of minute details which led the way to these finished works. No painter was ever a severer self-critic. Oftentimes the drapery of a single figure — that strangely beautiful drapery in which he perpetuates the flowing lines of the Greek ideal, and which he obtains from robes of Chinese silk, never touching a fold with his hands, but having the model move again and again till he catches the desired effect — represents the toil of months. As has been said before, his pictures are sold on the easel, while they are still unfinished. The purchaser has time to saturate himself with the joys of anticipation before the painter will consent to release his work. He hangs over it in loving anxiety, perfecting this detail, altering another, bringing everything to the highest imaginable point of completion.

Albert Moore enters upon the plan of a picture almost, one might say, in a spirit of consecration. It is always to be his best. He dreams over it, devises it through the laborious ordeal of many cartoons, makes exhaustive sketches of all its component parts. To skilful use of selected models the figures in his pictures are obviously indebted, for they palpitate with that life which lay-figure never yet gave. But the faces are those of women Moore never saw — the low-browed, broad-templed, sweetly gentle and tenderly grave faces that the nameless sculptor knew and loved and handed down to us through the Aphrodite found at Milo.

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## The Works of Moore

### DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

#### 'SUMMER NIGHT'

#### PLATE I

THERE is no more lovely composition by Moore than this. It would seem as if he had taken the most beautiful motives — moonlight, a summer night, beautiful women, flowers — and bound them together in one bouquet of color and form. The composition, though like all of Moore's it is based on simple lines, becomes rather intricate, particularly in the festoons of flowers above. Here the long lines of the divan form a base against which the graceful forms of the women reveal themselves in handsome lines and masses. It would be false criticism to pretend that one was almost aware of the vague odor of night-flowers outside; that one almost heard the vague sounds of night. Yet so skilfully are the lines, the tones, the colors, arranged that one does get the sense of a mood, of a certain particular moment and mood of life different from others. Here one has the sense of moonlight outside, and is aware of the long lines of the summer sea. To express a definite

artistic mood free from sentimentalism or literary intention is a difficult thing, and this is what Moore has accomplished. The divan and carpet are ornamented with all the richness of Moore's later work. Note the skill with which vases, flowers, or leaves are introduced to break certain lines which might otherwise be too long in their straightness.

Baldry says: "In color it is mainly an arrangement in flesh-color, yellow, and gray, the yellow running through the paler primrose and buttercup shades up to a definite orange, and the grays ranging from black to the palest silver. The flesh-tones are warm and full, creamy rather than silvery, and are juxtaposed with the pale primrose yellow of the draperies wrapped round the legs of the seated figures and thrown over the cushions upon which the center girl reclines. The brocade of which the covering and valances of the seats are made is of a strong buttercup yellow with orange patterns, and the flowers festooned above are yellow pansies. The lights of the town beyond the lagoon are strong orange red, and, small as they are, serve a valuable purpose in the ordering of the color."

'BLOSSOMS'

PLATE II

**N**OWHERE has Moore — a master in the treatment of draperies — painted the flow of fold over form more beautifully than here. The folds reveal the main lines of the figure, yet the whole thing is of a chastity characteristic of the best Greek art. Note how the folds all center and converge on one point, where the two hands are brought up to the neck. The face is very characteristic of Moore. Beautiful, yet of no great subtlety; Greek in its regularity, yet really above all things English. The blossoms, cunningly disposed, decorate the background admirably, while the straight white line of what looks like a couch cuts the line of the drapery and makes an opposition to the upright lines of the frame.

Mr. Baldry says: "The long, large folds of her pale rose-colored robe fall in simple lines. . . . She wears a black head-dress. Behind her is a dark, ashy-gray wall, half hidden by a lace-like network of white cherry-blossoms, which makes, as it were, a screen of flowers; and a low seat covered with white drapery stands on the black-and-gray floor. At her feet is a red rug and above her head are two small crimson curtains which fill the upper corners of the panel."

'SEA GULLS' AND 'SHELLS'

PLATE III

**M**OOORE painted these two pictures at about the same time, and in a sense they are companion pieces, though not really painted to hang together. Although these pictures are out-of-door compositions, the straight lines of the sea and shore serve much the same purpose as horizontal lines of bas-reliefs. Nowhere, perhaps, has Moore been more happy in catching the movement of a lovely figure half revealed by flowing draperies than in these pictures. The toss and movement of drapery blown by the wind serves its



end in the novel design of the contours and the revelation of the forms of the figure.

Lys Baldry says of 'Sea Gulls': "It represents a large-limbed, classically proportioned maiden walking on a beach. She wears a robe of transparent black, which is half concealed by an ample drapery, thin in texture, and in color a pale greenish gray. On her fair hair there is a black cap, in which is placed a bright red flower, a color-accent repeated in the rosy shells at her feet. The beach is warm gray, and is strewn with white rocks, half covered with dark seaweed. Sea and sky are both treated in tones of gray, and two gray sea-gulls are introduced at the top of the picture."

'A MUSICIAN'

PLATE IV

THE principles of composition which have been before hinted at are brought out very strongly in this picture. A very marked Grecian design (probably invented by Moore himself) is brought in straight lines across the canvas. Then the two girls are so disposed that their heads hide part of the horizontal line and prevent its making too straight a path across the whole canvas. Note also the effort (in this case not wholly successful) at repeated line and rhythm in the movement of the several left hands of the girls. The head of the musician breaks the line of the bas-relief in the same sense as do the two girls, and the general lines of his figure are placed as an opposition to the long lines of the girls' draperies. An unexpected note is the way that Japanese fans are introduced along the dado.

We are told by Baldry: "The musician, a dark youth in a thin yellow tunic, is seated bending forward over his lyre, while opposite to him the girls, fair-headed, and in yellow, rose-color, and white draperies, recline on a low seat before a white-paneled wall. Above the paneling is a gray frieze, and the floor is pale red; on the right of the picture is introduced a purple iris in a glass vase, and on the left a pink azalea in a pot."

'A WARDROBE'

PLATE V

A. LYS BALDRY says of this picture: "In color 'A Wardrobe' is extremely gentle. The pale creamy skin of the youthful but well-developed figure is accentuated by the masses of transparent white drapery falling in ample folds behind it. The background is a wall of darker flesh-color, while the upper part of the picture is filled with a quaintly designed cupboard painted in simple patterns, and which by its definite lines gives strength and power to the composition of the picture. On the woman's head is a pale blue cap, and her left hand holds a string of blue beads. Her feet are set upon a leopard-skin. The key in which the whole is pitched is markedly high and brilliant, and no attempt has been made to gain effectiveness by exaggeration of shadows. Nevertheless, the rounding of the limbs and torso is complete and expressive, and the pervading refinement of the whole design never approaches indefiniteness or degenerates into flatness."

It is one of the hardest things for a modern to invent a new gesture which

shall be at the same time graceful yet significant and logical. Especially is this true in the treatment of the nude. One finds almost exactly the same pose as Ingres 'La Source' in one of Jean Goujon's fountain bas-reliefs. And various of Sir Frederic Leighton's poses are to be found in classic sculpture. Apparently Moore has succeeded in finding something new. One does not recall any old design like this. The graceful figure of the girl makes a pleasant relief to the straight horizontal lines of the background, and the draperies, in varying folds, not only afford verticals to give contrast to the horizontals before mentioned, but also curved lines to modify the verticals. The decoration of the wardrobe, though in a sense very simple, is yet surprisingly ingenious. Note the circular lines in the upper left-hand corner of the left door, which are introduced to give variety to the upright lines. A whole sermon on ornament is here. The manner in which the other door is left somewhat ajar is very well thought out. The lighter tone of the wall beyond brings out the shadow and, therefore, the design of the head. The dark spots on the leopard-skin at the girl's feet make a *rappel*, or reminder, of the darker notes of the wardrobe above.

## 'POMEGRANATES'

## PLATE VI

**T**HIS is, perhaps, the handsomest composition that Moore ever made. It has all the science of his other ones, with a little more of the unexpected. While these others are rather formal in their arrangement, this one has more of haphazard, of the unforeseen. And yet, when one comes to analyze this composition, it is composed in a very knowing way. The straight lines are not this time carried to the end of the canvas, yet there is enough of them to make their breaking by the kneeling girls very grateful to the eye. The draperies of the figures, although not so elaborate as later work, are beautifully made, and the pattern on the little chest is excellently well done; also, the leaves in the left corner are admirably made.

Baldry says of this: "A group of three girls in transparent white robes partly covered with other semi-transparent draperies of different shades of red. The central figure of the group is kneeling before the open door of a cabinet, on the top of which the others lean right and left, and interest themselves in the action of their companion. The cabinet is white, painted with formally treated ornamentation in orange and red; the wall behind is white, and a blue mat and some green leaves hang on it; the floor is dark gray-blue with white patterns; and in front of the cabinet is a leopard-skin, upon which stands a two-handled black jar. The picture is named from a bowl of pomegranates and other fruit placed on top of the cabinet."

## 'MIDSUMMER'

## PLATE VII

**T**HIS picture is thus described by Mr. Baldry: "The three figures depicted on it are not far off life size, and are draped, over thin underdresses of white gauze, in the strongest orange. The center girl sits half asleep on a silver throne festooned with long wreaths of golden yellow flowers, and

the whole group is set before a wall of black marble paneling with a carved base of green marble. The two fair-haired attendants standing right and left of the throne hold apple-green fans, and green, with black and shades of yellow, is freely used in the foreground carpet, which lies upon a creamy yellow floor. At the back are a cabinet, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and a yellow vase with leaves and flowers. The effect produced by the intensity of the colors used, and by the largeness of the spaces they fill, is unexpectedly insistent, if not aggressive; and in the hands of an artist of less technical knowledge, and with less sense of right arrangement, the picture might easily have become garish and crude. As it is, however, it deserves to be quoted as an example of the manner in which strength of color can be obtained without loss of either brilliancy or refinement."

Apart from the handsome arrangement, there is in this a happy sense of the pleasant weariness of midsummer. This weary queen, like that other one a long time dead, these graceful queans on either side, are oppressed by the healthful laziness of a summer day, and every movement helps to give this impression. To express a mood — that was one of Moore's aims, and certainly in this picture he has achieved it.

'YELLOW MARGUERITES'

PLATE VIII

**Y**ET again Mr. Baldry says: "The stately maiden who is the subject of the picture is not asleep, but, with head raised and supported by a black silk cushion set against the wall behind, is gazing in a contemplative fashion straight before her. Her drapery is pale creamy yellow, and over her knees hang, festooned, rippling folds of white gauze. On her head is a rose-red cap and about her neck is a row of white beads. The upper part of the background wall is green, but the lower half is covered with a dado of white lace. Couch and floor are green; on the right is a pale yellow fan with pink edge, and on the left a glass jar filled with yellow marguerites. A black butterfly on the wall breaks the green expanse of the background, and a black, pink, and yellow rug covers the floor."

'Yellow Marguerites' is one of the most typical of Albert Moore's pictures, not merely in its arrangement, which is quite on the lines of his ideas of composition, but also in its curious *mélange* of Grecian draperies, Japanese fan, and marguerites, which one guesses to be a modern development of some simpler form of flower. To him a picture existed first for its perfection of line, form, and color. His girl is beautiful, not because he desires to please a public fond of pretty girls, but because nothing unlovely must come into his picture. One believes anything else would have served him as well, were it not that he could find nothing quite so handsome as a young girl draped in classic fold.

What one notes about the composition is the way the splendid opulent figure and draperies are flung diagonally across the precise horizontal forms of the background. In order that the diagonal may not be too strong and noticeable, the fan is introduced in such a way that its ribs run counter to the

general direction of the draperies. Also certain draperies, as the scarf across the knee, serve something the same purpose.

An interesting detail, happy or otherwise, is the way in which a broad band of lace is stretched across the background. It is not just where one would expect to find lace, but Moore liked the looks of lace and that was enough. The yellow marguerites are skilfully placed so as to break the line of drapery which otherwise might be monotonous in its curve, and the beautifully rendered glass vase serves well to fill a corner.

'BATTLEDORE' AND 'SHUTTLECOCK'

PLATE IX

OF these pictures, Mr. Baldry says: "Of the two, 'Battledore,' with its quieter gradation of blues, is preferable to the green-and-blue 'Shuttlecock.' In the former picture the thin blue-and-gray drapery of the girl, who stands holding a battledore in one hand and shuttlecock in the other, is set against a background of blue wall, and hangings of gray figured with blue. On her head is a blue cap with a rosette of black and orange, and at her feet is a mat striped blue, black, orange, and gray. Behind her is a blue-green pot with flowers. In 'Shuttlecock' the arrangement is similar, but green takes the place of blue and blue of gray, and there are a few more touches of contrasting color."

It is the gesture which particularly charms one in the picture 'Shuttlecock.' Gesture, indeed, is one of Albert Moore's special characteristics. So many figures one sees are pleasantly posed, make a pretty line, and yet there is nothing unique about them. Now the masters of gesture — Moore was one of them, Ingres was another — will spend hours, even days, in finding the one best movement that is beautiful in itself, makes a wholly new form for the eye, and quite expresses the individual character of the model. It is said that Moore had beautiful girls clad in Greek draperies to play at battledore and shuttlecock by the hour till the one and only movement was caught.

These two pictures are, among other reasons, interesting because Moore has in them, to some extent, departed from his usual scheme of composition, and that in a rather subtle way. That is, instead of, as usual, placing his gracefully flowing draperies against rigid horizontals and verticals, he has opposed swirls of background drapery in such a way that their folds come nearly at right angles to the folds of his girls' Greek garments. True, there are horizontals at the top and bottom, but not placed in such a manner as to cross the main draperies of the figures. One subtle quality in these figures is the graceful *gaucherie* of women playing an unaccustomed game. The movements are a little constrained, almost awkward, and yet have about them the charm that a beautiful woman puts into every gesture.

'A GARDEN'

PLATE X

MR. BALDRY says of this: "'A Garden' shows a pleasant arrangement of pale green draperies over white, with an accent of orange in the cap that partly covers the fair hair of the maiden whose graceful movement to

pluck a flower is the sole incidental motive of the picture. The background is a gray wall, and the accessories form a kind of pattern of leaves and flowers, nasturtiums, anemones, and asters, in shades of purple, blue, and orange. The effect of the whole is peculiarly tender and refined, with a reticence that is much more convincing than demonstrativeness can ever be."

The main line in the composition is a diagonal running from the upraised hand downward toward the right. This line is repeated by the lower hand outstretched toward the flowers. As a corrective to this diagonal, the shrub in the foreground is introduced, its main lines running somewhat in an inverse sense. Also the tip of the head and the line of the sapling which she holds give an opposition to the strong main diagonal of the picture. The upright flower-stems, which in themselves might appear stiff, form a good background in opposition to the flowing lines of drapery. This law of contrasts is one of the most important in Decorative Art.

While this picture has not a little claim, it is also interesting to study as being one of Moore's first in this *genre*. And while the draperies are well enough made, they are not arranged and studied with the skill which Moore later displayed. The picture is, however, a typical Moore, its aim being the handsome rendering of well-balanced design, beautiful lines, and lovely color. Note the signature in the lower left-hand corner, not unlike the kind of thing which Whistler was doing at the same time.

#### A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY ALBERT MOORE

**L**ORD ARMSTRONG: Follow My Leader — BIRMINGHAM CORPORATION: Dreamers (Plate v) — J. CHAMBERLAIN: Sapphires; Birds — W. COLTART: The Quartette; A Wardrobe (Plate vi) — W. CONNALL, JR.: Rose-leaves; Reading Aloud; An Idyll; Midsummer (Plate vii) — LORD DAVEY: Waiting to Cross — E. DENNY: Sea Gulls (Plate iii); Shells (Plate iii) — L. T. DEVITT: Companions — W. FOTHERGILL: Jasmine — F. H. GOSSAGE: Acacias — G. J. GRIBBLE: A Palm Fan — A. HENDERSON: A Garden (Plate x) — C. JOSEPH: Red Berries — W. KENRICH: The End of the Story — J. LEATHART: A Musician (Plate iv); Battledore (Plate ix); Shuttlecock (Plate ix) — C. E. LEES: A Yellow Room — LIVERPOOL CORPORATION: A Summer Night (Plate i) — A. MAXWELL: Beads — H. MOORE: A Sofa — W. G. ROBERTSON: The Toilet — H. TATE: Blossoms (Plate ii) — H. TRIST: Pomegranates (Plate vi).

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MASTERS IN ART

**Moretto**

BRESCIAN SCHOOL





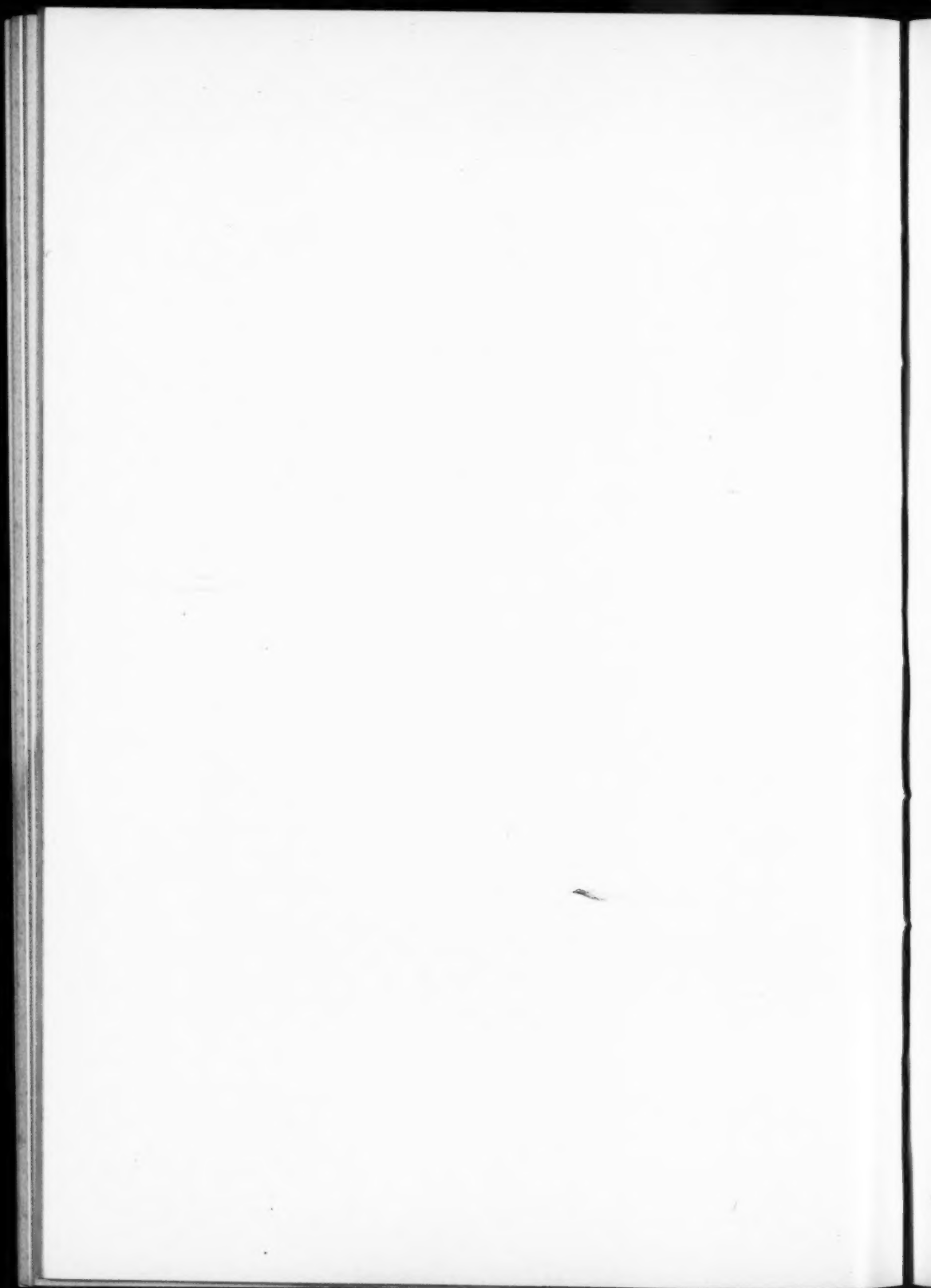


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE  
[188]

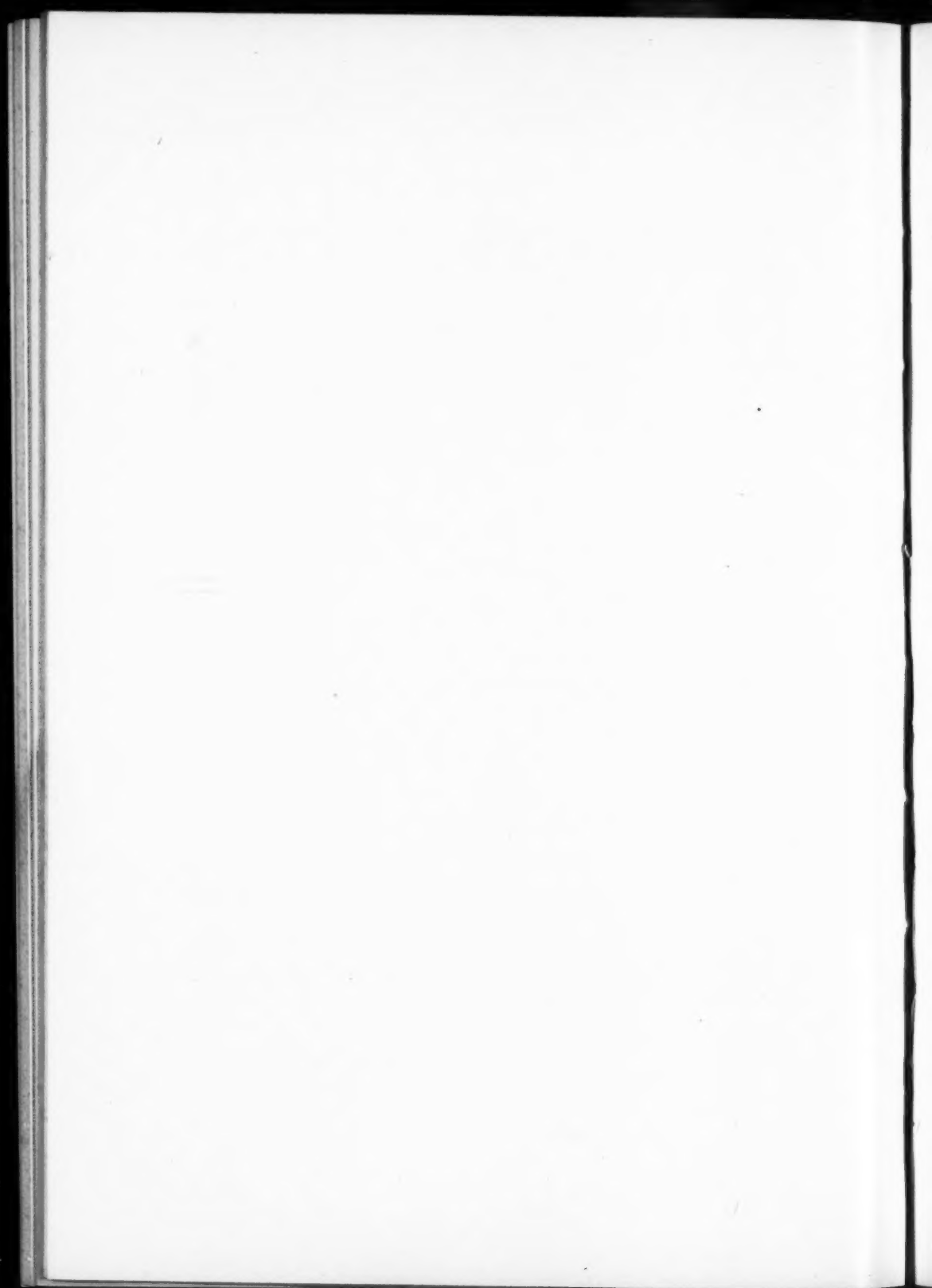
MORETTO  
ST. JUSTINA  
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA







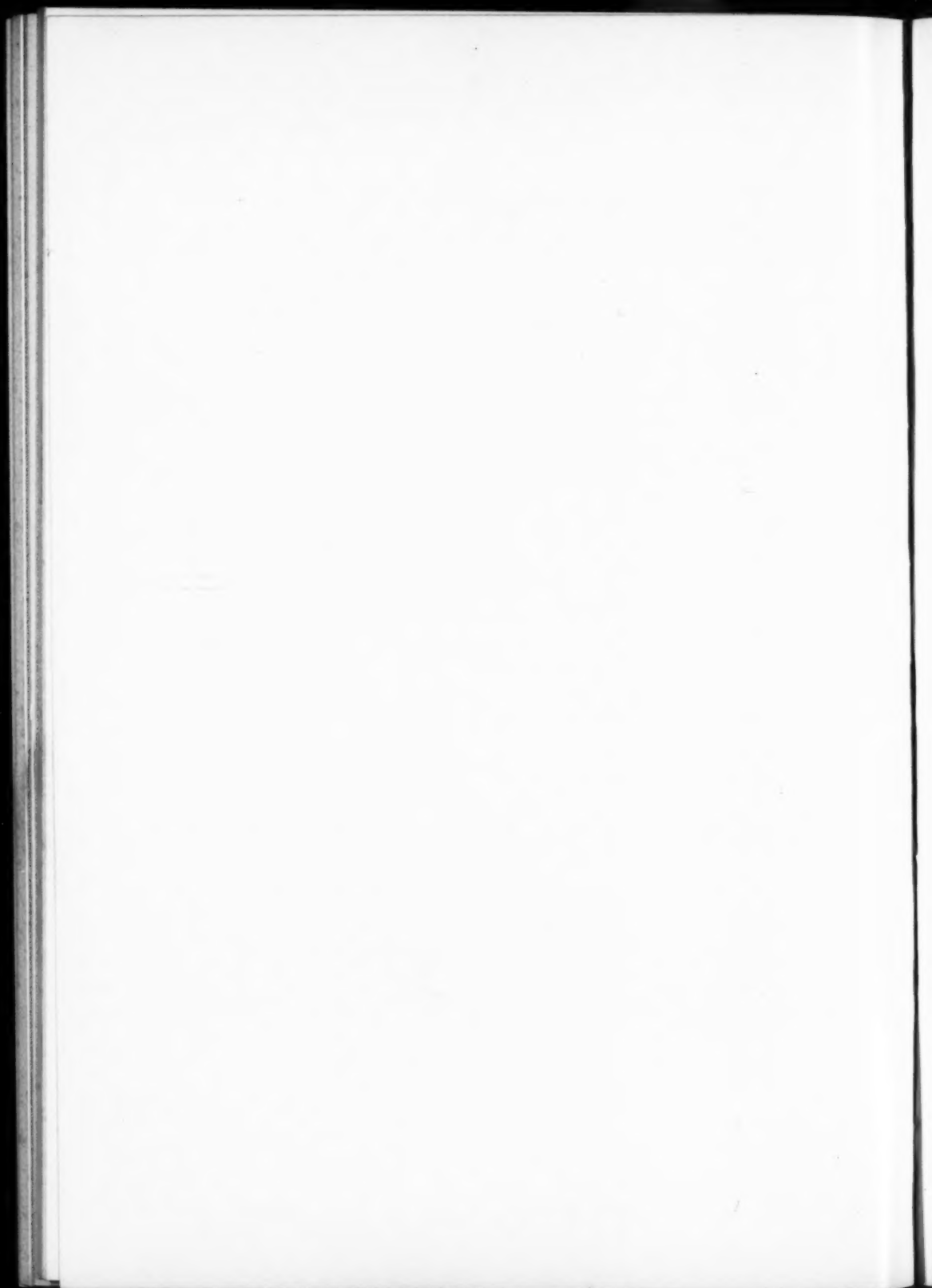








MORETTO  
SUPPER AT EMMAUS  
MARTINENGO GALLERY, BRESCIA





MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

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MORETTO  
MAGDALENE AT THE FEET OF THE SAVIOUR  
CHURCH OF S. MARIA IN CALCHERA, BRESCIA





MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

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MORETTO

FAITH

HERMITAGE GALLERY, ST. PETERSBURG





MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

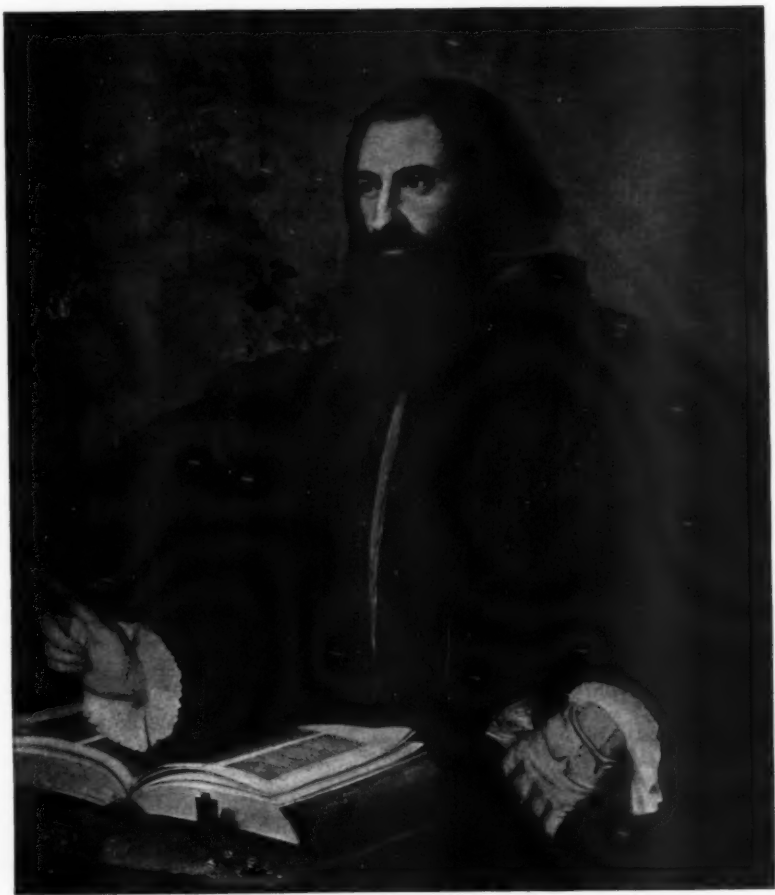
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

[996]

MORETTO  
PORTRAIT OF AN ECCLESIASTIC  
ROYAL GALLERY, MUNICH















MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

[401]

MORETTO  
PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN MAN  
GALLERY OF SIR H. LAYARD, VENICE





# Moretto

BORN 1498: DIED 1555 (?)

BRESCIAN SCHOOL

**A**LLESSANDRO BONVICINO, more commonly called Moretto, was born at Rovato, near Brescia, about 1498. The family came originally from Ardino. He first studied with Ferramola, a Brescian painter of no great importance. The date of his death is lacking. He painted so late as 1554, and died probably in 1555. He was buried in the Church of San Clemente, in Brescia.

Brescia is a little hill town built on a spur of the Rhoetian Alps, and near it towers that fine old castle the "Falcon of Lombardy." Its streets are of a picturesqueness much like other Italian towns, only, strange to say, they are rather cleaner. The town has a fine old cathedral, of the circular type, and a new cathedral not so fine and of no particular type at all. There are Roman baths, or the ruins of them, to be seen, and there is a fine collection of manuscripts to delight the earnest student. But to the artist the great interest of Brescia is that it is the birthplace and the living-place of Alessandro Bonvicino, more commonly called Moretto. Il Moretto means, it may be said in passing, "The Moor," or "The Blackamoor," and the term was probably merely a playful allusion to Moretto's dark complexion — dark, that is, among the blond Lombards of Northern Italy. This, however, is merely speculation; the name is not definitely accounted for.

There is little to be said about Moretto's life. He was one of those men who did their work well but quietly, so that little has been told about him. If he had lived in Venice, where Ridolfi says he studied, he would doubtless have become one of the most famous painters. As it is, shut up in his little Brescia, he produced charming works, hardly to be excelled anywhere, but works which, unfortunately, have been but too little known. It was hard to get to Brescia; the ordinary traveler did not go there. So the histories of art got themselves written with no particular allusion to Moretto. Ridolfi and Vasari, it is true, speak of him, but at no great length. His is a reputation which must increase with the years, for his work not only had a soundness quite uncommon in Northern Italy, but a noble, serious charm as well.

The Venice of his day must have been a most stimulating place for a young man. Titian was the supreme young master. Giorgione had just died. John

Bellini, an old man, was still alive. The whole town was full of young and eager craftsmen, intent on learning their trade in the greatest school of the world. Moretto may have known Tintoretto and Palma Vecchio. He may have brushed elbows against El Greco, another student in the school of Titian. He may have seen Albert Dürer, when the latter made his visit to Venice.

The curious thing about Moretto, however, is that with all these inducements to paint in a style nearly approaching the Venetian, he chose to go back to his Brescia in the hills and to paint quite in his own manner — in cool, silvery tones quite different from the hot gold of Venice. Yet in this Venetian school he must have played a good part in his day, before he went back to his native town. One or two of his pictures still remain in Venice; notably his 'Feast in the House of Simon,' which is a very fine production.

At the same time, it is not absolutely known that Moretto studied in Venice. The excellent Ridolfi says he did, but Ridolfi is not wholly reliable. At all events, to begin with he studied with Floriano (or Fioravente Ferramola). This painter is accounted of the Venetian school, although his work shows rather the influence of Foppa, Costa, and of Francia. A pleasant little story concerning him relates that when Gaston de Foix captured and sacked Brescia Fioravente was so absorbed in his painting that he worked on regardless of the assault "until he was surprised by the plunderers at his easel. Gaston compensated him for his losses, and ordered a portrait of himself." Fioravente was apparently of no great importance himself, but seems to have been able to hand on the secret of those cool, silvery tones which Vincenzo Foppa had taught him.

Romanino, also, is said to have somewhat influenced the style of Moretto. Girolamo Romanino was another Brescian born some ten years before Moretto. His family came from Romano, and thus he got his name. Whether he really influenced Bonvicino, or whether the latter influenced him, is a matter open to discussion; for Romanino, having left Brescia when Moretto was about fourteen years old, returned five years later to find the latter fully established as a painter. However, it seems likely that the youth of nineteen might well have learned a good deal from the older Romanino. The two joined in a contract to decorate the chapel of the Corpus Christi in San Giovanni.

Romanino, doubtless, painted some beautiful things. His style was softer and less incisive than that of Bonvicino. Sometimes the quality of Bonifacio and others of the weaker Venetians is suggested in it, although his color is hardly so lovely. In drawing, his figures are heavier than Moretto's and, while his design is adequate, it hardly shows the originality that charms us in the other man. Something of the influence of Giorgione clung to him always; not that he himself was a student of that master, but he seems to have been more open to the all-pervading Giorgionesque influence than was Moretto.

Another man who may or may not have influenced Moretto was Savoldo. Giovanni Girolamo Savoldo was another Brescian (surely Brescia was the home of *pictores ignoti*) in 1480, possibly so late as 1485, fifteen or twenty years before Moretto. He lived long in Venice, acquired much of the Venetian

manner, without losing his own marked originality, and painted various delightful pictures, among others 'The Venetian,' 'St. Mary Magdalen approaching the Sepulcher,' and 'Adoration of the Shepherds.' He, too, had that "silvery manner" which seems to have been the birthright of Brescians from Vincenzo Foppa down to Moroni, the pupil of Moretto. Just what his relations with Moretto were does not appear, but it may very well be that he too had his influence on an impressionable young painter.

Again, it is said that Moretto tried to introduce something of the style of Raphael into his works. This may possibly be so, but seems a rather far-fetched idea. While both men were great space-fillers, their method of attack was quite different. Moretto's seems now more original because less well known. Again, Raphael's effort would seem to have been to make his figures typical. Moretto's have each one a quite distinct personality. Moretto's point of view, in short, was more modern in this: that, in his best work, he treated his subjects in a more realistic and personal manner. This is not to say that his method was the better; one simply notes how it differs from Raphael. It should not be forgotten that Raphael derived largely from Da Vinci, as did also most of the north of Italy men — Moretto among the rest, however indirectly. It seems likely, then, that what Vasari called Raphael-esque when he saw Moretto's work was rather the latter's version of the invincible Da Vinci tradition.

In order to begin to understand the influences that may have affected Moretto's work, we must go back to a certain Vincenzo Foppa. He was the master of Ferramola, who, in his turn, was the master of Moretto. What makes Foppa significant is that in his work first appears those "silvery, almost shimmering effects" which in somewhat different guise we so admire in Moretto. And again he was one of the first masters to begin the study of edges, to make his contours melt into the background. In a word, he was one of the first to really see. He too was a Brescian, which in its little way seems to have been a home for the beginnings of modern art.

But after all, though this discussion of the various forces which influenced Moretto has its interest, the really important thing is to realize that he was a particularly original man, not much influenced by any one. The first impression which his work makes on one is that it is different from the rest. It is only afterwards that one begins to find certain suggestions of influence by other men. And even here, these signs are mostly found in his early and immature work; for in some of his finest things, like the 'St. Nicholas Bari presenting Infants to the Madonna' (Plate IX) or the 'St. Justina' (Plate I), there is no particular suggestion of influence by any one. On the other hand, particularly from the 'St. Justina,' one gets a sense of marked originality.

The first thing that strikes the casual observer in regard to Moretto is that his color is so different from the other Venetians (for Moretto, though a Brescian, may be called half a Venetian, as he was strongly affected by the Venetian school). Where most of the Venetians have more or less that famous "golden glow" which one reads about in books, Moretto's works, on the other hand, have a wonderful cool note which the older writers, for want of a better

word, call "silvery." And this silvery note is nearer what the moderns have come to feel is the modest truth of nature. That is the feeling that one has in looking at his works: that, while fine in design, very decorative in effect, they also look, especially for a painter of those days, singularly true. The figures look much as one fancies they must have looked in nature. And this truth is not a matter of meticulous observation (for Moretto renders in the "grand style" as well as any man), but rather of justness of the tones and colors. This same silvery tone comes about in an interesting way. From what one reads or observes about most of the great Venetians, — Titian, Palma Vecchio, and others, — it is apparent that they started their pictures by "underpainting" all the forms in a warm gray body color, probably tempera. When this was well dried various glazes (which to the uninitiate may be called thin rubbings of transparent oil-color) were put on, and the final effect of the picture obtained.

Now it seems evident that Moretto underpainted with a cool gray rather than a warm gray; that is, his gray, instead of being made from black, Venetian red, yellow ocher, and white, was apparently made of black and white. This gave the black, when mixed at all with white, a "cold" or slightly bluish effect. It follows that when he glazed over this underpainting (for in other matters his method was apparently very like the ordinary Venetian way) a subtle "silvery" tonality still persisted throughout his whole picture.

Curiously enough, Moretto reminds one, in this technical way, of a very different painter; to wit, the prodigious Vermeer of Delft, of whom one has heard so much of late. For Vermeer, too, had a way of underpainting — not with black, but with blue; so much so, indeed, that certain of his pictures, notably the 'Woman at a Spinnet' in the National Gallery, are seriously injured by the fading out, or cleaning off, of what one guesses to have been some sort of yellow lake, which permits the blue to show through too much, so that the whole picture has a slightly greenish cast.

It is also as a designer that Moretto makes a very strong appeal. He has wonderful power of filling spaces in a handsome way; indeed, one is inclined to rank him near Titian in this respect. A picture of his which one thinks of in this respect is the magnificent 'St. Nicholas presenting Infants to the Madonna' (Plate 1x). Here the sense of line, the intelligence with which flowing lines are broken at just the right point, the skilful balance, so different from the old, pyramidal scheme of things, are quite admirable. In the 'St. Justina' (Plate 1), too, the arrangement is wholly novel, unexpected, and yet most satisfying.

It is this quality of novelty, by the way, which is one of Moretto's most charming characteristics to the strong in spirit. At the same time, it is probably one of the things which has prevented his receiving that recognition and acceptance which were his due. What could be more different from the ordinary picture than this same 'St. Justina'? In some ways it is one of the most original pictures ever painted. Moretto is one of the noble army of artistic martyrs, only in his case there was not that lack of technical ability which so often explains a man's failure to please.

When one has said that Moretto was a great designer, it follows almost of

necessity that he was a great decorator; although some great designers, like Vermeer of Delft, have never made decorations at all. At all events, a great decorator Moretto certainly was. And, although in some ways one feels he lacked recognition, at least he had this joy, that so many good men have longed for in vain — the chance to cover great surfaces with beautiful imaginings. The good Brescians, at least, seem to have known a man, and Brescian churches are full of his noble adornments.

It would seem, then, that his grasp on character must have been strong; and so, indeed, it is. It is not only in his portraits, but in all his work, that his sense of character makes itself evident. Indeed, with all his splendid skill in design and charm of color, one feels Moretto, compared with the Venetians, to have been a portrait-painter making decorations. He did not seem to feel it necessary, as so many decorators have done, to reduce his heads and figures to types. On the other hand, he was able to make each head very personal and yet preserve the large, decorative aspect of his ensemble.

It is not that the heads are overcharacterized, and, indeed, in some of his virgins and angels one wishes that he had made them more characteristic. But in his large compositions, as in the 'Feast at the Pharisee's House,' he loves to introduce secondary figures full of character and interest. So, indeed, did many Venetians — Paul Veronese, for instance, to name no lesser man. But Veronese's men, though sufficiently characterized, are evidently primarily decorative in intention, while it is evident enough that Moretto enjoyed searching the character while always awake to his decorative effect. Sometimes, as in the buffoon of this same Pharisee's feast, the figures are a little grotesque; yet, for a man who packed his compositions so full and so loved detail, Moretto is singularly successful in avoiding the grotesque.

To say that a man gets character is, after all, only one way of saying that he draws very well. And Moretto, in certain respects, drew better than any of the Venetians. His love for truth sometimes led him to draw an ungainly shape as he saw it. He had not, apparently he did not care to have, the large Venetian manner of indicating and massing figures, but his heads are better constructed and the forms are better made. At times, his drawing of a hand or arm is as precise as if done by Ingres.

Even if at times one feels that Moretto's canvases are too crowded — and certainly one sometimes does so feel them to be — there are always some splendid bits which make it many times worth while to have studied the picture. For instance, in the 'Fall of Manna,' Church of St. John the Evangelist, Brescia, which surely is rather too crowded a composition, one finds admirable pieces of detail, like the children in foreground and a noble woman's head at the right.

Moretto, like many painters of distinction, had a peculiar feminine type which he was evidently fond of painting. It is not that he did not have a firm grip on character, for he varied his types more than did most painters of his day. Yet still one notes this type persisting through his work, usually in some angel or spirit rather than in the central Madonna of the composition. Indeed, truth to tell, his Madonnas themselves are apt to be a little tame and



*fade*. It seems to be hard to paint a woman so that at the same time she will look good and beautiful and strong.

Our master had an almost Crivellian love for splendid stuffs, especially for the stiff, glittering surface of gold-shot brocades, although he does not introduce it so liberally as did Crivelli. In his 'Herodius' there is fur and velvet, tapestry and gleaming hair and pearls. And with this goes a love of still life which Moretto introduces into his large canvases with all the gusto of a Venetian. He is fond, too, of entwining in the hair of his favorite female types garlands of leaves arranged in a fantastic way. His love of gorgeous draperies, and especially his skill in painting them, in rendering and differentiating rich textures, is commented on by almost every writer who describes his work.

All the Venetians loved landscape, and Moretto loved it too, and makes it very well for his day and generation, but quite in his own way. Or let us say, his landscape tells of his surroundings just as that of Titian or of Giorgione told of theirs. His is the landscape of a hill town with handsome castles cutting the sky-line here and there. And his realism nowhere shows more than in his landscape work; for, where with the other Venetians the trunk of a tree looks like a good enough tree-trunk, but in no sense a particular, individual trunk, with Moretto it is quite characterized, just as his heads are, as that particular tree and no other. One even sees where the bark has come off in great rolls; and yet, strange to say, this does not at all injure the decorative effect, but rather enhances it.

For Moretto apparently understood perfectly well, or felt instinctively, that in decoration one does not need to present a focus — indeed, it is undesirable — and that, therefore, it is well to make each part of the composition interesting and, if possible, beautiful. He makes each part of his picture interesting; there are no tiresome spots in it. He has not, perhaps, Titian's remarkable power of making each piece interesting, yet in his own way he achieves delightful detail.

Besides all these things, Moretto was a very great portrait-painter. Indeed, he was the master of Moroni, and, while certain portraits by the latter, notably the famous 'Tailor' of the National Gallery, are probably more remarkable as portraits than anything that Moretto accomplished, still his portraits would hold their own with Moroni's anywhere, and in studying portraits by the two men it is not hard to see where the younger man learned his trade.

Moretto also made frescos, and, although the art writers tell us that these were inferior to his oil-paintings, they have, nevertheless, excellent qualities. The cool note of the fresco quite suited our painter's liking for silvery tones.

Moretto's technique was based on that of the Venetians. That it grew different was due in some respect, as we have already pointed out, to the fact of his living by himself in his little hill town, and painting perforce, rather than by choice, by himself. Indeed, one might say of him that he was one of the first individualists. He does not seem in any way to have been a proud or quarrelsome spirit like Goya or like Salvator Rosa, who scorned others and tried to paint differently. On the other hand, his child-like piety is spoken of.

Apparently he worked in a sad sincerity. His works were individual simply for the unconscious power and originality of the man.

Moretto was, as has been said, a man of great piety, and it is told of him that he was accustomed, when he had a highly important subject, as for instance the 'Virgin Mother,' to prepare himself for the painting by prayer and fasting. At all events, all Moretto's pictures have a fine, large, tranquil feeling, as if their maker were at peace in mind.

The gesture of Moretto's figures is always adequate; perhaps it was not very poignant. For the most part, painters of that day strove to make their figures take large, ample poses, without worrying too much as to whether these gestures were poignant or intense. Of course, there are exceptions to this. Yet certainly, of all the Venetian school, it is hard to think of many who paid great attention to gesture as gesture. Tintoretto, perhaps, did more than the rest. In Tintoretto's 'Miracle of the Slave' there is the beautiful gesture of the mother holding her child; but even Tintoretto, when he came to make the principal figures of his tableaux, was apt to treat them in a rather commonplace way when it came to gesture. It may be that there was a feeling that the gesture of the principal figures must not be too intense, that such a treatment would not be dignified. No doubt hierarchic influence had something to do with it. In a religious composition ordered by churchmen it was impossible to have the chief figures act with the freedom of the others. Even Paul Veronese, who had no hesitation about putting dogs and cats in his religious pictures, eating up the remains of the feast; who put courtiers in gorgeous Venetian dresses and brought them to gesticulate at the 'Supper at Cana' — even he was very careful to have the gesture of his principal sacred figures very slight and dignified.

Apart from his admirable technical qualities, the trait that charms one in Moretto is a noble gravity; a noble realism, too. This quality is not merely in the expression of the heads and in the action of the figures, but pervades everything — the color, the chiaroscuro, and the design. Moretto's charm — and he is one of the charmers — does not lie in the same sort of thing that made the charm of Giorgione or Watteau. In short, there is no Pagan joy in him or his work. Rather, they are informed with a noble, serene gravity, which brings with it a singular power to soothe the spirit.

Moretto is one of those rare painters who are chiefly known and appreciated by the *raffinè*, and who do not have the recognition from the general public that they deserve. As has been hinted, his fame is injured from the fact that so many of his pictures are in Brescia, where, till recently, it has been rather hard to get at them. Certain pictures of his, like the 'St Justina,' have become very famous because they are in great public galleries; but others equally fine are hardly known at all, because they decorate dim old churches in Brescia, which the generality of people do not see at all.



## The Art of Moretto

BERNHARD BERENSON 'NORTH ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE'

**M**ORETTO, the follow-pupil of Romanino, is the nearest approach to a great artist among his exact contemporaries in Northern Italy outside Venice; and even if we include Venice he is more than able to hold his own with men like Paris Bordone and Bonifacio. He has left, it is true, no such record of the all but realized Renaissance dream of life's splendor and joy as they have done with their 'Fisherman and Doge' and 'Rich Man's Feast.' His color is not so gay, and at his worst he sinks perhaps even lower than they; but he is much more of a draftsman and of a poet, and consequently more of a designer. Thanks to these gifts, when Moretto is at his best his figures stand and grasp, their limbs have weight, their torsos substance; and even when these merits are less conspicuous we can forgive him many a shortcoming for the sake of the shimmer, the poetic gravity, of his color, shot through as it is with light and shade. He had, besides, unusual gifts of expression, and a real sense of the spiritually significant. It is, therefore, not surprising to find that, although he has left no such irresistible works as Bordone's and Bonifacio's two masterpieces, he has produced more truly admirable designs, more genuine portraits, and finer single heads. His 'St. Justina,' now at Vienna, is one of the heroic creations of Italy, with something almost of antique grandeur and directness. Only less remarkable in its simplicity of expression and largeness of design is the picture, in the pilgrimage church of Paitone, representing the apparition of the Madonna to a peasant boy; and worthy of a place beside it is the fresco at Brescia wherein we see an ancient hermit beholding the Queen of Heaven rising out of a burning bush. Wonderful as illustration is his so-called 'Elijah Waked by an Angel' (in San Giovanni Evangelista), which is really a highly poetical landscape, in the foreground of which we see two grand figures that we might easily mistake for the sleeping Centaur Chiron mounted by Victory. In quite another phase he takes a more purely mundane complexion, and in a work like the 'Christ at the Pharisee's,' in S. Maria della Pietà at Venice, he anticipates, as no other, the handling of similar themes by Paul Veronese. As for Moretto's portraits, I will mention but one, the 'Ecclesiastic' at Munich, but that one not easily outmatched: as character penetratingly perceived and frankly presented, as design simplicity itself, and as color a perfect harmony in dark, soft, twilight grays.

J. A. CROWE AND G. B. CAVALCASELLE 'A HISTORY OF PAINTING IN NORTHERN ITALY'

**T**HE Raphaelesque feeling which struck the attentive eye of Vasari breaks out in the beautiful altarpiece at San Giovanni which represents the 'Massacre of the Innocents.' In a lodge on the battlements of Jerusalem, Herod gives the signal for the slaughter; and the soldiers in the court below proceed to their task with ruthless ardor. A cloud overhanging the scene en-

circles and supports a naked boy bearing the cross, whose veil flutters in the wind. Thin make and chastened action distinguish the mothers struggling for the rescue of their babes; life and energetic motion are displayed in the persons of the soldiers, firmness and elasticity in the frame and limb of the boy in the clouds; and there is so much Umbrian sentiment in the setting of the groups, in the tasteful choice of dress and headgear, that Moretto may be suspected of having seen some of Raphael's prints and sketches. But in the care with which the drawing is finished and detailed, in the run of the contours, and in the studied cast of drapery thrown into copious folds we are as clearly reminded of the youth of the artist as in the smooth enamel and blending of the dim-colored flesh.

The graceful, gentle spirit which distinguishes form, and especially female form, in the 'Massacre of the Innocents' recurs more expanded in the noble 'Coronation of the Virgin' at San Nazzaro e Celso at Brescia, where the Virgin, kneeling to the Saviour, who crowns her, is enwreathed in a halo of clouds and a glory of angels. On the foreground below, St. Michael treads on the dragon transfixed by his lance, whilst St. Joseph looks up, St. Francis prays, and St. Nicholas attends in thought. In slenderness of proportions, in sympathizing grace of attitude and pleasant, characteristic faces, this altarpiece is the very best of its kind—cold perhaps in silver-gray surface, but full of bright harmony and color. Almost equally effective in arrangement, expression, treatment, and tone is the 'Virgin and Child in Heaven' in the Tosi Collection, an altarpiece composed for the Church of Sant' Eufemia, in which the young Baptist takes his place in the clouds; and two bishops—Benedict and Paterius—kneel on the foreground, protected by St. Agnes and St. Euphemia. There is a deadened peachy bloom in the flesh of these figures which absorbs light and produces a neutral soberness contrasting strongly with the vivid brightness of the drapery hues. The surfaces of flesh and draperies are pulpy and soft; when carelessly wrought, they are spongy; when flayed, they have a hardness of stone.

Smaller pieces rivalling these in elegant and elevated gentleness are the 'Virgin and Child,'—an echo of that of San Nazzaro, — a sybil, and a Magdalen in the Fenaroli Collection at Brescia.

Akin to these, again, in the tranquil grace and pure feeling of many of its parts is the altarpiece of the high altar at San Clemente, the parish church and burial-place of Moretto, at Brescia, where the Virgin and Child under arches, adorned with garlands of leaves and fruit amidst which cherubs play, look down from a throne resting on a semicircular entablature. Within the curve of this novel sort of niche St. Clement in state gives the benediction, in presence of St. Dominic, St. Florian, St. Catherine, and St. Mary Magdalen. A fault in this otherwise well-distributed and harmonizing composition is the strained posture of St. Florian, whose conventional action as he shows the banner and palm recalls Caroto's impersonations; but in other respects the figures are models of stately dignity.

A fine general effect of cold and silver duskiness combined with sprightly action in numerous figures is the 'Assumption' ordered in 1524 and finished

in November, 1526, for the old cathedral of Brescia, contemporary as to date with the celebrated fresco of the 'Miracle of the Blood' on the Porta Brucciata, which perished in the sixteenth century.

In other compositions of these and subsequent years we note the impress of Romanino's and Savoldo's styles clinging to Moretto's handling,—reminiscent of the former, the lively composition of an organ screen representing incidents from the legend of St. Peter at San Pietro in Oliveto, 'The Virgin appearing to Moses' (1), and medallions of prophets which are fragments removed from the Martinengo palace "al Novarino" in the Tosi Collection; reminiscent of the latter, 'The Magdalen anointing Christ's Feet in the House of Simon,' a dim and damaged altarpiece in Santa Maria Calchera, and a somber nativity at Santa Maria delle Grazie, suggesting memories of Velasquez.

It was in 1530 that Moretto displayed in its fullest development that form of his art which had been modeled on Palma and Pordenone by producing the grand and broadly treated 'Majesty of St. Margaret,' with St. Jerome and St. Francis, in San Francesco at Brescia. In the graceful affectedness of swelling shapes, in the comprehensive delineation of frame and limb, or in the broad cast of ample draperies Pordenone is as clearly reproduced as Romanino in the bend and foreshortening of the heads, whilst powerful, dim color is modeled in blended gradations in the low key which, with all its softness, sadly veils so many of the master's creations.

Of equal grandeur in its fulness and studied contour, but clearer and brighter in hue, is the allegory of 'Faith,' a picture of this period in the Hermitage of St. Petersburg, a symbolic ideal in the shape of a beautiful female holding the cross, the wafer, and the cup.

More elevated still, and of greater dignity in its combination of the Raphael-esque and Palmesque, is the kneeling knight at the Belvedere of Vienna, protected by a richly dressed damsel with the unicorn at her side as emblem of chastity. Majestic beauty dwells in her face, and melody of silver colors combines with soft and highly blended modeling to produce an impression of great freshness and brilliancy.

A most winning example of simple incident is the votive altarpiece of 1539 executed for Galleazzo Rovelli, in Santa Maria de' Miracoli at Brescia. A pleasant naturalism attracts us in the Virgin, who looks down from the pedestal of a side altar on which she holds her state. She supports the infant Christ astride of her knee, chirping at possession of an apple, and points to a boy on the foreground under the protection of St. Nicholas of Bari, who brings an offering of the fruit. Nearer the spectator is another boy, holding the bishop's miter, and two others in the rear in tender attitudes of devotion. In its variety of tinted stuffs of wool, of silk, of brocade—for distinguishing which Moretto was famous—there is no more harmonious picture of the master. The treatment is facile, and the form is rendered in a generous and fleshy mould; and there are few compositions in which we more honestly commend judicious setting, applied perspective, or realistic action united to Titianesque gravity.

That Moretto at this period was ambitious of rivaling Titian in breadth

of touch, in splendor of color, and in stateliness of demeanor is apparent in many of his works, and in none more than in the majesty of St. Anthony of Padua between St. Nicholas of Tolentino and St. Anthony the abbot, at Santa Maria delle Grazie, at Brescia. There is a serious and severe distinction in this piece and a combined excellence of contour, drapery, chiaroscuro, and color which, added to bold freedom of handling, mark it as an exceptionally valuable specimen of Moretto's skill.

In another and perhaps more nearly perfect example — 'The Supper at Emmaus' in the Tosi Collection — we find a very successful approach to the highest performances of the Venetian school, with the master's individuality fully preserved. The picture is of a deep, warm tone and rich, substantial handling, with types in which form is less striking for selection than earnestness. A very decided realistic feeling prevails in the outspoken nature of the movements and expression, which have the strong and straightforward bluntness of middle or poor class life. Christ, behind the table, in a gray hat, the falling brim of which overshadows his brow, is breaking the bread, whilst an apostle to the right, thrusting himself forward on his seat, leaning his cheek on his hand and his elbow on the table, gazes with intentness, as if desirous of imprinting every feature of the Redeemer's lineaments on his mind. The second apostle sits and seems to await the result of this examination. To the left, the host descends a flight of steps; and a girl to the right, in fanciful cap and bodice, carries a dish. Moretto strives to give the Saviour, whose face is really not above the common, a calm and settled air. He follows Titian in the effort to obtain effect by color, by massive chiaroscuro and picturesque costume. The drawing is studied and comparatively clean; the proportions are good, the drapery ample and well cast, with adumbrations, but distinctly recall Palma and Titian. The modeling is soft, sweeping, and peachy, and balances equal proportions of red light and dusky shade in blended transitions. Titian composes with more elevation of thought and dwells altogether in a higher sphere. His drawing is finer and his color more purely harmonious, but Moretto comes exceptionally near him by vigorous realism and a happy introduction of varied incident and motive thought. . . .

During his journeys at this time he probably became acquainted with some of the men who formed the circle of Titian, and conceived the idea of extending his practice by cultivating their friendship. He was well aware of the influence wielded by Aretino and sought to obtain his interest by judicious flattery. It was Aretino's habit to put artists of name under contribution, and especially to induce them to paint his likeness. With this in his hand he visited the palaces of Italian princes and greater potentates, from whom he levied considerable sums of money. In communicating with princes he puffed the artists who painted the portraits, and in his letters to artists he puffed the princes whose amiable qualities or political virtues he extolled. At the close of every year, or oftener, if it served his purposes, he published the correspondence. Moretto's portrait of Aretino reached Venice in the autumn of 1544, and came to its destination through Sansovino's hands. About the same time Vasari had done Aretino some service, in return for which he asked

for Aretino's protection in obtaining an appointment. Moretto's picture was forwarded to the Duke of Urbino with a judicious eulogy of the painter's talent and a prayer in favor of Vasari's cousin, and Vasari was made acquainted with the transaction in a note flattering to himself, Moretto, and the Duke.

We may believe that Moretto derived no advantage from this appeal to one of the most venal publicists of any age. It is certainly curious to observe that he chose a time for making it when his talent had reached its culmination and required no artificial forcing. The date of his present to Aretino is also that of his celebrated canvas in Santa Maria della Pietà at Venice, representing 'Christ in the House of Simon'— a canvas which may be considered the most important that Moretto ever produced. It was not commissioned, as we might suppose, for a Venetian church, having been ordered for the convent of Monsclise; but it was not less calculated in every respect to enhance his value in the eyes of lovers of the arts. We very soon remark in contemplating this piece how closely the Brescian is related to the Veronese school: a common source apparently yielding the snake-toned harmonies of Girolamo dai Libri Francesco Morone, and Morando, the gay contrasts of Moretto and Savoldo, the picturesque warmth of Bonifacio, and the glowing scale of Romanino. Moretto foreshadows the Veronese style of his picture at Venice in the 'Glory of St. Anthony,' at the Grazie of Brescia. The 'Feast in the House of Simon' is a model of the luxurious monumental style which found so grand an exponent in Paolo Veronese. If in earlier works we mark a combination of blunt expressiveness and gesture with gorgeous color and massive chiaroscuro, we now observe the same qualities allied to palatial architecture and splendid dress. The house of the Pharisee is a residence with lofty halls and colonnades, and openings showing vistas of sky and landscape. Christ sits at a table in the middle of a vaulted space, pointing to the Magdalen prostrate at His feet. Behind the board, and resting both hands on the cloth, a bare-armed servant in attitude and expression of surprise gazes at the incident, whilst another servant, equally astonished and more curious, peeps over Christ's shoulder. Simon, to the left, with his head in a turban and his frame in a fur pelisse, looks on with Titianesque senatorial calm. Clinging to a column on the foreground is the dwarf buffoon, with an ape on his shoulder, and near him a servant with cup and flask; to the right, two females communing on the event. The mere description of the scene suggests the name of Caliarì; but we are still more reminded of him by the gray architecture on which the figures are relieved, the fine perspective of the pillars and friezes, the positive solidity of flesh-tints broken with minium and red earth in light and verdeggris in darks, the bright vigor of costly raiment-painting, the sweeping, facile touch. Paolo Veronese was prolific to such an extent in turning out pictures covering yards of canvas that it is difficult to realize or remember their number. Moretto's examples of the same kind are extremely rare; and there is but one worthy to be placed by the side of Simon's feast; and that is the 'Marriage of Cana,' in San Fermo at Lonigo. Here again Moretto is the precursor of Veronese in the colossal subject which now fills the wall at the Louvre; but his version of the miracle has not the comprehensive size or splendor of Paolo's,



and is unfortunately injured. There are some traces of the same grand principles of treatment in the noble Virgin with the Child and saints at the National Gallery, an altarpiece which seems to have been completed for a Veronese church.

THE ABBATE-LUIGI LANZI

'HISTORY OF PAINTING IN ITALY'

**A**BOUT the same time several Brescian artists greatly distinguished themselves, although too little known, for want of enjoying a metropolitan city, for their sphere of action. . . .

The first is Alessandro Bonvicino, commonly called Moretto of Brescia, who was among the earliest of Titian's school to introduce his master's whole style of composition into his native district. This is clearly seen in his picture of 'S. Niccolo,' painted in 1532 for the Madonna de Miracoli, in which he depicted several figures of children, and of a man presenting them to the saint—portraits in Titian's best manner.

Subsequently, attracted by the composition of Raphael as exhibited in some pictures and engravings, he changed his style, adopting one altogether new, and so rich in attractions that many dilettantes have gone out of their way and visited Brescia for the sole purpose of feasting their eyes with them. The manner of Raphael may be as strongly traced in them as we can imagine possible for a painter who had never seen Rome. We meet with graceful features; elegant proportions, if they do not sometimes appear too slender; accuracy in the attitudes and expression, which, in his sacred subjects, display, as it were, the peculiar feeling of remorse, of pity, and even of charity itself. The drapery is diversified, but not sufficiently select; while all the accessories of the perspective and other embellishments are as splendid as in any Venetian artist, although not lavished with so much profusion; and he displays an exact, diligent, and delicate hand, which appears, to use a modern expression often applied, to write what it paints. In regard to coloring, Moretto pursued a method which surprises by the combined novelty and effect. Its chief characteristic consists of a very beautiful play of light and shadow, not disposed in great masses, but finely tempered and contrasted with each other. The same degree of art he applies both to his figures and his skies, where he sometimes depicts clouds whose colors are contrasted in a similar way. For the most part his grounds are bright and clear, from which the figures seem to rise with admirable relief. His fleshy parts often remind us of the freshness of Titian's; in his tints, moreover, he is more varied than the latter, or any other of the Venetians. Little azure appears in his draperies, the union of reds and yellows in a picture having been apparently more to his taste. It is the same with other colors, a circumstance I have noticed in some of his contemporaries both of Brescia and Bergamo. Vasari, who has recorded his name along with that of many other Brescian artists in his life of Carpi, commends him for his skill in imitating every kind of velvet, satin, or other cloth, either of gold or silver; but as he did not see, or failed to commemorate, some of his finest work, he has by no means done justice to his character.

Moretto has produced some works in fresco, though, if I mistake not, he colored better in oils; as is the case where diligence and depth of parts is not equally matched with pictorial rapidity and fire. He employed himself a good deal in his native province and the adjacent parts, in generally distinguishing himself more by his delicacy than by his grandeur of hand. A fine specimen of this last, however, may be seen in his terrific picture of 'Elias,' placed in the old cathedral. He was intimate with all the best methods of his art; but he did not always care to practise them. His picture of 'S. Lucia,' in the Church of S. Clemente, is not so much studied as that of Catherine, and even this yields to his painting of the great altarpiece representing Our Lady in the Air, with the titular and other saints seen below. The composition is conducted in every part with exquisite taste, and the piece is considered one of the best the city has to boast. An altarpiece consisting of various saints at S. Andrea, in Bergamo, another at S. Giorgio, in Verona, with the 'Fall of St. Paul,' at Milan—with which last he appears to have been so much pleased as to have subscribed, what was very unusual for him, his name—are all likewise of the most finished composition. He was esteemed excellent in portraiture and educated in this branch of art.

E. L. SEELEY

'ARTISTS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE'

**A**LLESSANDRO MORETTO, of the noble family of the Bonvicini at Brescia, was, as a boy, in Titian's house for some time, learning art, while he tried at the same time to follow the manner of Raphael. In Brescia and its neighborhood we find many of his pictures. Twelve miles from Brescia, in a church built on the top of Monte Paitone, there is still a miraculous picture of the Virgin, which Moretto painted at the request of the commune on the occasion of a miraculous event. A country fellow was gathering the wild mulberries on the mountain when the Blessed Virgin appeared to him in the guise of a grave matron, clad in white, and charged him to go to the people and bid them build a church in her honor on the summit of the hill, promising that if it were done an epidemic of sickness with which they were afflicted should be removed. The youth obeyed and was himself restored to health. When the building was finished Moretto was entrusted with the painting. He endeavored with great earnestness to reproduce the figure of the Virgin as the rustic described her, but found all his efforts vain.

He feared that it must be in consequence of some grave sin that he was unable to do it, and with deep devotion sought reconciliation with God and received the holy Eucharist; then, applying himself with renewed courage to the work, her image appeared in the picture just as she was seen by the countryman, whom he painted at her feet with the wild mulberries in his hand. The people constantly resorted to the church, and obtained from the divine hand many mercies and favors.

It is related of another picture of Our Lady, which he painted for a church in Bergamo, that the lightning, striking the altar and destroying all the decorations, left the divine figure untouched. There are several portraits of Mo-



retto, and among others his own in a doubtlet of many colors; and by these pictures Moretto made himself known as a good draftsman and colorist, who showed much pious feeling in the representation of sacred pictures.

RICHARD MUTHER 'HISTORY OF PAINTING FROM FOURTH TO NINETEENTH CENTURY'

MORETTO, one of the noblest painters whom Italy produced, gave his altarpieces a grandiose and solemn character. A cinquecentist in the powerful simplicity of his painting, he nevertheless preserved the solemn sincerity of the older time; and at the same time he strikes strangely modern accords of color. In contrast to the Venetians' love of full and vibrating color-tones, Moretto attuned everything to a silver gray. He felt himself most at home in painting the white cowls of his monks, which supply the leading note for the color-harmony of the whole. In nature, also, cool and gray-blue tones prevail. The water is white, and the clouds gleam in light gray. The evening red, with the Venetians a deep crimson, is with him a grayish or lemon color.

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## The Works of Moretto

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

'ST. JUSTINA'

PLATE I

THIS picture is by many considered the finest picture Moretto made, and certainly it is the best known. It is probable that the unicorn adds just that unexpected note which makes a picture stick in one's memory. But besides this, the woman's head is of a distinguished and delicate beauty. The picture was a sort of votive offering to St. Justina, so the kneeling figure of the donor is introduced. At first sight one gains the idea that the scene is a sort of *Concert Champêtre* where the beautiful saint, the gallant duke, and the nondescript unicorn are enjoying themselves. But really it is merely a picture of St. Justina. The unicorn is introduced chiefly as an attribute, the symbol of purity, while the splendid duke is introduced merely as a means of suggesting to a simple-minded and perhaps illiterate audience that he was the giver of the picture.

The composition of this, while perfectly adequate and well considered, is, at the same time, quite original, quite different from what one has seen before. And this is curious because it is conceived on the ordinary pyramidal idea. But the way in which the unicorn is introduced, and the curious foliage in the right-hand upper corner, give the picture a pleasantly *bizarre* aspect. The drapery of the saint is of that Crivellian richness which has already been alluded to. Certain details like the drapery about the saint's feet and the linen

gloves of the donor are particularly handsomely made. A curious detail is that the unicorn has a beard.

'VIRGIN IN GLORY, WITH SAINTS'

PLATE II

MORETTO often made his altarpieces on a rather formal plan, although he was quite capable, as in the *St. Nicholas Bari*, of making a highly original composition. The picture under consideration is a fine example of his more formal style. The arrangement reduces itself to almost pyramidal lines; but, on the other hand, the movement and expression of the saints and of the Madonna are varied and personal. The women are of very much the same type of beauty as appears in this painter's '*St. Justina*.' Very possibly they were all made from the same model.

The costumes of the saints, especially of the two bishops, gave Moretto an opportunity for the treatment of those rich and gorgeous stuffs which he loved to paint. Note the disposition of the bishops' crooks, which are not precisely parallel, but are arranged in such a way as to give variety of lines. The movement of the hands of the female saints, though mannered, is graceful and expressive.

A noticeable thing about the group in the clouds is that the young John Baptist is included. This is rather uncommon, as, while the figure of John is often introduced in altarpieces, it is generally an accessory and not so markedly a part of the central group. The design of this central group is very handsome and largely made, though one regrets that it is quite so sharply separated from the accessory figures, making, indeed, two pictures of the altarpiece — a fault which is skilfully avoided in the '*St. Nicholas Bari*.'

'MADONNA AND CHILD' [DETAIL]

PLATE III

ONE of the most delightful of Italian Madonnas. The Virgin tries to direct the attention of the Child to the children with the saint, but He, with the delightful inconsequence of a little child, insists on playing with His mother. The invention shown in the making of this group is remarkable; indeed, as much may be said for the whole picture. A charming detail is the treatment of the veil floating about the Virgin. She is clad in a garment whose stiff, brocaded aspect recalls the fabrics that Carlo Crivelli loved. This is rather uncommon, as the Virgin is usually represented as clad in plain red and blue. The drawing of the child is exceptionally fine, and, indeed, the whole movement and gesture is quite delightful.

'THE SUPPER AT EMMAUS'

PLATE IV

AN interesting detail about the composition is the palmer's hat ornamented with mystic symbols, as well as the cockle-shell that the Saviour wears. This was Moretto's *naïf* way of indicating that He appeared to the Apostles as a pilgrim, though, as the cockle-shell was an emblem that came in much later than the time of Christ, the symbolism is a little confused. The face and gesture of the Christ are well conceived, as is also the earnest movement of the

Apostle, whose draperies are treated with great skill and handsome invention. The little figure of the girl carrying a dish is very typical of Moretto. The flowers in the hair and the costly linen suggest a little Princess rather than a serving-wench, but that kind of license was permissible in Moretto's day.

'THE MAGDALEN AT THE FEET OF THE SAVIOUR'

PLATE V

THIS is a subject which Moretto has treated at least twice, the other instance being 'Christ at the House of the Pharisee' in Venice. This scene is painted with a realism rather uncommon in Italian art at this time. Yet the result is very dignified and distinguished. The head and draperies of the Magdalen are particularly well realized, and the hands are beautifully made. The head of Christ, of a different and more virile type than is usually seen in Italian art, is also well made. Among the details, one notes that the table-cloth and the still life on it are handled with much skill.

'FAITH'

PLATE VI

THE composition or space filling of this picture is admirable, with the subtle, gracefully curved lines of the figure contrasting against the severe, straight ones of the grim cross. An analysis of the colors used may be of interest because they give a pretty good idea of the color aspects of many of Moretto's pictures. On the head, is a white veil over warm gray. About the shoulders is a mantle or scarf of a faded pale canary yellow. This color, together with his blues, were favorite colors of Moretto. In this he resembles Vermeer of Delft, who had a liking for just the same colors. The garment about the waist is of a deep crimson, with a lighter crimson skirt made of glazing. The cross is umber color, and behind are hills of deep sea blue and dull blue skies with whitish clouds here and there.

'PORTRAIT OF AN ECCLESIASTIC'

PLATE VII

MORETTO was famous for his skill in the treatment of the texture of draperies, and this portrait is a fine example of his ability in this sort of exercise. But apart from all this, which after all is secondary, the expression of character in the man's face is remarkable. While not a sympathetic or attractive face, it yet has strong characteristics. The character of the big nose, the rather thin lips with *chetif moustache*, the dark eyes and sunken cheeks, are well rendered. The hands, while well placed and well enough rendered, are not exceptional. As to the hour glass, it was a symbol commonly enough introduced into portraits, a reminder that the sands of life were running. The books and rug on the left are well rendered.

'PORTRAIT OF A BOTANIST'

PLATE VIII

THAT quality which is vaguely described by the word "distinction" is the pervading influence in this portrait, as it is in so much of Moretto's work. Besides having much of the remarkable feeling for character so marked

in Moretto's pupil Moroni, it has a decorative effect in arrangement that Moroni hardly attained to.

The head in this portrait is of a cold distinction that is rather fine. The arrangement is nothing out of the ordinary, but gives a dignified effect. As for the hands, it must be confessed that they are not very well done. The book, however, is well rendered, as are the botanical specimens in front. Note the vine on the wall, which runs in exactly the right direction to counteract the strong trend of the composition from right to left. This picture has all the dignity of the fine portraits by Titian and Tintoretto, yet is treated in a realistic manner more grateful to our modern eyes.

'ST. NICHOLAS BARI PRESENTING INFANTS TO THE MADONNA' PLATE IX

A REMARKABLY fine example of Moretto at his best. The composition is admirable and quite different from the ordinary formal pyramidal style, which, to tell the truth, Moretto himself was apt enough to employ in his pictures. In the picture under discussion, however, the composition gains from a certain unexpectedness, the figure of the Madonna and Child being placed well to the right on high, while St. Nicholas, with the children, fills the left-hand lower corner. This makes a rather definite diagonal from left to right, which is skilfully modified by upright lines.

One noticeable thing about this picture is the intense realism shown throughout, which does not, however, injure the dignity or impressiveness of the composition. Indeed, it rather adds to it, making the scene more impressive because like something seen in real life. The heads are very well characterized; the children do not appear to be mere "putti," but each one has his separate character. The head of the good old saint, again, while it is dignified and impressive, is yet entirely personal and original, not at all like one of those Raphaelesque types of old men so common and so popular at this time. The benevolent old features are well characterized, and the figure is, at the same time, simple, dignified, and touching. The children, too, are well differentiated as to character, not only the features but even the quality of the hair being well observed. Amusing and *naïf* details are the weeds growing, as so often in Italy, from fissures and brackets of the masonry.

'PORTRAIT OF AN UNKNOWN MAN'

PLATE X

A MAN of a singular and rather sinister type. Especially to be noted is the extreme length of the nose; also, the marked squareness of the head. The position of the two hands in an attitude of prayer, which is common enough in pictures of donors, is rather peculiar in a portrait. The rich fur cloak, partly thrown off, gives Moretto a chance to render the textures that he loved. Not so rich, but quite peculiar in quality, is the jersey-like ribbed texture of the tunic which the man wears. Although perfectly simple, both in pose and in treatment, this picture achieves that effect of strangeness so often felt in Moretto's work, a quality not got by striving, but marking the absolute originality and distinct personality of the master.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY MORETTO  
WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

**AUSTRIA.** BUDAPEST GALLERY: Saint; Bust of a Man; St. Roch—**ENGLAND.** LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portrait of Conte Sciarra Martinengo Cesaresco; St. Bernardino of Siena; Portrait of an Italian Nobleman; Madonna and Saints; Two Angels; St. Joseph; St. Jerome—**RICHMOND,** SIR FREDERICK COOK: Entombment; A Bishop—**FRANCE.** PARIS, LOUVRE: Saints Bernardino and Louis; Saints Bonaventure and Anthony of Padua—**GERMANY.** BERLIN GALLERY: Glorification of Mary and Elizabeth—**BERLIN,** GEH. RICHARD VAN KAUFMANN: Portrait of M. A. Savelli—**BERLIN,** WES-  
ENDONCK COLLECTION: Madonna Enthroned—**CASSEL GALLERY:** Adoration of Shepherds—**FRANKFORT A/M.,** MUSEUM: Madonna and Church Fathers—**HAMBURG,** CONSUL WEBER: Deposition—**MUNICH GALLERY:** Portrait of Ecclesiastic (Plate VII)—**ITALY.** ALBINO, PARISH CHURCH: St. Anthony Abbot—**BERGAMO, LOCHIS GALLERY:** Holy Family and John the Baptist; Samson asleep in Landscape; Christ with Cross adored by Donor—**BERGAMO, MORELLI GALLERY:** Madonna and St. Jerome; Christ and the Samaritan—**BERGAMO, SIG. FRIZZONI-SALIS:** Bust of Man—**BERGAMO, CONTE SUARDI:** Bust of Man—**BERGAMO, CHURCH OF S. ANDREA:** Madonna and Four Saints—**BRESCIA, MARTINENGO GALLERY:** Pentecost; Large Nativity and Saints; Smaller Nativity; Portrait of Man; Christ with an Angel holding His Garment; Madonna appearing to St. Francis and Donor; Madonna appearing to Four Saints; Saints Anthony of Padua, Nicholas of Tolentino, and Anthony Abbot; Madonna in Glory with Saints Francis, Jerome, and Anthony Abbot; Christ at Emmaus (Plate IV); Annunciation; Christ bearing Cross; Christ fainting under the Cross; Madonna with St. Nicholas and Children (Plate IX); Vision of Moses [Ceiling Fresco]—**BRESCIA, BISHOP'S PALACE:** Salome; Madonna with Saints John and Lorenzo Giustiniani, and Divine Wisdom—**BRESCIA, G. FENAROLI:** Drunkenness of Noah—**BRESCIA, LUOGO PIO DI S. ZITA:** Christ and His Mother—**BRESCIA, CHURCH OF S. CLEMENTI:** St. Clement and Other Saints; St. Cecily and Other Saints; St. Ursula and Virgins; Madonna with the Two St. Catherines; Melchisedek and Abraham—**BRESCIA, CHURCH OF SANTO CRISTO:** Saints Peter and Paul, and Fall of Simon Magus; Ascension—**BRESCIA, CHURCH OF S. FRANCESCO:** Saints Margaret, Francis, and Jerome—**BRESCIA, CHURCH OF S. GIOVANNI EVANGELISTA:** Vision of the Madonna; Scenes from the Life of John the Baptist; Massacre of Innocents; Gathering of Manna [Fresco]; Elijah [Fresco]; Last Supper [Fresco]; Prophets and Evangelists [Fresco]—**BRESCIA, CHURCH OF S. MARIA IN CALCHERA:** Dead Christ adored by Saints Dorothy and Jerome; Magdalen washing Feet of Christ—**BRESCIA, CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLE GRACIE:** Vision of the Madonna—**BRESCIA, CHURCH OF S. ANGELS:** Coronation, with Four Saints Below—**BRESCIA, CHURCH OF SAINTS NAZZARO AND CELSO:** Coronation and Saints; Blood of Redeemer; Nativity—**COMERO, PARISH CHURCH:** St. Anthony Abbot—**LONIGO, CHURCH OF ST. FERMO:** Marriage of Cana; St. Jerome and Two Saints—**MANERBIO, PARISH CHURCH:** Madonna appearing to Four Saints and Donor—**MAZZANO, PARISH CHURCH:** Madonna appearing to Saints Sebastian and Roch and a Bishop—**MILAN, AMBROSIANA GALLERY:** St. Peter Martyr—**MILAN, BRERA GALLERY:** Madonna with Saints Jerome, Francis, and Anthony Abbot; Assumption and Four Saints; St. Francis—**MILAN, CASTELLO GALLERY:** St. Anthony of Padua; Triptych, St. Ursula, St. Jerome, and John the Baptist—**MILAN, COMM. BENIGNO CRESPI:** Visitation—**MILAN, MARCHESI FASSATI:** Portrait of Man—**MILAN, DR. GUSTAVO FRIZZONI:** Madonna and Angels—**MILAN, DUCHESS JOSEPHINE MELZI D'ERIL-BARBÒ:** Madonna—**MILAN, CAV. ALDO NOSEDA:** Three Small Saints—**MILAN, CHURCH OF S. MARIA PRESSO S. CELSO:** Conversion of St. Paul—**NAPLES, MUSEUM:** Ecce Homo—**ORZINUOVI, PARISH CHURCH:** Madonna with Four Saints and Donor—**PAITONE, TWO GRIMAGE CHURCH:** Madonna appearing to Boy—**POSSAGNO, TEMPIO DI CANOVA:** Pilgrims with Books; Madonna of Mercy adored by Penitents—**PRALBOINO, PARISH CHURCH:** Madonna with Saints Sebastian and Roch; Madonna appearing to Four Saints and Donor—**ROME, VATICAN:** Madonna enthroned and Saints—**ROME, MARCHESE VISCONTI VENOSTA:** Holy Family—**VENICE, ACADEMY:** St. Peter; John the Baptist—**VENICE, PALAZZO DONÀ DELLE ROSE:** Man on Horse—**VENICE, LADY LAYARD:** St. Jerome in Desert;

Madonna and Two Monks; Portrait of Bearded Man with joined Hands (Plate x) — VENICE, CHURCH OF S. MARIA DELLA PIETÀ: Christ in House of Levi — VERONA, GALLERY: Bust of Man — VERONA, CHURCH OF S. EUFEMIA: Madonna in Glory with Saints — VERONA, CHURCH OF S. GIORGIO IN PRAIDA: Madonna appearing to Saints Cecily, Agnes, Barbara, and Lucy — VIENNA, IMPERIAL GALLERY: St. Justina (Plate i) — VIENNA, ACADEMY: Madonna with St. Anthony Abbot — VIENNA, PRINCE LEICHTENSTEIN: Madonna with St. Jerome; St. Jerome — VIENNA, COUNTS SEZZE NORIS: Coronation of Virgin — SPAIN. MADRID, ESCURIAL: Isaiah; Erythrean Sibyl — RUSSIA. ST. PETERSBURG, HERMITAGE GALLERY: Faith (Plate vi) — UNITED STATES. PHILADELPHIA, JOHN G. JOHNSON: Madonna and Donors.

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CATHOLIC WORLD: M. R. Selmes; *The Raphael of Brescia.*

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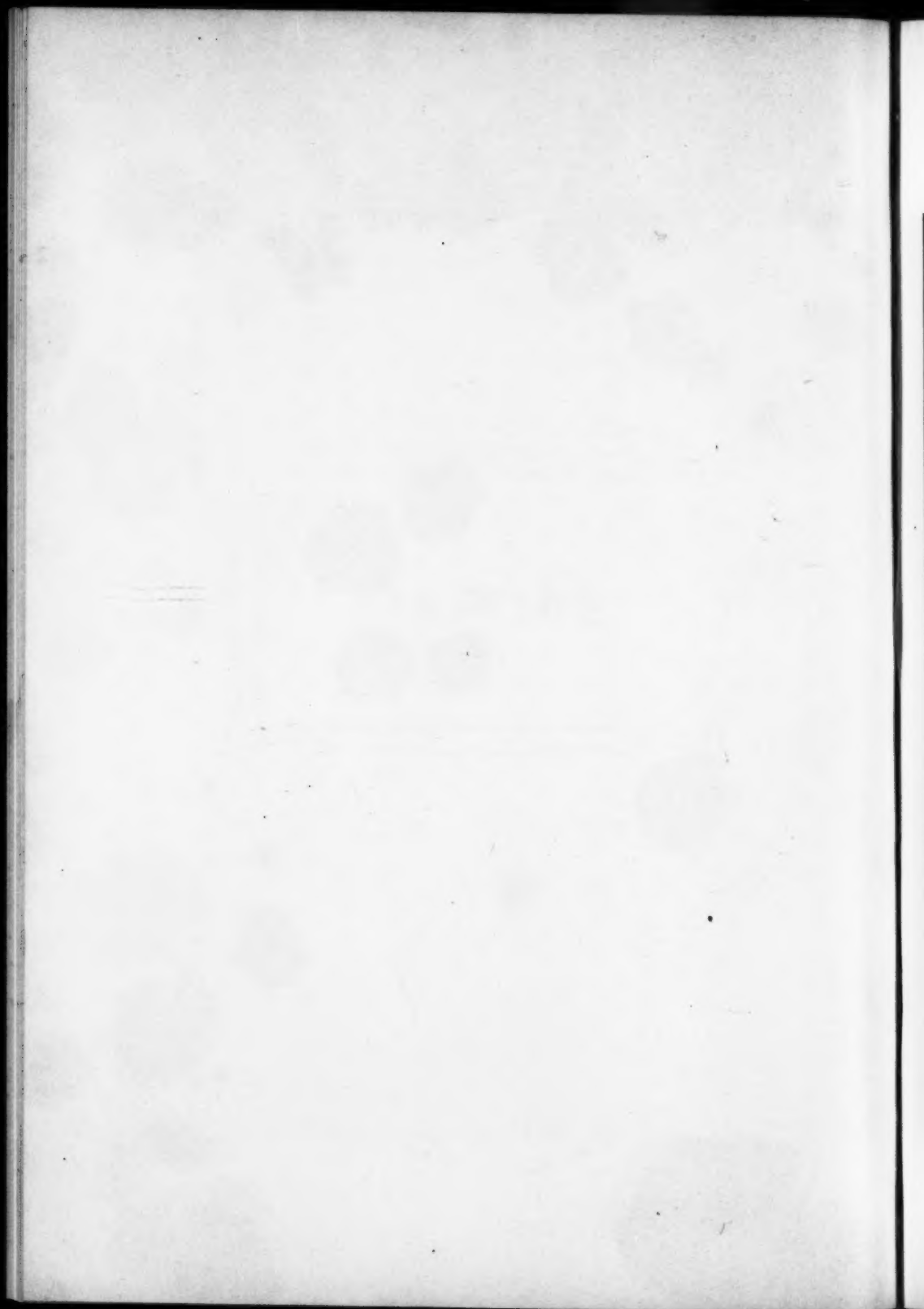


MASTERS IN ART

—  
**Millais**  
—

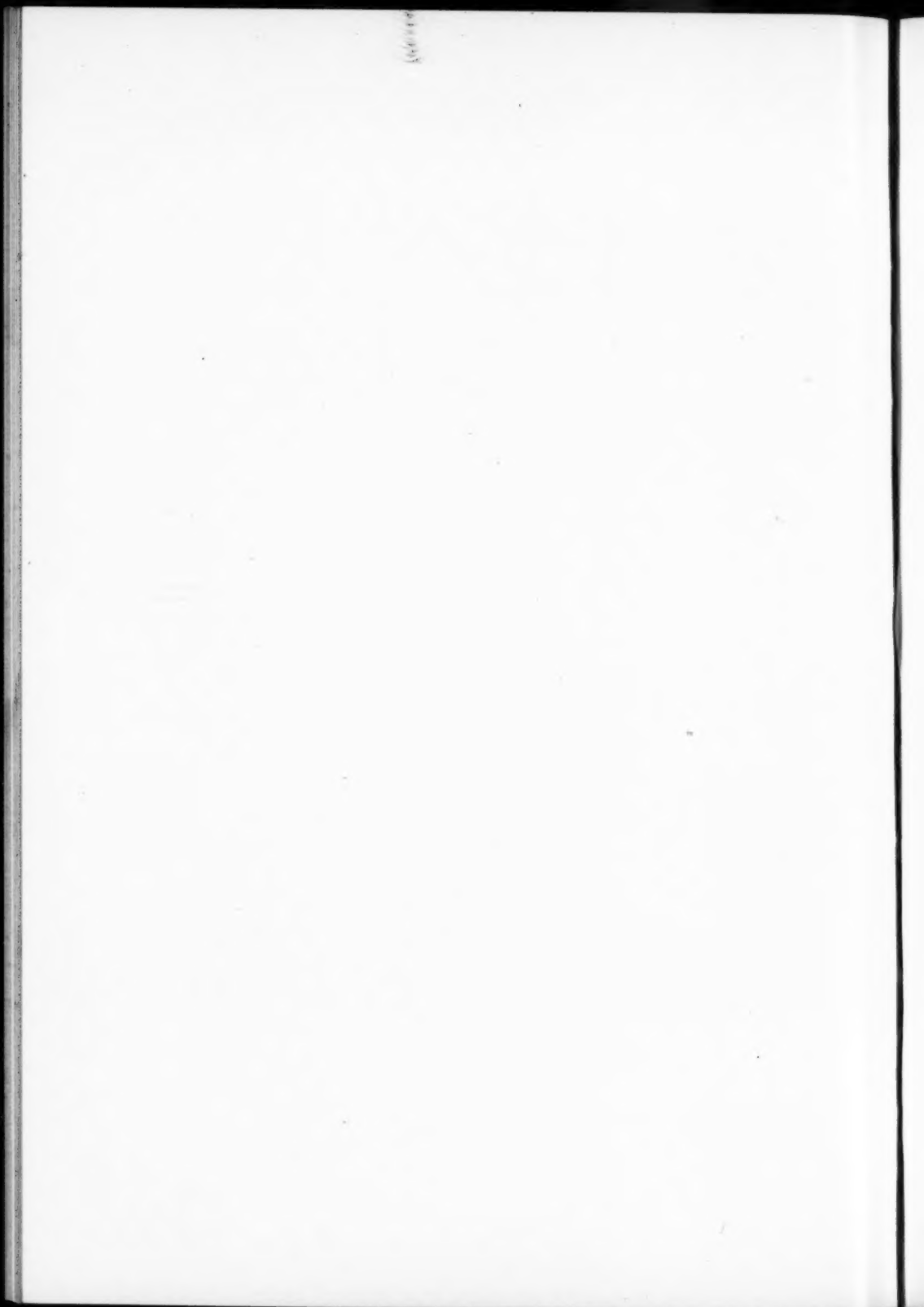
ENGLISH SCHOOL



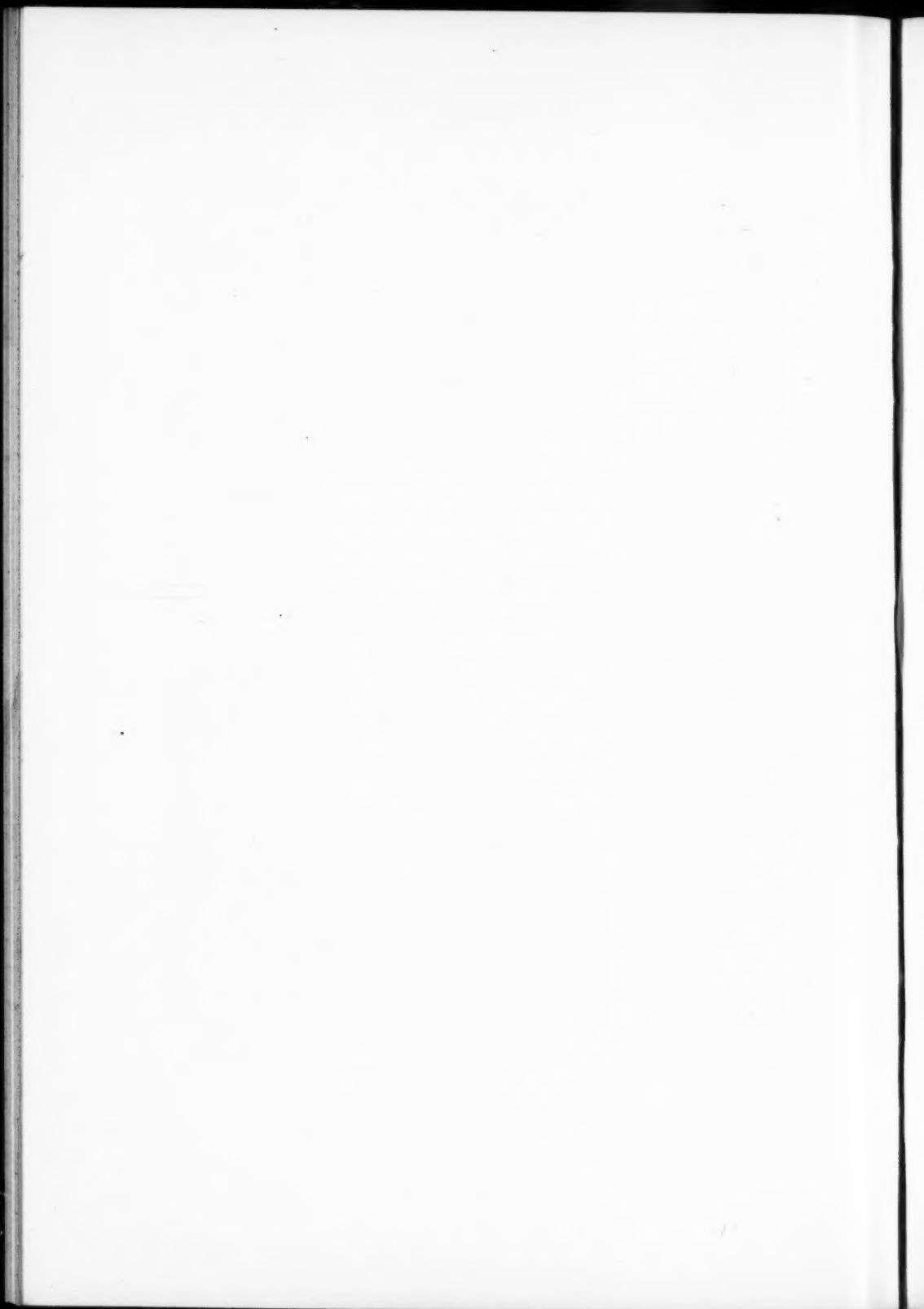




MILLAIS  
SIR ISOMBRAS AT THE FORD  
PROPERTY OF MR. R. C. BENSON













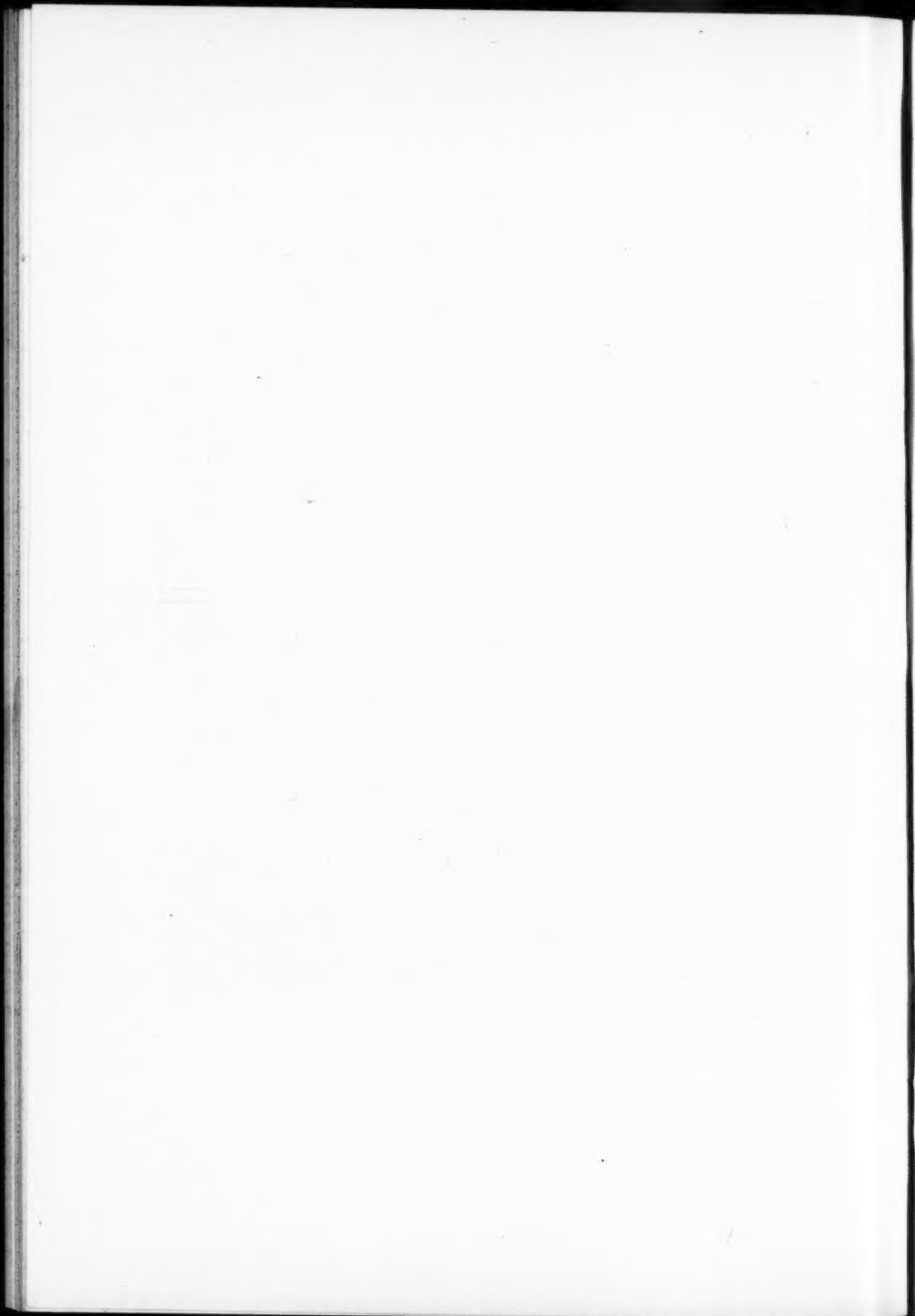


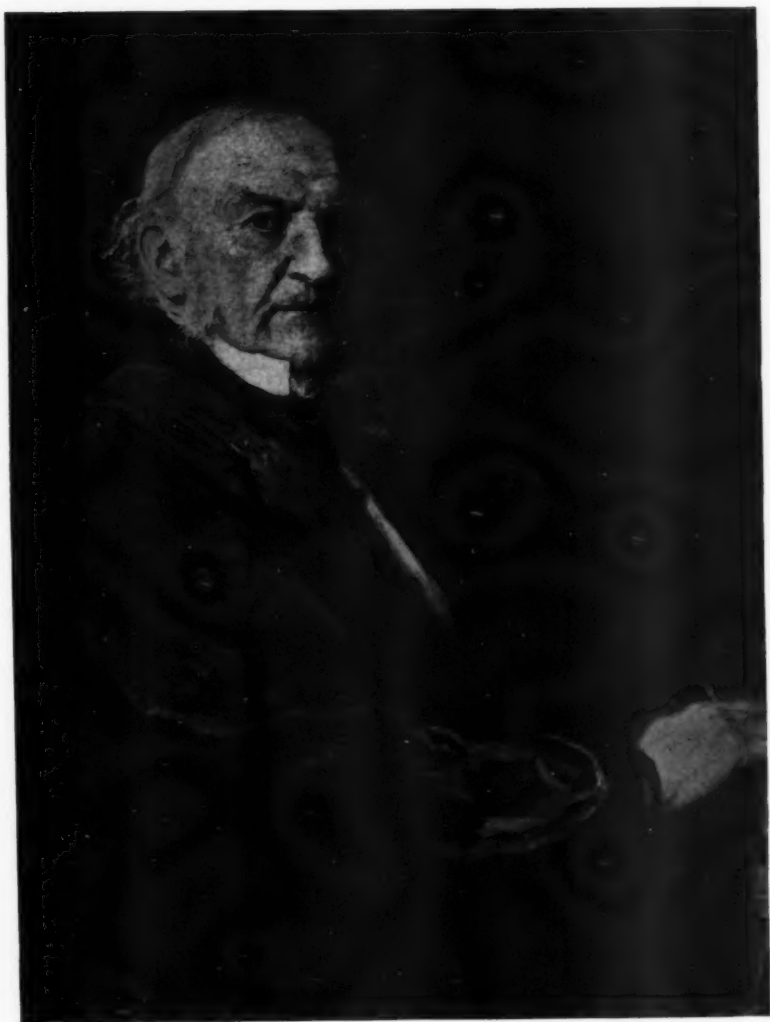
MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

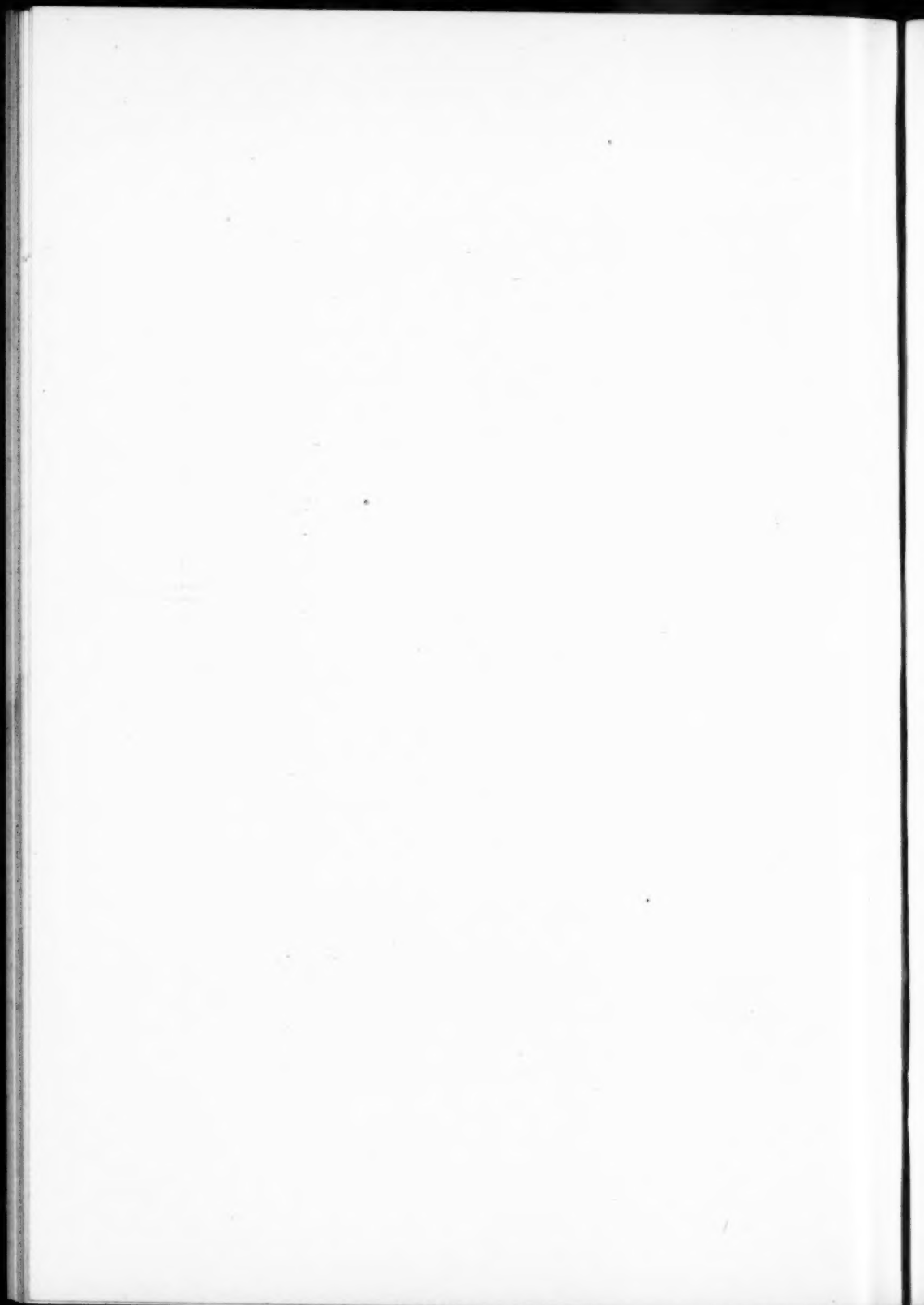
PHOTOGRAPH BY MANSSELL & CO.

[ 431 ]

MILLAIS  
PORTRAIT OF RUSKIN  
PROPERTY OF SIR HENRY ACLAND





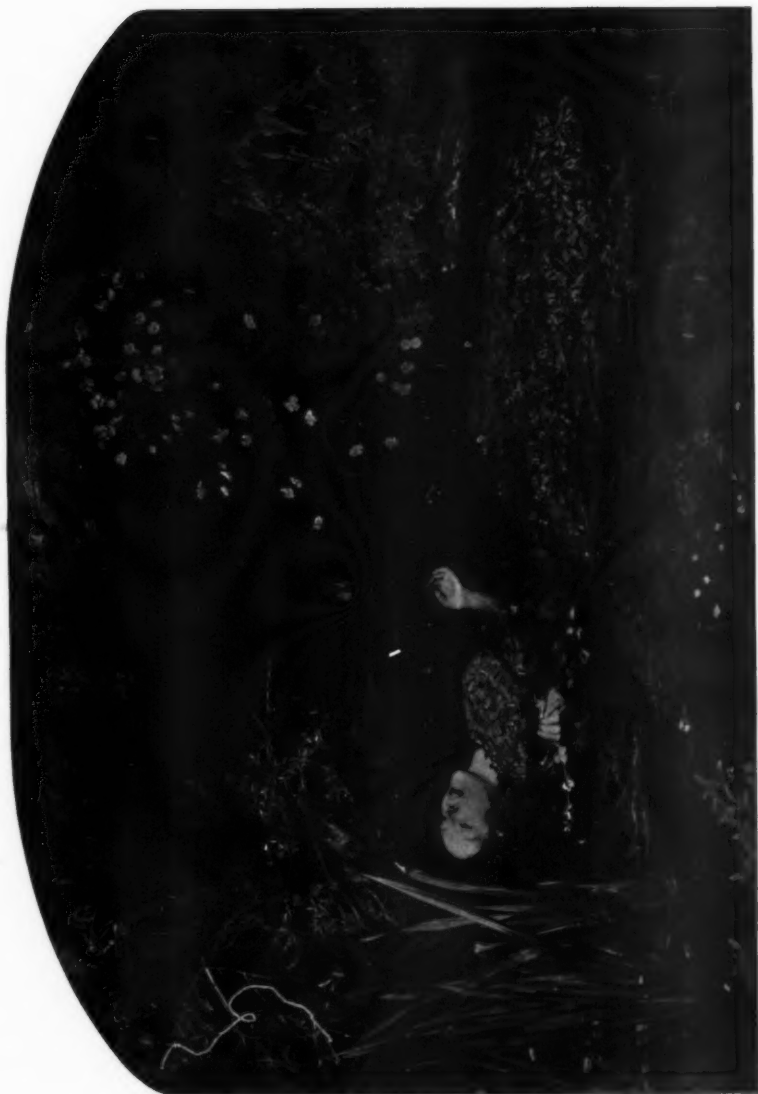




MILLARS  
VALE OF REST  
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI  
PHOTOGRAPH BY MANSELL & CO.  
[485]

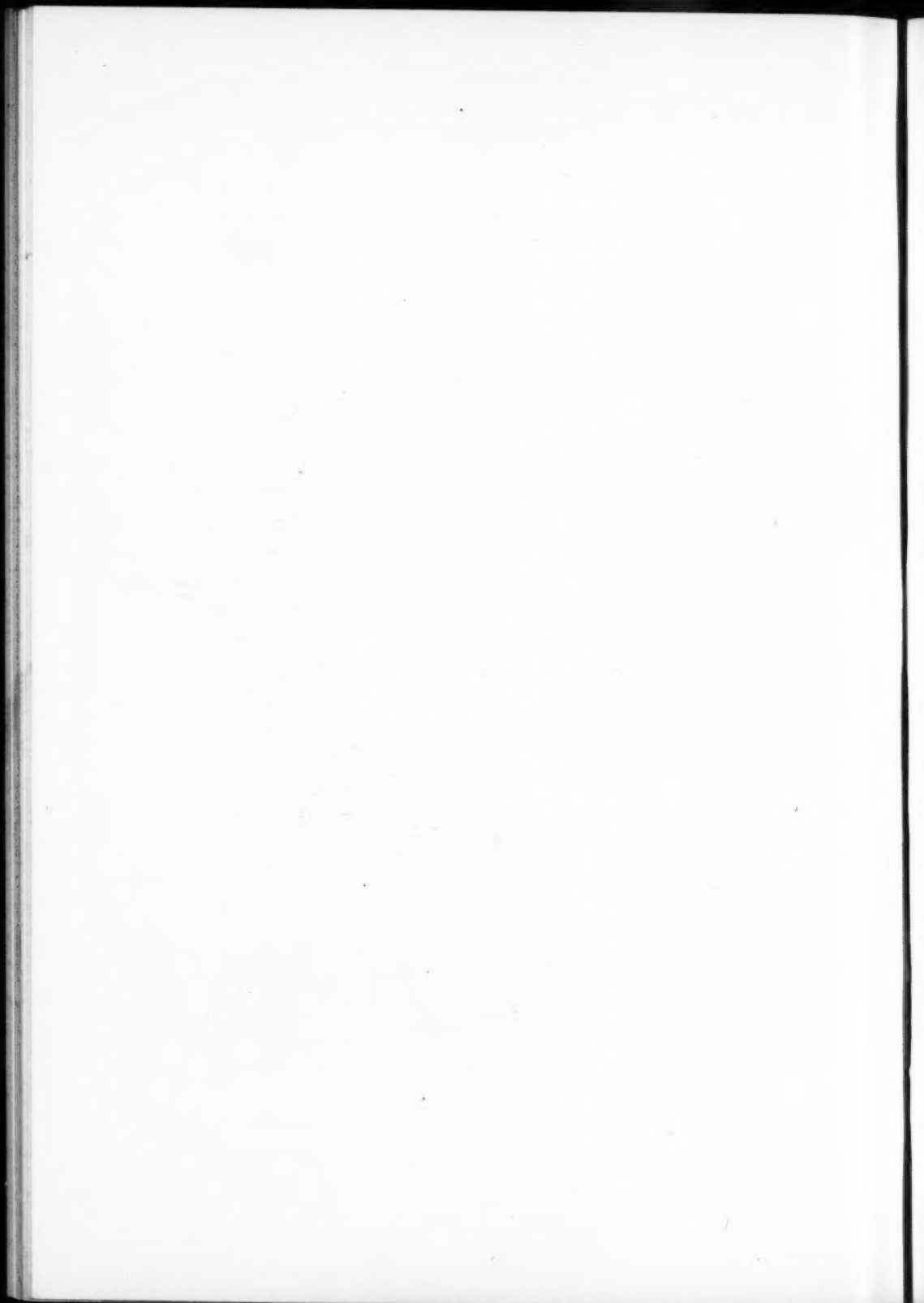




MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII  
PHOTOGRAPH BY MARSHALL & CO.  
[457]

MILLARS  
OPHELIA  
TATE GALLERY, LONDON











MILLAIS  
LORENZO AND ISABELLA  
PROPERTY OF MR. I. C. IONIDES





MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY MANSELL & CO.

[443]

MILLAIS

THE BLIND GIRL

OWNED BY CORPORATION OF BIRMINGHAM



PORTRAIT OF MILLAIS BY HIMSELF    UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

Millais's portrait of himself, which hangs in the Uffizi, is an interesting document. It portrays him as he would have liked himself to appear—as a handsome, clever, healthy-looking English country gentleman. There is nothing of the lean and hungry look which many artists wear. On the other hand, everything is full and rounded. It must be admitted that one has a suspicion that the picture is a trifle sweetened, if not deliberately flattered. The bust of Millais by Onalow-Ford has a grimmer look, and, at the same time, it is really more attractive because more virile.



## John Everett Millais

BORN 1829: DIED 1896  
ENGLISH SCHOOL

**JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS** was born June 8, 1829, at Southampton. His father was a well-to-do man, yet by no means rich. He came of a Jersey family. Indeed, Millais's blood was more French than English; though no one could be more English in aspect and in sentiment than he. It is said that he could trace his descent to the family whose ancestor was also forebear to Jean François Millet, the famous French peasant painter.

Very early in his life he showed talent. He entered the Royal Academy Schools when only eleven years old, and at once began to do remarkable work. There are in existence sketches by him, made when he was only nine, which are astonishing things for a child of that age to have done. In short, as far as England could afford him training, he had learned all he could learn in schools while yet a lad.

None the less, the compositions and paintings of this early period are entirely without interest except to the historian. He had not "found himself," and what he did was simply an indifferent echo, or reflection, of what he had learned. The titles of his pictures of this time remind one of those pictures which Clive Newcome found in the atelier of Mr. Gandish. One of these pictures was 'Pizzaro seizing the Inca of Peru,' another, 'Elgivia seized by Order of Archbishop Odo.' At about the same time he made a huge design, fourteen feet by ten, 'The Widow bestowing Her Mite,' which he sent in to the Westminster Hall competition.

All these pictures, it should be noted, were painted before he was nineteen years of age. About that time he began really to think; and also at that time he made the acquaintance of two very remarkable young men,—Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Holman Hunt. There has been a good deal of discussion about who really suggested the idea of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Apparently it was not Millais. Some say Holman Hunt fathered it. Others say that the first idea came from Rossetti. It does not at all matter; the idea, such as it was, was eagerly grasped at by all three, and in a very short time they were each painting remarkable pictures.

The underlying idea of Pre-Raphaelitism was to restore or regain something of the sincerity, truth, and earnestness of the men who worked before

Raphael's time. Millais and Hunt felt, with some reason, that the men of their day painted by formula; that, instead of trying to render nature, they painted conventional types. So they set themselves to do work which should be absolutely sincere and true. One interesting result of their effort was that they made work which was far more sincere in intention and truer in result than what the Italian Primitives or Pre-Raphaelites had done; for these latter had their conventions just as much as the later men, only it was not the convention of Raphael. On the other hand, the best Pre-Raphaelite work of Millais is almost absolutely unconventional, without prejudice. And, again, Millais's work, to use a word very popular just now, was objective, while the Italian Primitives were always subjective. The Italian Pre-Raphaelites worked from a series of receipts taught by the masters in their *botteghe*; while Millais, shaking off all tradition, invented his own formulas. So, curiously enough, it happened that English Pre-Raphaelitism became a very different thing from the work of the Italian Primitives.

Millais's first picture in the new period was 'Lorenzo and Isabella' (Plate ix). Its exhibition in conjunction with Rossetti's 'Annunciation' and Hunt's 'Rienzi' provoked the usual storm of scorn and disapprobation which very original work is apt to produce; for, whatever else it was, the 'Lorenzo and Isabella' was certainly original. *Naïf* to the verge of grotesqueness, it marked a distinct break from Millais's childish, eclectic manner. Indeed, it is not a little remarkable that a youth, who had already learned an excessively mannered style, should at the first effort have been able to break away from all that had gone before and achieve at once a perfectly personal, original, and *naïf* style. But so he did; and, more, he kept at this highly intense and individual style for ten years, without wavering.

His second picture made in this way was 'Christ in the House of His Parents.' This provoked an outcry even louder than had been that of the year before. Every effort was made to laugh the young innovators out of court; but all three of them, each in varying degree, were made of obstinate stuff, and they kept on producing serious and interesting work made as they thought fit. Millais produced year by year 'Ferdinand lured by Ariel,' 'Mariana in the Moated Grange,' and 'The Return of the Dove to the Ark'—only to meet with more of the same sort of scorn and abuse that his earlier pictures had provoked.

It should be pointed out here that while the young Pre-Raphaelites were undoubtedly sincere, and had a part of truth on their side, they were not wholly right. It often happens that a work of genius is severely criticized from perfectly sound reasons. The fault is apt to be that sufficient sympathy is not shown for the good qualities of the innovating work. The Pre-Raphaelites, with all their admirable qualities, produced some decidedly queer, not to say grotesque, work. It must be added, too, that of the three, Millais was the only thoroughly endowed artist. Rossetti was a poet who painted, and Holman Hunt was a doctrinaire who expressed his convictions in paint. It is rather curious that Millais, who of the three was least moved by the tenets of the Brotherhood, was the only one who had the technical endowment to

thoroughly carry out their ideas. Hunt's work, rather interesting at first, grew steadily more and more terrible. Rossetti had not the application and training to develop his genuine gifts.

But Millais had the power to carry out their theories, and in the ten years of his Pre-Raphaelitism he did some remarkable work. His Pre-Raphaelite work was indeed better than his later painting; for this reason: that, being much as other men, only better endowed, the Pre-Raphaelite style came to him more naturally than did his later manner. The Pre-Raphaelite technique is much as any layman would paint without stopping to think. Its very naïveté, which is its charm, is the reason why it could never have been great art. And it is the reason why it suited Millais so well. Later, his intelligence told him that the best painting required a more synthetic rendering. He was not intelligent enough to analyze the different problems that make true synthetic rendering the most difficult thing in art.

Millais's two comrades in this movement deserve each their word. Dante Gabriel Rossetti was one of the most interesting characters of the last century. Poets may think him most an artist. Artists will always think him most a poet. Some of his writings must always rank among the finest English poems. As to art, he had great natural talent; or, rather, he had an instinctive perception of what was beautiful and ability enough to make it, if he had been properly trained. In entering this movement he was really more interested in the *naïf* charm of the Primitives than in their charming naïveté. He really was not interested in truth in art, but rather in beauty.

Holman Hunt was the exact opposite in almost every way. When one looks at his pictures, so sincere, so tortured, so ugly, one wonders whether he really ever saw a beautiful thing. Interesting as much of his work is, he really demonstrated in his painting the necessity and merit of an academy to teach students the virtues of simplicity and breadth. In fact, his work has been a laborious and painful way of proving its own futility. Some of his early paintings, where, consciously or unconsciously, he was a good deal under the influence of Millais, like the 'Hireling Shepherd' or 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' are better than much of his later work.

Almost all the members of the Pre-Raphaelite group were very interesting characters; and, though it is generally assumed that, apart from Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti, their work was negligible, none the less certain others of this group did remarkable things. Walter Deverell was one who, among other things, "discovered" Eleanor Siddal, the beautiful milliner who posed for Millais's 'Ophelia' (Plate VII) and who later became the wife of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Deverell died at twenty-eight, but had already done enough to show that he had a future before him if he could only live. Some of Arthur Hughes's paintings have charming qualities of delicate perception and refined execution; and even Collinson, probably the weakest of the original seven, did work which was not bad when compared to much that was at that time being done in England. By a strange paradox, though Millais was at heart the least Pre-Raphaelite of the seven, it was his lot to make pictures which should popularize these ideas. Rossetti at that period was rather in-

competent technically; Hunt, while skilful enough, was enmeshed in a net of detail. Millais alone had the technical skill and sense of effect sufficient to state these ideas in paint in the way they should be done.

Just how Millais ever happened to go into this movement is hard to guess. His own instinct was for popularity. He had the gift of pleasing in every way, in person as well as by his art. He was not by nature suited for companionship with either Hunt or Rossetti. Indeed, chance had, with its usual irony, flung together three of the most marked, yet opposed, English characteristics: decadent poetry, as represented by Rossetti; the Nonconformist conscience, as represented by Hunt; and the bourgeois instinct of enjoyment, as personified by Millais. Certain writers tell us that a man may have two or even three separate consciousnesses; and it sometimes seems as if Millais had two natures: one, perhaps the highest one, which suffered him to do the Pre-Raphaelite pictures, and another, more commonplace, which encouraged him to do the work of his later years.

In these early days there were times when Millais was pretty hard put to it. There were times when he was glad to do a portrait for two pounds. Even when he began to sell pictures he was obliged to sell for rather small prices. 'Christ in the House of His Parents,' for instance, sold for one hundred and fifty pounds. This does not seem a very large price when one considers the number of figures, and the care and time spent on its painting. 'Ferdinand lured by Ariel,' another of the pictures of this time, was to have sold for one hundred pounds, but the disgruntled buyer subsequently threw the picture back on the artist's hands. 'The Huguenots,' which is perhaps the most popular and well-known of all Millais's pictures, sold for two hundred pounds, which must be called a small sum when one thinks of the prices which Millais's work subsequently received.

Some of the pictures he painted during his ten years of Pre-Raphaelitism are, and always will be, among the fine things of English art. The 'Ophelia' (Plate VII) is a very remarkable picture, and, while it has defects inseparable from its manner of painting, it will always remain a fine production. Again, 'The Blind Girl' (Plate X) is an admirable performance and, strangely enough, suggests in certain ways the work of Bastien-Lepage. Indeed, the Pre-Raphaelite movement was, in a certain sense, a forerunner of the French realistic movement, though it apparently had no connection with it, direct or indirect.

Still later, the 'Apple-blossoms' was a lovely imagining, and is, perhaps, the most purely beautiful picture that Millais ever painted. The idea, the composition, with its working out, and the separate figures are each and all charming and delightful. Yet again, 'Sir Isombras at the Ford' (Plate I) is one of the finest things that Millais ever did. It is artfully *naïf* in composition, and the pieces are well worked out. There is a pathetic interest attaching to this and the 'Apple-blossoms,' as they were among the last fine things that Millais did; and they seem, too, to be among the best. Millais was gaining in skill and ability every year. If he had only let himself change slowly all might yet have been well.

Millais's *volte face* from Pre-Raphaelitism to a broader, more modern style of painting is one of the most surprising things in the history of art. When one begins to look over the matter carefully one finds that various signs were not wanting for quite a long time beforehand. The change itself came suddenly enough, but the premonitions appeared, here or there, for some years beforehand. For instance: 'The Huguenots,' though painted in the Pre-Raphaelite period, has little except technique to connect it with the other pictures of that period. It is distinctly commonplace in idea. It has none of the subtlety of imagination of the 'Ophelia,' nor, on the other hand, is it a beautiful thing seen in nature, like the 'Apple-blossoms.'

Many have felt that Millais's violent change from his first style, so sincere and severe, to his later popular manner, so loose and luxuriant, was made purely with the intention of producing popular work that would sell well. But there are others, more fair-minded perhaps, who think that he had come to see that the Pre-Raphaelite manner, with all its charm of sincerity, was not the logical method for a man of the nineteenth century, a man of intelligence and thoughtfulness; for the Pre-Raphaelite method, as far as technique is concerned, presupposed a childlike, *naïf*, unreasoning nature, which was more characteristic of the fourteenth century than of the nineteenth. Millais probably felt that if he meant to paint a picture that would "carry" well he ought to stand up to it and paint it across the room. The Pre-Raphaelite method almost demanded that one should sit down to one's work, and sit, too, very near the model.

Perhaps, then, the great trouble with Millais's change was not that he made it at all, but that he made it so quickly. Velasquez made something the same sort of change, from tight severity to loosely rendered work, as Millais did. Only Velasquez spent his whole life doing it. One can trace his gradually broadening manner, step by step, from picture to picture. Velasquez, with all his intelligence and progressiveness, seems to have had immense conservatism. He tested each step carefully, considered it thoughtfully, and then, the step once taken, never went back. Millais, like so many moderns, made the step violently, petulantly. Instead of keeping, as Velasquez did, all the essential and important merits of his old style when he acquired the new, he, on the other hand, threw away all his old qualities of charm, distinction, and rarity in his eagerness to catch at the new manner. While the change of technique very possibly was induced by more or less logical reasons, one cannot help feeling that he changed in other ways than that. His art lost its distinction. Compositions like the 'Ophelia,' the 'Apple-blossoms,' 'Sir Isombras at the Ford,' are among the most distinguished, the least commonplace, in English art. After the famous break one can hardly find one composition by Millais that is not cheap and commonplace. It is not merely that the technique has changed; one feels that the whole nature of the man has changed. In looking at some of these early compositions one feels that a rare and exquisite spirit designed them. When one looks at the mere arrangement of the later pictures one feels that any one from the staff of the *London Graphic* could have managed them.



The end of Millais's life is indeed pathetic. He had been elected to the Presidency of the Royal Academy on the death of his old friend Lord Leighton. This must have been one of the ambitions of his ambitious life, and no doubt made him very happy. But, unfortunately, he had only a short time in which to enjoy his honor. A terrible disease overtook him, which proved to be cancer of the throat. After much suffering, he died, on August 13, 1896, having been in office for less than six months. Whatever one may think of his later painting, he was evidently the logical candidate for this position, and it is a pleasure to know that his ambition was gratified before his death.

Millais was immensely successful at this period. After winning all sorts of honors with his subject-pictures, he went into portrait-painting and won new honors there, at least in the estimation of the public. Frank Holl and Herkomer, who till then had been the popular portrait-painters, had to take a somewhat secondary position. Carriages blocked up Millais's door. The rich and great crowded his studio, desiring that their portraits should be taken. His prices were enormous. He had from fifteen hundred pounds to two thousand pounds, but people paid them willingly, conceiving that he was the greatest living painter. These prices are not so remarkable now, but at that time were considered colossal.

Millais's portraits were good as likenesses, and at times he was very successful in this respect. His 'Portrait of Thomas Carlyle' was very famous, though it is a little overshadowed at present by the one which Whistler painted of the same man. Again, his 'Portrait of Gladstone' (Plate v) brought him immense reputation. It is effective without being very subtle. It is by less well-known portraits that he will in future make his claim as a great portrait-painter. His 'Portrait of Mrs. Heugh,' while violent and exaggerated, is, all the same, a very strong conception, and is strongly worked out. Again, his 'Portrait of Ruskin' (Plate iv), while almost grotesque, is so merely through its intense honesty and grip of character, and will always be one of the interesting things in English art. On the other hand, his 'Portrait of Himself' in the famous Autograph Portrait Collection of the Uffizi Gallery, is a rather tiresome performance. It is hard to believe that the man who attained to the intensity of the 'Ruskin' should have made this rather vapid portrait.

Millais, beside putting landscape backgrounds into many of his pictures, was fond of painting pure landscape on his summer or autumn holidays. Of these, 'Chill October' is the most celebrated. It is in some ways a remarkable performance, and shows great skill in handling detail. The trouble with it is that there seems to be no focusing-point. Millais had forgotten an idea very well expressed in the first volume of 'Modern Painters'; to wit, that when painting landscape one must make up his mind just where the focusing-point is to come, and then paint the edges of masses round about somewhat softer than the central part.

In trying to sum up what Millais's most remarkable qualities were one is confronted by a difficulty; for those qualities which made his early work remarkable ceased entirely in the work of his latter years. If one were speaking of his Pre-Raphaelite days one might say that poignancy and intensity were

his two marked characteristics. There is in these early works a grim determination to give the exact aspect of the thing seen, albeit at times in a rather meticulous way. Later, these qualities entirely disappear. Whatever else Millais's later works may have been, they certainly were neither poignant or intense. Indeed, for the most part, they are not very good painting; but if they have a quality it is a certain largeness of statement — often diffuse, sloppy, or sleazy, but still bigly and generously handled.

As to composition, Millais's work divides itself, as in every other respect, into the first and second periods. The composition of his first period is sometimes very queer, as in the 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' but it is always studied and considered, and in some instances, as in the 'Ophelia,' the 'Apple-blossoms,' and the 'Isombras,' it is admirable. That is, it is personal, original, well arranged, and yet the arrangement is to a great extent concealed. The composition of the later work, on the other hand, is rather tiresome — never exactly bad, but always rather obvious. 'The Children with Goldfish' is rather pretty. 'Hearts Are Trumps' is quite a good arrangement; but, on the whole, the compositions of this period are rather commonplace.

His drawing was usually pretty good. Sometimes it was admirable; again, at times, it was really pretty bad. He was never in any sense a draftsman, like Da Vinci or Ingres. Indeed, in his day in England there were no means of learning to draw like that. But besides that, Millais, even in his Pre-Raphaelite days, felt things more as a painter. There exist careful pencil-studies for some of his pictures — as, for instance, certain studies for 'Apple-blossoms.' Yet even these are not conceived from the draftsman's point of view. There is no particular research of pure line or construction. Rather, they are studies to find about where things would come in the painting.

In color, some of the early Pre-Raphaelite things may be a little crude and raw, yet they have about them a quality that is hard to match in any of the later work. Perhaps the culminating point of Millais's Pre-Raphaelite work is the 'Ophelia.' In this the color is handsome throughout. There is nothing disagreeable in it. Indeed, as one remembers it, it is rather particularly agreeable. The roses on the river-bank and the color of the leaves are well rendered.

Millais's method of work was perfectly simple. He put the canvas by the side of the model and then built up his effect in patches, stepping back between each stroke to judge of the effect on the canvas, painting it in pretty directly. In his earlier Pre-Raphaelite work he made the pieces *de premier coup*, bringing them into relation as best he might, though he did very little in the way of glazing. In his later work he proceeded more as many modern painters do now; that is, he indicated the general effect rather broadly, and then by successive repainting brought the thing to a point of finish he desired or thought necessary. When he was painting landscape he had built a little hut with a glass front and roof. In this way he got the quiet of the studio — and the constant rattling of the canvas from the wind is not the least of the landscape-painter's troubles — and at the same time got his outdoor effect.

In the matter of gesture, Millais's art was often remarkable. Sometimes



his feeling about this was so intense that the gesture became almost grotesque, but often he found a movement that was at the same time poignant and beautiful. Particularly is this true of some of his illustrations. The action of the enemy in the illustration of 'Sowing Tares,' of the woman in the 'Moated Grange,' of the man and woman in 'Love,' is at least poignant and expressive. Sometimes his desire to be expressive leads him to something almost ridiculous, as in the man kicking a dog in the 'Lorenzo and Isabella.' Sometimes, again, the action is at the same time almost funny and yet really fine, as in the 'Escaped Heretic.' "T is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Millais's illustrations, by the way, are hardly so good as one would expect after seeing his paintings of the same period. They are, as a rule, rather slightly indicated and not so well drawn as one might hope. The drawings are, no doubt, somewhat injured by the rather unsympathetic engraving of those days; yet men who drew in a method suited to this engraving, as, for instance, Frederic Sandys, achieved some remarkable results. The fact is that Millais was first and always a painter. He conceived his illustrations in that way, and as a result they often suffered from the graver. One or two of his illustrations are delightful; others are rather slight and diffuse.

Millais's technique was, from the first, remarkable. In the earliest things, as the 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' it is a little dry; although some of the pieces in this picture are painted with a skill that reminds one of Van Eyck. By the time the 'Ophelia' was painted he had come to his best expression. It may be that he never painted a better thing, as far as technique is concerned. In his later work the technique is easy and free, and yet one feels that it is unsatisfactory. The fact is, broad handling requires a special training, and one cannot at once jump from highly finished work to a broad and suggestive technique. Technically, too, the 'Ophelia' is about the high-water mark of Millais's talent. Everything is made with the utmost scrupulousness, and yet there is no sense of tired or timid workmanship. In the later works there is, of course, much more freedom. Some of these later things, like the 'Yeoman of the Guard' (Plate II) or the 'Portrait of Mrs. Bishoffsheim,' have certain good qualities, but it cannot be said that any of them have the same intense interest that is afforded by the early work.

Millais was of a certain type marked for success,—Rubens was another, — handsome, able, brilliant, to whom art was a joy and a pleasure rather than a suffering. He was a hard worker, and in his Pre-Raphaelite days must have made some deep researches. But he worked easily; things came easily; life passed by pleasantly. He had a splendid house, a beautiful wife, handsome children; he was a baronet; he had a good position in society;—and he enjoyed all these things. He liked hunting; he was a good horseman, a good salmon-fisher, and a good shot. In fact, he did everything well. He would have made a good architect or a good stock broker, if he had not been an artist. At the same time, he had a distinct vocation as an artist; and though his later years were materially successful, they are a pathetic instance of how easily an artist may be spoiled. They show how steadily the divine flame must be fed and kept from adverse influence.

He had in him the instinct of popularity, of making things that people would like. And this instinct, in itself a normal and healthy thing, did not prevent him in his Pre-Raphaelite days from making noble, serious, and touching pictures. Later it ran riot, and, together with the desire for riches and position, helped to destroy his art. One of Millais's most remarkable qualities, indeed, was this prescience of what people would be apt to like. Many popular artists have had this quality to some degree. With him it was intensified and strengthened to the point of genius. Not only in his later work, but in much of his early paintings, he produced pictures that have become part of the every-day life of the English nation. Not only such inanities as the 'Pear's Soap Boy' or 'Little Miss Muffet' were popular, but serious compositions like 'The Huguenot' or 'The Proscribed Royalist,' painted in his most intense Pre-Raphaelite manner, have become immensely popular. Engravings of these works have sold by the thousand. This popularity came because Millais was like every one else. He was a "superman" in the truest meaning of the term; that is, he was as other men, only handsomer, stronger, more clever.

Millais did not found a school; he had no followers. The Hon. John Collier was his scholar, and paints more or less in his manner, with more of *modernité*. Yet Millais did not form a tradition in the sense that Rossetti, a much less skilful man, did. This is partly because Rossetti was a mannerist, while Millais was too much of a realist to have any particular manner. Also,—and it is really saying the same thing in different words,—Millais's technical skill in the making of little things was so remarkable that only a man equally endowed could follow him.

In summing up, one feels that Millais was one of the men most richly endowed by nature for art. It seems that he could, under the right conditions, have done anything. The ability was not lacking, and in his Pre-Raphaelite work he seemed to be on the way to great things. He had the eye; he had the feeling; at first, he seemed to have the intelligence. He did enough in this manner always to be one of the glories of England; then the change came. The change came, and his later work is really hardly worth discussion. One regrets it; that is all. Here was this overman, clever among wise men, but content to dwell in honor among the fools at the last.

Millais's place in art, or even in English art, is a difficult one to place. One feels that Gainsborough, Constable, and Turner were greater men, and yet Millais could do, and do simply and easily, things that were quite beyond them; that were, indeed, undreamed of in their philosophy. He has produced inanities like the 'Pear's Soap Boy,' 'Yes,' and 'No,' that were not merely silly, but thoroughly bad work. Yet he produced work like the 'Ophelia,' the 'Sir Isombras,' and 'The Blind Girl,' that will always be among the great things of English art. It seems as if a Dæmon possessed him when he did those things. They seem beyond him—not only in technique, but in scope and grasp. Millais himself once spoke of the "vulgarity" of some of his earlier work. Really, it was quite the other way. His early works, even the failures, were almost always distinguished. Some of his later pictures make one wince and writhe at their utter vulgarity. All that there is of cheap, sentimental,

vulgar in modern England is concentrated in some of these visions. Then one goes back and looks at the three pictures before mentioned, and one's wonder grows. At the last one comes to this: at his worst Millais was simply a mediocre painter, with a curious instinct for what would prove popular; at his best he was one of the greatest artists, and quite the most original, that England has produced.

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## The Art of Millais

JOHN RUSKIN

‘PRE-RAPHAELITISM’

IT has to be remembered that no one mind is like another, either in its powers or perceptions; and while the main principles of training must be the same for all, the result of each will be as various as the kinds of truth which each will apprehend; therefore, also, the modes of effort, even in men whose inner principles and final aims are exactly the same. Suppose, for instance, two men, equally honest, equally industrious, equally impressed with the humble desire to render some part of what they saw in nature faithfully; and, otherwise, trained in convictions such as I have endeavored to induce. But one of them is quiet in temperament, has a feeble memory, no invention, and excessively keen sight. The other is impatient in temperament, has a memory which nothing escapes, an invention which never rests, and is comparatively near-sighted.

Set them both free in the same field in a mountain valley. One sees everything, small and large, with almost the same clearness: mountains and grasshoppers alike; the leaves on the branches; the veins in the pebbles; the bubbles in the stream; but he can remember nothing, and invent nothing. Patiently he sets himself to his mighty task; abandoning at once all thoughts of seizing transient effects or giving general impressions of that which his eyes present to him in microscopical dissection, he chooses some small portion out of the infinite scene, and calculates with courage the number of weeks which must elapse before he can do justice to the intensity of his perceptions, or the fulness of matter in his subject.

Meantime, the other has been watching the change of the clouds and the march of the light along the mountain-sides; he beholds the entire scene in broad, soft masses of the true gradation, and the very feebleness of his sight is in some sort an advantage to him, in making him more sensible of the aerial mystery of distance, and hiding from him the multitudes of circumstances which it would have been impossible for him to represent. But there is not one change in the casting of the jagged shadows along the hollows of the hills but it is fixed on his mind for ever; not a flake of spray has broken from the sea of cloud about their bases but he has watched it as it melts away, and could recall it to its lost place in heaven by the slightest effort of his thoughts. Not only so, but thousands and thousands of such images, of older scenes, remain congregated in his mind, each mingling in new associations

with those now visibly passing before him; and these again confused with other images of his own ceaseless, sleepless imagination, flashing by in sudden troops. Fancy how his paper will be covered with stray symbols and blots, and undecipherable shorthand. As for his sitting down to "draw from nature," there was not one of the things which he wished to represent that stayed for so much as five seconds together; but none of them escaped, for all that: they are sealed up in that strange storehouse of his; he may take one of them out perhaps, this day twenty years, and paint it in his dark room, far away. Now, observe, you may tell of both these men, when they are young, that they are to be honest, that they have an important function, and that they are not to care what Raphael did. This you may wholesomely impress on them both. But fancy the exquisite absurdity of expecting one of them to possess any of the qualities of the other.

I have supposed the feebleness of sight in the last, and of invention in the first painter, that the contrasts between them might be more striking; but, with very slight modification, both the characters are real. Grant to the first considerable inventive power, with exquisite sense of color; and give to the second, in addition to all his other faculties, the eye of an eagle; and the first is John Everett Millais and the second Joseph Mallard William Turner.

R. DE LA SIZERANNE

'ENGLISH CONTEMPORARY ART'

SOME years ago Millais was walking with a friend in Kensington Gardens; he suddenly stood still by the small Round Pond and said, "How extraordinary it is to think that I once fished for sticklebacks in this very pond, and now here I am a great man, a baronet, with a fine house, plenty of money, and everything my heart could desire." And he walked on gaily. This speech describes Millais—his history, his character, even his art, for they all belong to a happy man. An infant prodigy, at five years old he drew the officers in garrison at Dinan with such mastery that they refused to believe he had done it. A bet was laid, and the sceptics lost for a champagne dinner. At nine he was introduced to the president of the Royal Academy, old Sir Martin Archer Shee, who prophesied that he would conquer a kingdom in art, and he at once began to draw from the round. At eleven he entered the Academy Schools, an unparalleled feat which has never been repeated; and at seventeen he exhibited his first historical picture. Of him it cannot be said in the words of Gloucester (Richard III):

"Short summers lightly have a forward spring,"

for he belied the proverb. His enthusiastic parents swept all difficulties from his path; the highest authorities looked favorably upon him; his companions stood in a row to applaud him. Handsome, graceful, and well made, full of health and fire and energy, he speedily became popular. Rossetti likened him to an angel with hands outstretched to help his friends (notably Hunt) in the outset of their career, the outset which is so difficult.

At twenty he was already, in a way, the head master of Pre-Raphaelitism, and his 'Isabella's Banquet,' if it brought him no glory, gave him at least the reputation and the halo of persecution. At twenty-three his 'Huguenot' com-

pletely reinstated him in public opinion. Fame, indeed, this time, stretched over him her protecting hand, and held it over his head for forty-five years as unweariedly as the Muse of Cherubini in M. Ingres's extraordinary picture. Fame was in love with him. The English loved him for his talent, it is true, but also for his handsome English face and frank, adventurous, manly bearing; for his skill in sports, for he was a good shot, a good rider, and an excellent salmon-fisher. Such qualities might do anything. As a Pre-Raphaelite he was welcomed by the multitude. When he deserted Pre-Raphaelitism to paint sentiment and expression he was followed by a larger crowd. He gave up emotional subjects for portraiture, and the crowd increased and lauded him to the skies. His success would not have been less had he adopted any sort of art theories and rejected all his former opinions. Like the tyrant of Samos, he might cast his ring into the sea and he would find it again inside a fish. He revealed himself as a portrait-painter in the picture of Mr. Armstrong's daughters, and Holl and Herkomer were of no account beside him. The handsomest carriages in London stood at his door in Palace Gate. Official honors were showered upon him. He was made a baronet, and he would have been the Artist Laureate if there were one. And this is not all: he knew the deepest joys of popularity. The reproductions of his sentimental pictures made him the guest and the friend of the humblest homes, and the same man who had won the plaudits of Swinburne and Ruskin and the most finely cultured men of his day for his interpretation of a tale from Boccaccio has seen, at the end of his career, his 'Bubbles' placarded on the walls of the United Kingdom by a famous soapmaker. He knew of this, and openly rejoiced over it; he owned it without false modesty, and with the gay, hearty frankness with which he exclaimed in the studio of Munro the sculptor, when some one remarked upon the red mark above his eye, "There are spots in the sun, you know!"

Let us consider these spots in the sun. The man who excited such enthusiasm in England was, æsthetically, the least English of the artists of his country. Across the Channel the most popular painter is he who approaches most nearly the French ideas of art. His whole career could be thus defined, historically and æsthetically: "From Ruskin to Pear's Soap; or, The Stages of a Perversion;" and this alienates him from the English ideal as it is set forth in books. He said that the first duty of a painter is to paint, and it is a strange saying from English lips. He said again, "A fool may be a great artist." He did not choose subjects specially for their morality; he did not strain after exact truth of detail; and he openly allowed that the corners, the accessories, the edges of the picture, should all be sacrificed to the center. More than that, he painted the fact rather than the idea, and tried to please the eye rather than to touch the soul, in an avowed effort to please the upper classes. And he succeeded, although he expressed less than any other artist the individuality of the English character. Let the partisans of the theory which makes art an emanation of life explain his success as they may, it will be easy enough for us to do so.

Millais's art responds to a taste which is no more Latin than it is Anglo-



Saxon; it responds to a taste common to certain minds among all nations. He satisfies the world in general — the lovers of illustrations, who go straight to the sentimental or amusing pictures at an exhibition and pass by æsthetic thought or moral meaning. He charms all the superficial sight of the English mind, as Burne-Jones will charm all refined minds in France when he is better known there. Therefore another boundary must be found for æsthetic preferences than a frontier line, and another origin than that of atmosphere or soil.

What are the characteristics, then, of this much admired art? In the first place, its subjects. Millais devotes himself to such touching scenes as have made Paul Delaroche and M. d'Ennery famous amongst us. He tells the story of a fireman placing the children he has saved in the arms of their mother; of a prisoner's wife, who comes to set her husband free, handing the order of release to the gaoler; and he has not forgotten the dog, who leaps round his master's legs to show his joy. He shows us the 'Return from the Crimea:' a wounded soldier, resting after the war, with his wife and children; the children are playing with toys, amongst which are a bear, a cock, and a lion; the whole Eastern Question is in your grasp. Then all the famous couples pass before us for whom a tragic fate is in store: 'The Huguenot,' 'Effie Deans,' 'Lucy of Lammermoor,' 'The Black Brunswicker.' There is 'The Proscribed Royalist' concealed in the hollow of a tree, and kissing the hand of his Puritan lady, who has brought him food. There is a Spaniard, disguised as a monk, rescuing his lady-love from prison and from the stake. Then he enlivens himself with a domestic incident, 'My First Sermon,' or an historical incident, 'The Boyhood of Raleigh.' To make such every-day subjects acceptable, they must be treated with genius, and Millais does not so treat them. His imagination was neither very great nor very wide. It is evident that he has not looked long for his subject, but it could be wished that he had looked longer, or at least that he had found it. Whenever he paints a lover's duet he places his heroes standing, exactly in the same position, face to face, — 'The Huguenot,' 'The Black Brunswicker,' 'The Wandering Knight,' 'Yes,' and 'No,' 'Effie Deans;' they are all in the same attitude. And he does not atone for this uniformity by any great energy of action. The attitudes are correct, the masses well balanced, the parallel lines are well broken, and there is nothing to find fault with. But there is nothing new in them. Looking at 'Effie Deans,' or 'Lucy of Lammermoor,' as far as originality goes we might regret Paul Delaroche; in the finish of his stone backgrounds and his foliage he equals M. Robinet, and M. Bouguereau in his truthful coloring. But these details are painted with the same prominence as the principal figure; they come as far forward, and thus all aerial perspective is destroyed. Compositions like the child with the soap-bubbles call for no criticism excepting in the drawing; they are lacking in all that makes a work of art great; and in their conception, as in their subject, the dolls M. Muller used to show us filling their papa's watch with cream were as pleasing. This is genre-painting in all its foolish and triumphant conceit; the style, that is, which apes great art; the upstart from the genre-pictures which imagines itself to be more full of

life than the Academy and more noble than the mere study, which is jealous of the one and contemptuous of the other, and is beneath them both. This genre, the mediocrity of art, was Millais's first characteristic. The second was exactness. Once his portrait or his scene is composed he drew the gesture of his model exactly and without exaggeration. His historical and legendary personages look so simple, so well defined, so *like*, that they might be people you know. They really are portraits. Most of these tragic lovers were painted from well-known people, from relations or good-natured friends. His famous 'Huguenot' represents General Lemprière; the young lady in 'The Black Brunswicker' is the portrait of Charles Dickens's second daughter, Mrs. Perugini. In 'The Boyhood of Raleigh' he painted his own sons; in the famous 'Northwest Passage,' Trelawney, the intrepid explorer, sat for the head of the old sailor. These pieces are generally well painted, with a bright coloring that is not overstrained, and in harmony which does not quite rise to refinement.

Millais's portraits show us his temperament and his art at their best. Restricted to a portrait, his composition, which is commonplace in historical and genre subjects, becomes interesting and almost original. His 'Fresh Eggs,' simply the portrait of his charming daughter, in a Pompadour costume, looking for eggs in a hen-house, shows admirable arrangement. Still better is the portrait of the Misses Armstrong sitting round a table at whist, under an enormous mass of azaleas, where the skill of the composition can be unreservedly admired. Everything in this picture, even the rather affected title, 'Hearts is Trumps!' adds to the charm of the three faces — one full face, the others in profile or three-quarters. His portrait of the 'Yeoman of the Guard' is almost a masterpiece. His model is ugly, but there he stands. His harmonies are violent, but they stop short of becoming discordant. Millais had a theory of his own to excuse his brilliant coloring: he said that these were the original tones in the pictures of the masters which we now admire, when we see them toned down by the other great masters called Time and Varnish. Without going into an examination of this hypothesis, the painter's violences of color in the 'Yeoman of the Guard' and in 'Chill October' may be forgiven him for the harmonies into which they melt.

Of Millais's three manners, the Pre-Raphaelite applied to historical scenes; the romantic applied to genre-painting; and portraiture, the last, was his happiest inspiration. But his reputation has been made, not by his portraits, but by his genre-pictures. Therefore, when the whole of his work is passed in review for definition, Sir J. E. Millais would appear as a librettist in painting. Like libretto-writers of opera, he did not create his subjects; he chose well-known, rather hackneyed, themes. He expressed himself in a sonorous and intelligible language; he did not display such faculty of invention that he could be said to reshape them, nor such mystery of form that he could be said to enrich them; and he accepted the applause of the boxes and of the pit without a distinct understanding whether it was bestowed on the subject or its author, on the story or its narrator, on the book or the music.



## The Works of Millais

### DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

#### 'SIR ISOMBRAS AT THE FORD'

#### PLATE I

'SIR ISOMBRAS AT THE FORD' is surely one of the best pictures that Millais ever painted, and, for that matter, it is one of the most interesting pictures that has been made in England in the last hundred years. Its making marked the beginning of the change in Millais's manner. Although details are studied as much as in the earlier work, there is a stronger grasp of effect. There is something very original about the composition, although it is hardly a composition at all — just an excision from life. Again, this is hardly the word; for the picture is evidently enough a made-up affair. Yet the figures come on to the stage naturally, without too obvious arrangement.

The first sketch for the picture is in existence, and it is interesting to note how much the artist has improved his idea in the finished work. Millais was essentially a realist, and the longer he worked on a thing the better it got. Notably fine things in the picture are the knight's head — all the heads, in fact — and the painting of the further shore. The armor is excellently well done, and the flags in the foreground show all Millais's skill in detail. The horse, on the other hand, can hardly be called a success.

The picture was bought by Charles Reade, who wrote pleasantly on painting in "Christie Johnstone." It was not very favorably received at first by either public or critics, but has lately come to be looked on as one of Millais's finest works. For some reason the picture aroused the ire of the many. Frederick Sandys caricatured it. The horse was John Ruskin personified as an ass. Millais himself bestrode him as the knight. Dante Rossetti was the little girl, and Holman Hunt clung on behind as the little boy.

#### 'THE YEOMAN OF THE GUARD'

#### PLATE II

'THE BEEF-EATER' is one of the best of Millais's later works; for while the *facture* is rather sleazy, there still remain the interesting and effective pose and the brilliant, if rather glaring, color. This picture created quite a sensation in the Paris Exposition. It was painted from Major Robert Montagu, a fine old English gentleman who was, naturally, not himself a yeoman of the guard, but who kindly posed for Millais on the occasion of this picture. The idea of the picture took form in this manner. Millais was making some studies for a picture at the Tower of London, and was so much impressed by the picturesque costume of the yeomen of the guard that he determined to paint a portrait of one of them.

#### 'THE ORDER OF RELEASE'

#### PLATE III

'THE ORDER OF RELEASE,' though it is one of Millais's early Pre-Raphaelite subjects, looks at first sight more like his later work. But when one comes to study the curiously compact and crowded composition

one perceives certain qualities which hardly exist in the more diffuse work of later years. Some of the pieces — the expression of the good wife's face, for instance — are rendered with all Millais's force and intensity. There is something almost ludicrous in her air of triumph and satisfaction.

The picture was severely criticized because only one leg of the released Highlander is seen. The same criticism was made of the male figure in 'The Huguenot.' But one might as well criticize the child in the woman's arms because only one arm is to be seen. Naturally enough, the other did not show. The spirit which induces such criticism is the same which made the early Egyptians put two eyes in a profile head, because, forsooth, they knew men had two eyes. As a matter of fact, one can see the other leg perfectly well. The picture was also criticized because the warder had released his prisoner before he read the order of release. This, again, is a rather puerile comment, because he might very well have released the prisoner on merely seeing the well-known outside aspect of an order of release, and later, from mere curiosity, have taken the trouble to read it; or he may have read it first and then reread it.

There are some good bits in this: the warder's head in *profile-perdu*, and the dog's coat, though the latter is rather meticulous in treatment.

'PORTRAIT OF JOHN RUSKIN'

PLATE IV

THE great critic in his coat of antique cut, his side whiskers, and his curious trousers presents a vaguely ridiculous look to our modern eyes, as he stands by the brawling stream. We should imagine a man in the country clad in more suitable garb for roughing it. But it was the fashion of the day that a man should dress like a gentleman wherever he went, and Ruskin simply wore the clothes he thought proper to his station.

The portrait is a remarkable rendering of character. After seeing it one's mind has an indelible imprint of how the real Ruskin looked and stood. It is not a sympathetic portrait, perhaps, but one feels that it is sincere. The brook and the background are painted with true Pre-Raphaelite fidelity.

'PORTRAIT OF W. E. GLADSTONE'

PLATE V

THIS portrait was quite famous in its day, and is by many considered the best portrait that has been made of the great commoner. It was painted in an inconceivably short time — Gladstone himself said in five hours and a half — yet, in spite of this, was considered a great success by the statesman's friends. It is interesting to compare this portrait with that made by Lenbach, the famous German painter. Lenbach's seems the better drawn — possibly because he is said to have worked over a "Solar" print. It is perhaps more incisive in character. But after all, Millais's is the more painter-like. It is "made out of paint" in a forthright way. The character of the great statesman is well indicated; the huge nose, the strong chin, the thin and yet sensitive mouth, and the speaking and intelligent eyes are understood and rendered. While not one of Millais's great works, it is an interesting one.

The picture was painted for the Duke of Westminster, who was so disgusted

at Gladstone's stand in the matter of "Home Rule" that he sold the picture. It is now in the collection of Sir Charles Tennant. Sir John's son, Mr. J. G. Millais, speaks of it as "probably the finest modern male portrait in existence." This is estimating the portrait altogether too highly.

## 'THE VALE OF REST'

## PLATE VI

**T**HE VALE OF REST' is said to have been Millais's favorite picture, and it has its qualities, although the appeal to the emotions is rather obvious. It marks Millais's transition stage. He had not entirely shaken off his Pre-Raphaelite manner, and yet he was making an effort to gain a broader sort of technique. Ruskin criticized the picture by saying nuns did not dig each other's graves; but he, after all, was not omniscient. The curiously shaped cloud in the sky was suggested by a Scotch superstition that a coffin-shaped cloud in the sky at sunset forebodes death.

Curiously enough, the picture, which has become very popular, at first shocked people not a little. It was considered horrible (*Punch* spoke of "those terrible nuns") because the seated nun is supposed to have a premonition of her own early death from looking at the cloud in the sky. The picture is, indeed, rather sentimental, rather story-telling, but hardly horrible, one would say. On the other hand, a grave serenity, that is hardly sadness, seems to inform the whole picture. Millais repainted the head of the seated nun in his studio some years after the picture had been exhibited. It is a question whether he improved it. One would like to have seen the earlier head, which, presumably painted outdoors, must have had a verity which the somewhat sweetened countenance of the present nun rather lacks.

Mr. Spielmann thinks 'The Vale of Rest' the finest picture Millais ever painted. While it is an extremely interesting picture, it is not, perhaps, so interesting as some of Millais's little known early pictures, 'The Return of the Dove,' for instance.

## 'OPHELIA'

## PLATE VII

**M**ANY have thought the 'Ophelia' to be the finest picture which Millais ever painted, and surely it is one of the best things painted in its period anywhere, inside England or out. The figure floats on the water in a rather impossible way, but it is a beautiful way, and nothing could be lovelier than the dead girl's face. This face, by the way, was painted from Miss Eleanor Siddal, the beautiful model discovered by Walter Deverell when she was a milliner's assistant. She also posed for many of Rossetti's pictures, and later married him.

It is interesting to note the difference in the manners of Rossetti and Millais when painting the same type. Rossetti invariably dwelt on, indeed exaggerated, the long, swelling neck and the full, passionate lips of the beautiful model. He painted all women so; or, rather, he chose women who had something of these characteristics, and then exaggerated just those qualities. Millais, on the other hand, has made Miss Siddal in his 'Ophelia' a very beautiful woman, distinguished and pathetic in type, but in no way abnormal. In-

deed, the abnormal was abhorrent to Millais's healthy mind. Whenever his early pictures look "queer" it is because he has insisted on an undeniable fact, not because he has exaggerated a peculiarity.

Apart from the lovely imagining and rendering of the beautiful dead girl, there are other admirable qualities to note in this picture. The different kinds of foliage are rendered with very remarkable skill and finish. Indeed, botanists have said that the foliage and flowers were painted with quite botanical exactness, and this is a very difficult thing for an oil-painter to accomplish. It might be said—indeed, it is true—that the detail is too much insisted on, that it is overaccented; but it is surprising how well the effect is preserved, considering this extreme detail.

'AUTUMN LEAVES'

PLATE VIII

'AUTUMN LEAVES' is just the sort of picture a young man might paint; that is, it is intense and searched in study, but the design is rather confused. The faces of the children are charming, and the leaves are painted with remarkable care and realism, but one seems to feel the lack of a definitely arranged composition. At the same time, the picture exhibits remarkable qualities. The color is handsome, and John Ruskin spoke of the painting as being the first true representation of twilight that had ever been painted. After all, as in all Millais's early compositions, the interest begins with and comes back to the faces. Those are the really remarkable pieces, and are painted with an intensity of realism leading to mysticism, the sort of thing that had not been seen before in England.

The English critic, Alfred Lys Baldry, goes so far as to say that this picture "is now rightly admired as the most fascinating of the works which he produced during his life. . . . When it was first exhibited it was not properly understood by the general public. . . . Mr. Ruskin praised it with generous enthusiasm, and not only ranked it as one of the monumental canvases of the world, but declared that not even to Titian could be assigned a place higher than that which Millais had reached by this triumphant achievement."

'LORENZO AND ISABELLA'

PLATE IX

THE subject of this picture is taken from Keats's poem. Holman Hunt had tried to interest Millais in Keats's poems, and had read bits aloud to him. Millais, like a healthy young Briton of his day, had scoffed at him; but later, getting the book, he was overcome by Keats's charm and determined to paint this picture. The scene represents the lovers Lorenzo and Isabella at table with the cruel brothers of Isabella. Lorenzo was a poor clerk employed by the rich relations of Isabella. He loved Isabella and she him. The brothers discovered their love and killed Lorenzo. Isabella put his head in a vase and covered it with earth, and from this grew a beautiful plant—a rather gruesome tale, which all Keats's poesy has hardly saved from being ridiculous.

It is not hard to understand why this picture was so much criticized at its first appearance. There is something ludicrous in the outstretched leg of the

wicked brother who kicks the dog, while the lovers themselves are rather puling and mawkish. At the same time, the picture has remarkable merits, especially when one reflects that it was painted by a boy of nineteen. The study of character in the various heads surpassed anything that had been done in English art since Hogarth, and the whole picture was made with an honesty and sincerity not at all common in the art of that day. Madox Brown, the forerunner of the Pre-Raphaelite school, had rather laughed at Rossetti's praise of the work of the young Millais, but on seeing this picture he was conquered, and generously admitted that it was a remarkable work.

## 'THE BLIND GIRL'

## PLATE X

'THE BLIND GIRL' is one of Millais's finest efforts. Curiously enough, the head of the girl suggests some of Bastien-Lepage's work, made much later but having something of the same intensity and intention. The technical method of the two men was rather different. Bastien's painting was much as he had learned to do in the schools, only with more intensity than the ordinary man's. Millais, on the other hand, was obliged to develop his technique by himself, with what assistance he got from Holman Hunt, so that his handling is rather less professional looking than that of Bastien.

The picture, also, has this in common with Bastien, that the interest centers on one face. So remarkably well made is the blind girl's face that she holds our attention despite the almost meticulous detail of the rest of the picture. When, however, we allow our eyes to wander about the picture we find many surprising bits of detail: the girl's dress, for instance, which is "carried" to a remarkable degree. The landscape background is quite charmingly made. Interesting details are the birds hopping around in the grass, which look singularly large. There is probably some obscure allusion to the dawn of hope in the rainbow behind the figures.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY MILLAIS  
IN PUBLIC COLLECTIONS

**BIRMINGHAM ART GALLERY:** The Widow's Mite; The Blind Girl (Plate x)  
**BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY:** Portrait of the Earl of Shaftesbury —  
**CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD:** Portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone — **CORPORATION OF MANCHESTER:** Portrait of Bishop Fraser; Portrait of Queen Alexandra when Princess of Wales — **CORPORATION OF OLDHAM:** Portrait of T. O. Barber — **FITZWILLIAM MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE:** The Bridesmaid — **GARRICK CLUB, LONDON:** Portrait of Sir Henry Irving — **G. HALLOWAY COLLEGE, EGHAM:** The Princes in the Tower; The Princess Elizabeth — **INSTITUTE OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, LONDON:** Portrait of Sir John Fowler — **LEEDS ART GALLERY:** Childhood; Youth; Manhood; Age; Music; Art — **LIVERPOOL ART GALLERY:** Lorenzo and Isabella (Plate ix); The Martyr of the Solway — **MANCHESTER ART GALLERY:** Autumn Leaves (Plate viii); A Flood; Victory, O Lord — **NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON:** Yeoman of the Guard (Plate ii); Portrait of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone; The Vale of Rest (Plate vi) — **NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON:** The Earl of Beaconsfield; Thomas Carlyle; William Wilkie Collins; John Leech — **NATIONAL GALLERY OF CANADA:** Portrait of the Marquis of Lorne — **NEW SOUTH WALES GALLERY, AUSTRALIA:** The Captive — **OXFORD UNIVERSITY GALLERY:** Portrait of Thomas Combe; Return of the Dove to the Ark — **ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL,**

LONDON: Portrait of Sir Joseph Paget; Portrait of Luther Holden — SHAKESPEARE MUSEUM, STRATFORD-ON-AVON: Portrait of Lord Ronald Gower — TATE GALLERY: Ophelia (Plate VII); The Knight-Errant; The Northwest Passage; Mercy; St. Bartholomew's Day; St. Stephen; A Disciple; Speak, Speak; The Order of Release; The Boyhood of Raleigh; A Maid offering a Basket of Fruit; Charles I. and His Son in the Studio of Van Dyck; Equestrian Portrait — UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW: Portrait of Rev. John Caird — UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: Portrait of George Grote.

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MASTERS IN ART

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**Bastien-Lepage**

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FRENCH SCHOOL







MASTERS IN ART PLATE I  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & C<sup>IE</sup>  
[467]

BASTIEN-LEPAGE  
JOAN OF ARC  
PROPERTY OF ERWIN DAVIS, NEW YORK.





MASTERS IN ART PLATE II  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE  
[ 400 ]

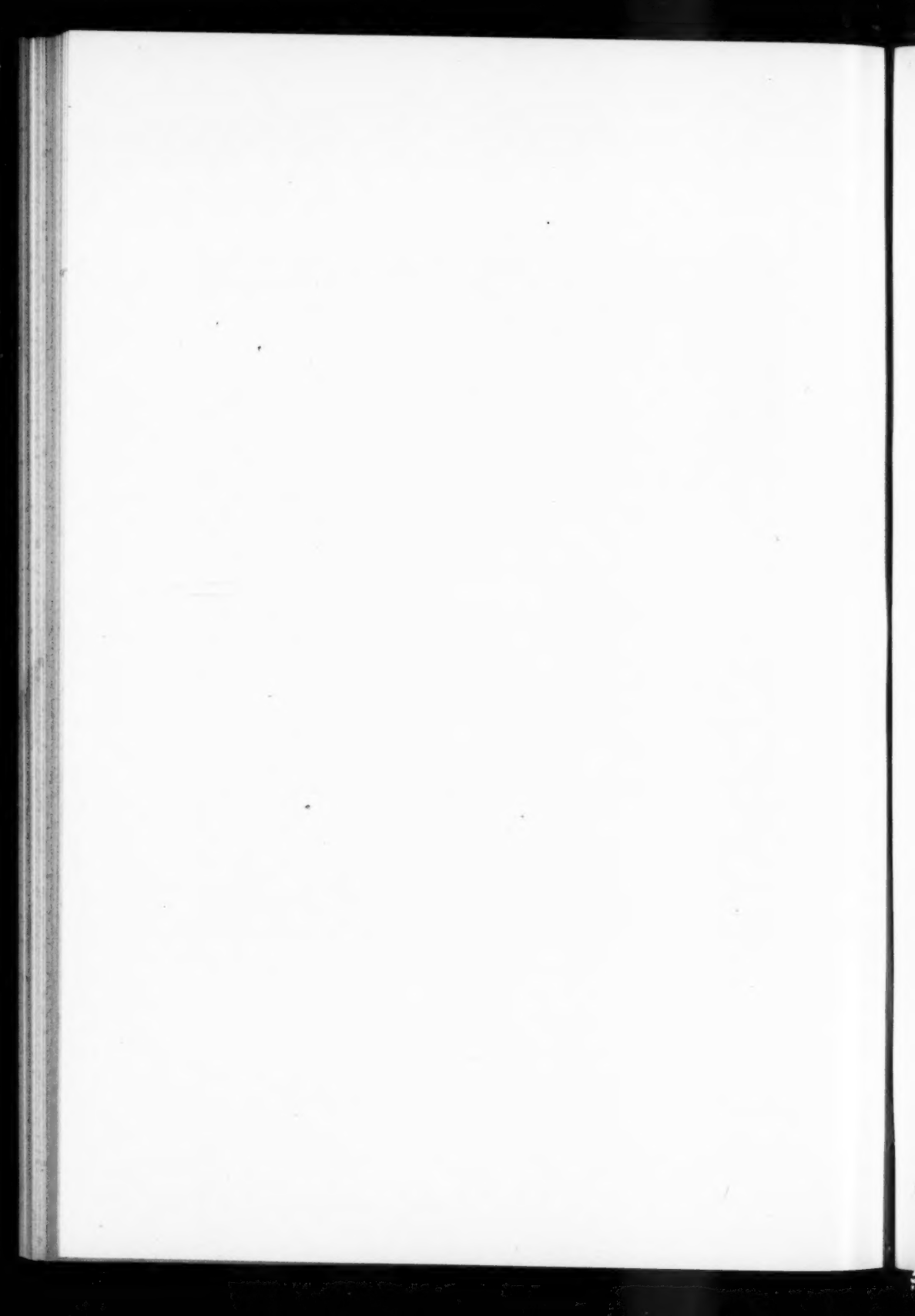
BASTIEN-LEPAGE  
LOVE IN THE VILLAGE  
PROPERTY OF GEORGES PETIT, PARIS





MASTERS IN ART PLATE III  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE  
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BASTIEN-LEPAGE  
PORTRAIT OF ALBERT WOLFF

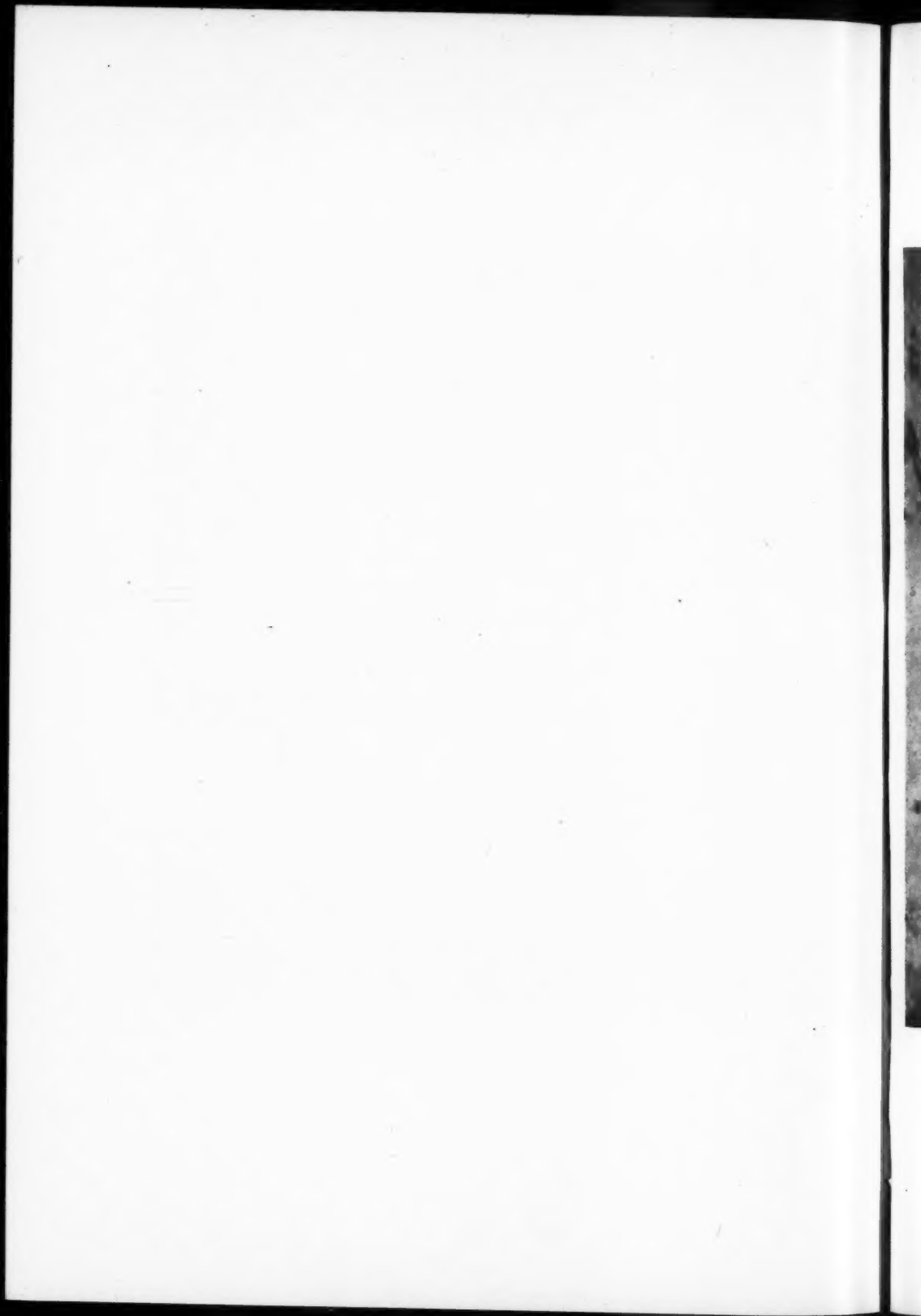








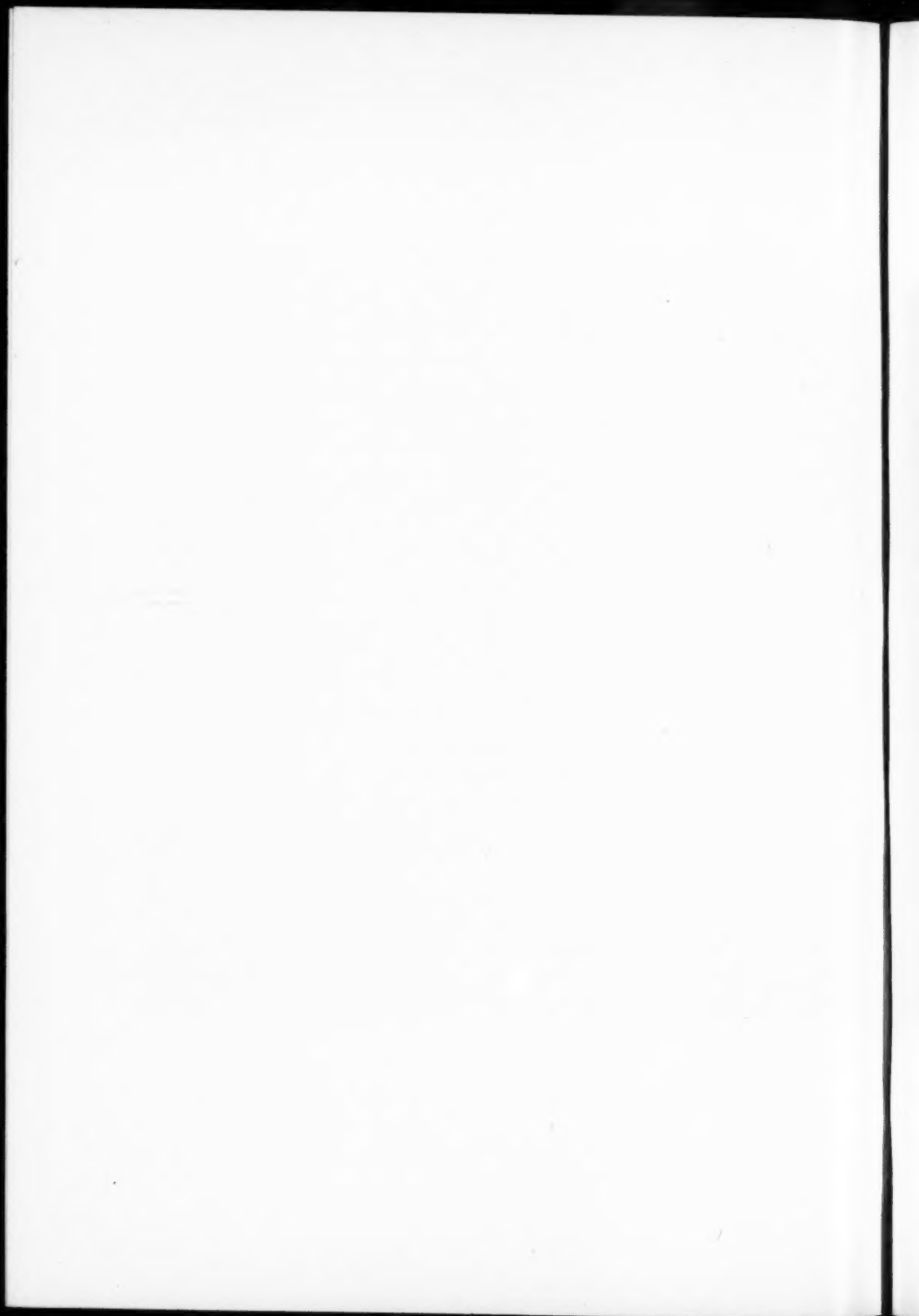






MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BAUD, CLÉMENT & C<sup>IE</sup>  
[477]

HASTIEN-LEPAGE  
THE POTATO HARVEST



BASTIEN-LEPAGE  
THE HAYMAKERS  
LUXEMBOURG, PARIS

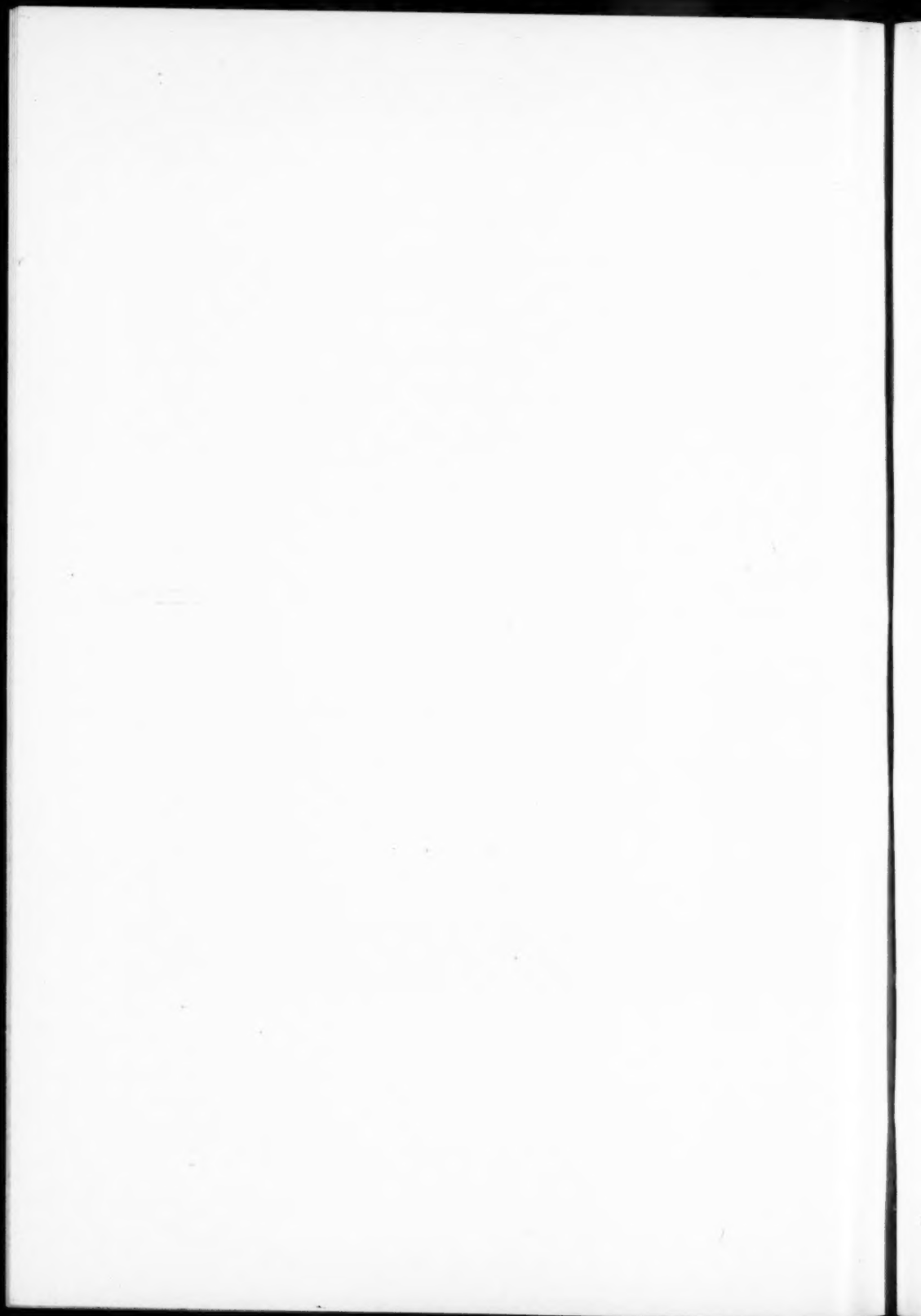


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII  
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRUNO C. (MET. & CIE  
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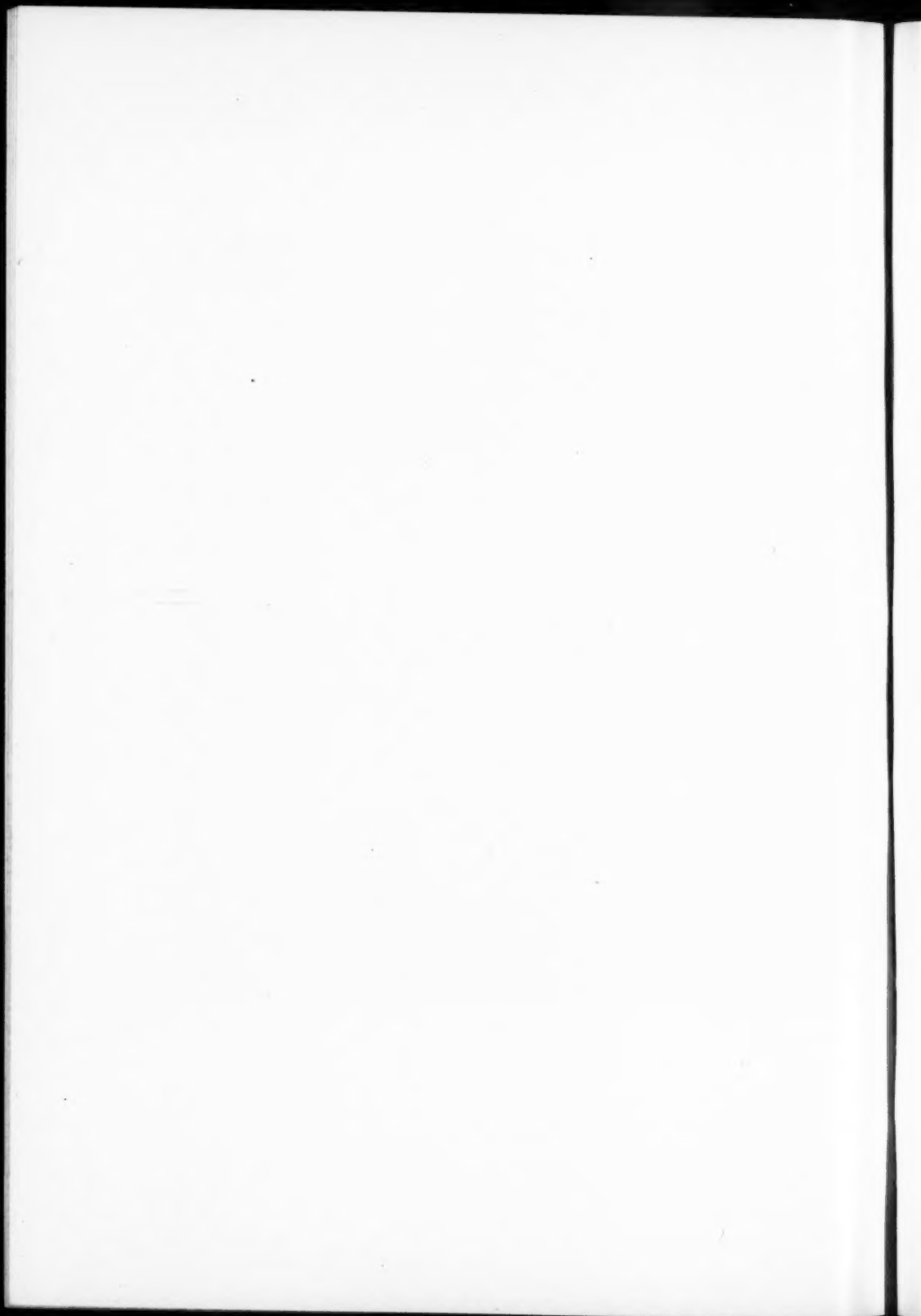




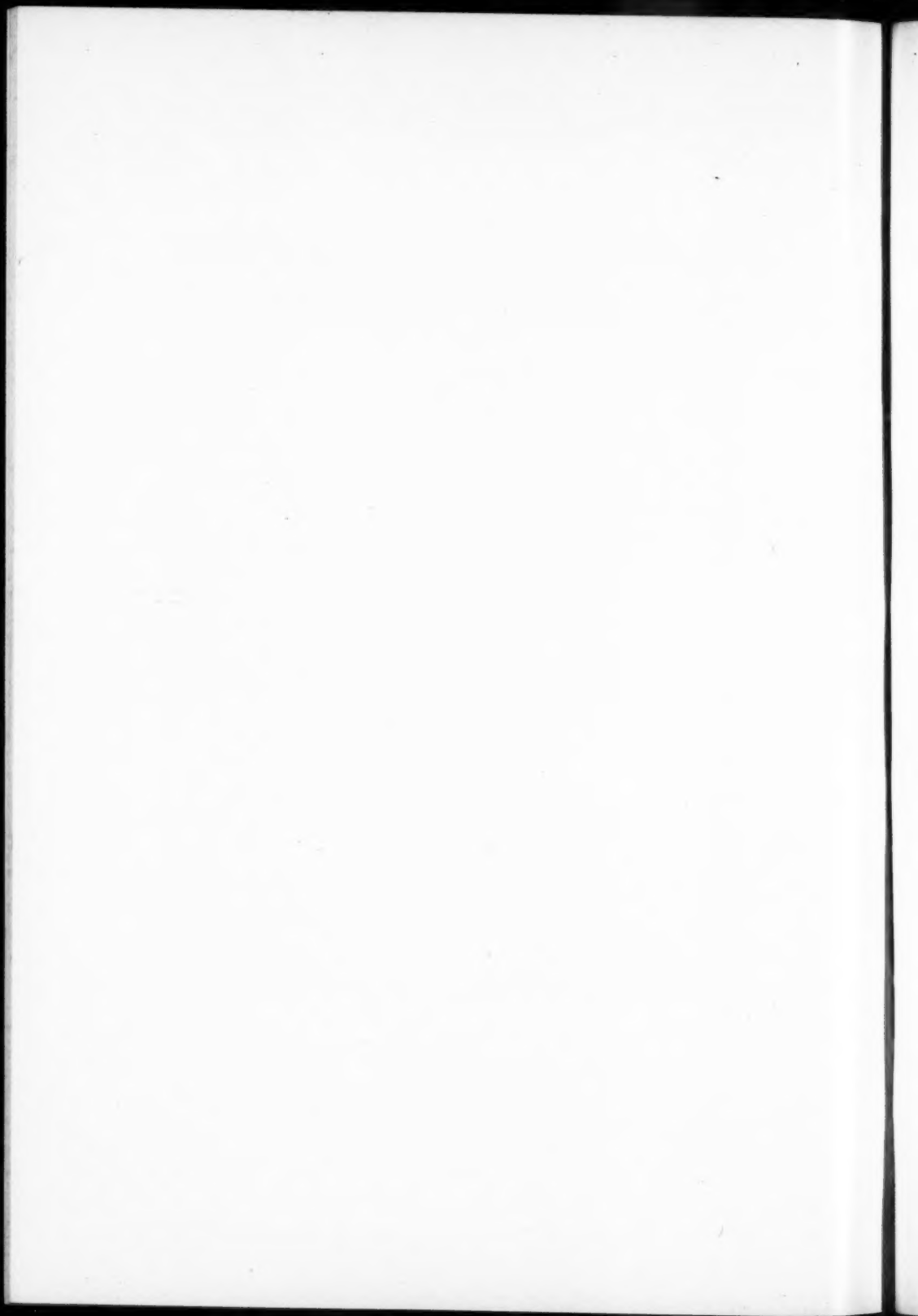














# Jules Bastien-Lepage

BORN 1848: DIED 1884  
FRENCH SCHOOL

**JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE** was born in Damvillers in the department of the Meuse, in France, on November 1, 1848. His parents were sufficiently poor, of a grade just above the peasants. His surname, Bastien-Lepage, was made up of his mother's surname, "Lepage," hyphenated with the name "Bastien," belonging to his father. He was brought up in the rude life of the farm, and learned in that way to know, to understand, and love the peasant character in a way which is strongly shown in his later work. It is unfortunate that this early farm life did not produce in him the rude physique which distinguished another peasant painter, Jean François Millet.

His birthplace was near the village where Jeanne d'Arc was born, and he grew up among traditions of the Maid. His province, Lorraine, had given birth to another great artist, Claude le Lorrain; and whether the young boy heard of him or no, he very early developed a passion for art. Lorraine is a birthplace of great men, and Bastien was not the least.

His father used to make him draw whatever happened to be on the table at night — the lamp, book, etc. The family, however, had no idea of making him an artist, having planned that he should fit himself to take some administrative career.

At the age of eleven he was sent to the College of Verdun. This was hardly a college in the sense in which we use the word; rather, what is here called an academy. He was not a remarkable student, though he had a liking for mathematics; but it was in the drawing-class that he distinguished himself. His correctness of eye and skill of hand were considered remarkable. When he had gone through the college he announced his desire to be an artist; and though this was a shock to his parents, who had made other plans for him, they, in the end, consented. A place was found for him in the Central Postal administration, and it was arranged that he should study at the École des Beaux-Arts during his leisure. This proved impossible. He gave up his place in the post-office, and at the cost of a good deal of privation continued his studies at the Beaux-Arts.

Bastien went through the regular training of the schools for a number of years. It is nowhere recorded that he was a very brilliant student, yet from

his early studies one sees that he must have been among the best of the school, even then. Among his fellow students were Dagnan Bouveret, the famous French painter; Baude, a well-known wood-engraver; Edelfeldt, Alden Weir, and others. The men used to congregate at a certain restaurant near-by, where food of very bad quality but appetizingly cooked was served. The good woman of the restaurant, it is said, trusted Bastien for many a month, and accepted many a sketch or picture in payment.

The Franco-Prussian War broke into this quiet, studious life, and Bastien, like so many other gallant young students at the time of the Siege of Paris, shouldered a musket and joined a company of artists, whose captain was the artist Castellani. It is not recorded that he was in any great battle or particularly distinguished himself, but no doubt he did his duty in the same dogged manner that distinguished his painting. He was hit on the forehead by a clod of earth thrown up by a shell, and so was in the hospital for the last months of the Siege. While he was there his first composition, a nude study, was destroyed by another shell.

When Bastien, after a short stay with his parents in Lorraine, came back to Paris he was ready to begin work again; but circumstances had so much changed that he had the greatest difficulty to get on at all. He secured an order from a maker of "antiphelis milk" to paint an advertisement of his brand; but though the picture was subsequently exhibited in the Salon, it did not please the manufacturer, who wanted the details of his business painted on the picture in gold-leaf.

Bastien was driven to all sorts of makeshifts in order to make a little money; and among these efforts were the drawings he made for a certain magazine. This magazine was in the habit of getting work from very clever youngsters for very small sums. Many of these young men could do a very chic illustration quite out of their head in a very short time. It was wholly impossible for Bastien to do this. He had to work from models. And more, he rendered them so sincerely that the editors did not like his work because they thought it lacked *élan*. So that, while he did a few illustrations, he was not considered much of a success at it. Singular to think of one of the greatest artists of France who was not considered good enough to illustrate a twopenny trumpery paper!

The first work by Bastien to attract any attention was the famous 'Portrait of His Grandfather' (Plate x). This was begun in the summer of 1873. The portrait was very closely studied and highly finished, and had this peculiarity for that time: that it was painted outdoors in an outdoor light. It was criticized for being too much worked over, but one would now consider that to be its chiefest merit.

This portrait, even when first exhibited, made a great success. It seemed to many people who had never seen or had ignored the Impressionist movement a work of peculiar originality; and for the matter of that, although it was based on certain impressionistic ideas, the manner of its making was quite different. So, too, was the very high finish, which was one of the marked characteristics of the work. It is curious that a mere portrait should so quickly

make a man's reputation. But so it is. That is one of the essential differences between Paris and New York or Boston,—that Paris responds more quickly to great works of art. For this portrait the young artist received a third-class medal.

Theuriet describes Bastien at this time as follows: "I saw before me a young man plainly dressed, small, fair, and muscular; his pale face, with its square, determined brow, short nose, and spirituelle lips, scarcely covered by a blond moustache, was lighted up by two clear blue eyes whose straight, piercing look told of loyalty and of indomitable energy. There was roguishness, as well as manliness, in that mobile face with its flattened features, and a certain cool audacity alternated with signs of sensitiveness and sparkling fun and gaiety."

It was about this time that certain other very interesting works were made. One was a picture which various French writers say was in the style of Watteau. It was called 'Le Chanson de Printemps' ('A Spring Song'). It is difficult to see any resemblance to Watteau in this little peasant-girl with cupids about her; but it is a pretty fantasy, with a mixture of realism and imagination which rather surprises one in Bastien. Bastien became a realist from conviction, not because he lacked fancy or imagination. Indeed, it needs imagination of the highest sort to be a realist. This picture, which was exhibited at the same time as the 'Grandfather,' was bought by the government.

An event, the most dramatic in Bastien's life, took place the next year. He tried for the Prix de Rome and was admitted *en loge*, with nine other fortunate young men, to paint a picture in two months on the final subject given out for the prize. This subject was an excellent one for Bastien. It was 'The Angel of the Lord appearing to the Shepherds near Bethlehem and announcing the Birth of Christ.' Bastien made a delightful composition. His shepherds were rude, rough peasants such as he must have known in Lorraine. But the distinguishing mark of his picture was the angel. Instead of making the conventional or typical angel, he imagined a delightful, yet not impossible she, projected and painted with something of the naïveté and sincerity of a Memlinc or of a Gerard David. Apart from the *finé*, light effect and the sense of night about, the men were admirably indicated.

The pictures were exhibited, and the opinion of the students and the public indicated Bastien as the winner of the prize. When, however, the members of the Institute of France, probably influenced by various Beaux-Arts professors, came to award the prize, they gave it to a certain Léon Comerre, whose chief fame in after-years is that he won the Prix de Rome over Bastien-Lepage. Comerre was an older man. It was his last chance. He was nearly thirty, and if he did not get it that year he could never try again. So the committee, with engaging sympathy, awarded the scholarship to him. Something of the same sort occurred years before in the life of Jean François Millet.

But in Bastien's case the whole student-body were alive to what they considered the injustice of the award. They demonstrated as only Parisian students can. A young American student put a wreath of real laurel on Bastien's

picture, instead of the pinchbeck gilded wreath that adorned the picture of Commerre, and Bastien in a few days found himself the most talked of man in Paris.

'The Young Communiante' (Plate 1x), painted the same year, was another of Bastien's early successes, and was the seed of a whole crop of imitations. It is one of the first "white upon white" subjects which have been so much done of recent years. Whistler's 'White Girl' had been exhibited some years previously. Whether Bastien had ever seen it does not appear. This picture at the time was regarded as quite a triumph of subtle painting. To our more modern eyes it seems that some of the accents are too dark and that some of the peculiar difficulties of the subject are avoided or obviated. All the same, the little face is quite a triumph of good, solid painting; the gradations are subtle and well observed, and there is an indefinable charm about the picture which is difficult to precise, the result of absolute sincerity.

'Les Foins' (Plate vii), or 'The Haymakers,' made in 1878, was the first large picture which Bastien painted and exhibited. It will be further described in the analysis of pictures. But it may be said here that it represents two peasants resting at noon from making hay. The man is asleep, flat on his back. The woman, too tired to sleep, is gazing straight ahead with a look which may mean unutterable things or mere animal weariness. This picture is of great importance, not only as regards the life of Bastien, but in any résumé of French art in the nineteenth century. It was the ancestor of countless pictures painted in the next ten years. Indeed, almost every young and ambitious student of those next ten or fifteen years came under Bastien's virile and healthy influence.

Millet had indicated something of the same sort in his 'Grape-tender Resting,' but he had treated it in his monumental, typical way from memory, whereas the work of Bastien was for that time the last word of observation and of realism. Courbet had treated labor in a more realistic way than Millet, in his 'Stone-breakers,' but that, to our eyes, seems very black and brown for outdoor work. It is realistic in drawing, but conventional in color. The tradition of Caravaggio and the Italian realists overshadows it. Whereas 'Les Foins,' even to-day, despite certain errors, seems very much like our idea of what outdoor effects should be.

This picture really put Bastien at the head of the realistic movement in France. Of course, Manet, Monet, and other Impressionists were in full activity at the same time; but it is impossible for the people who were not interested in art at that time to realize how little they were regarded at that period. They were considered, in all seriousness, by many intelligent people to be either quite crazy or the maddest sort of charlatans.

Just how far Bastien himself was influenced by Manet is a difficult thing to say. The Impressionists were very bitter about his work, claiming that he stole everything from them. Degas, who has a genius for bitter, pithy sayings, called him "Bouguereau with modern improvements." But it is not difficult to make out a case for Bastien. Manet only began to paint outdoor effects in his later manner about 1871-1872. His early outdoor pictures are

as black as the ace of spades. And it was only when he became one of the famous Batignolles group that he began to paint "clair." Moreover, study of nature outdoors was in the air. Every one was doing it. The Pre-Raphaelites had begun to do it fifteen or twenty years before. Millet's later pastels had suggested it. Landscape-painters were painting more and more in the open, and it was no unnatural thing that a serious young student like Bastien should put a model in the open and try to paint the thing just as it looked, with no particular thought of Manet or of any one else.

The next year (1879) he painted his remarkable portrait of 'Sara Bernhardt' (Plate v). Nothing shows the versatility of the man more than this. 'Les Foins' was serious, almost stodgy work; the character was peasant-like and serious; even the color was gray and dull. The picture of the young actress, on the other hand, erect and rigid with nervous energy, is the last word of brilliancy and cleverness. Nothing could be more *raffiné* than the pose and the skilful handling with which the subject is rendered. This picture had a great *succes d'estime*, but does not seem to have brought Bastien many orders. Indeed, his observation and rendering were so remorseless that many persons shrank from putting their personalities in his power.

The critic Albert Wolff had taken Bastien under his wing, as it were, and, to use the graphic American slang, "boomed" his work consistently. It is hard for one who did not know how things went at that time to realize the power of this critic. While no man can wholly make or break a great artist, there can be no doubt that Wolff's thick and thin praise was of great assistance to Bastien. Our artist in gratitude painted a portrait of Wolff (Plate III), which is said to have taken forty sittings. It is of singular ugliness, and Wolff must have regarded the gift with mixed feelings. Some of Bastien's friends or enemies did not like his complaisance to the great critic, and when some one at the exhibition praised the high finish of the picture a wag replied (having in mind the studio phrase of "licked" for too smooth finish), "Yes, but the boots look licked."

Bastien's 'Portrait of the Prince of Wales,' now King of England, was painted about 1880. It is a skilful and decorative work, evidently inspired by Holbein or Clouet, which, with all its cleverness, lacks, it may be, something of the unaffectedness and naïveté of some of his other work. There exists a very careful pencil-study for this portrait, which was in profile. Near it, in the corner of the paper, is an astonishing caricature of the subject in full face, as if Bastien had said, in showing the study to a friend, "This is how he really looks," and had sketched in the little character-study.

We hear a great deal about the friendship of Bastien with Marie Bashkirtseff; and various writers, Muther among others, assume that Bastien was in love with her. This may or may not be, but there is no particular reason to assume it. The fair Bashkirtseff, as we find in her diary, had a passion for making out that every man she met was in love with her. She was greatly interested in Bastien's work and in his personality, and no doubt he, on his part, was flattered by the interest of an extremely pretty woman who was something of the *grande dame* as well. At all events, her friendship was a



solace to him in the pain and suffering which came to him at the end of his too short life.

For it came to pass that Bastien, just at the height of his power, when he felt himself more than ever able to express himself and was full of ideas for pictures, was attacked by a terrible disease, which rapidly sapped his strength. He worked in these last days with a feverish energy, as if to produce as much as possible in the short time he had left. He traveled, went to various places for the benefit of his health, but with no success. He died in Paris, December 10, 1884, in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

The picture by which we in America best know Bastien is the 'Jeanne d'Arc' (Plate 1), and, taken all in all, it is probably his best work. It is a subject he had long held in his mind. He worked long and earnestly at it, and was much disappointed when it did not receive the *Medaille d'Honneur*. It has certain obvious defects, but it is undeniably a picture which is original and powerful in composition and which is painted with remarkable skill.

One is perhaps better able to make a right estimate of Bastien now than immediately after his death. Then he was possibly overestimated; now, one hardly hears of him enough. The art world, for a long time, has been dominated by talents like Whistler's or Sargent's, and to some extent by the Impressionists. But it seems unlikely that such admirably solid, well-observed work as that of Bastien should always pass unnoticed. It will come back to its own, and we shall once again realize its sincerity, its intensity, and its character.

When one comes to analyze his various qualities one finds, to begin with, that his drawing was admirable. It was correct and at the same time very personal. It may be said that he was not a great draftsman in any such sense as was Ingres or even Delaunay. But then, he seldom drew the nude. Such studies as exist in this way lead one to think that he might have done remarkable work in this direction. On the other hand, his sense of character was remarkable. He made shapes of things with singular accuracy, and he had an intensity of vision which made his work different from that of others.

Bastien was hardly a colorist at all — in the sense, for instance, that were the Venetians. He does not, as did they, arrange bouquets of glowing color, in which every patch apart from its own color has some bearing on the color-effect of the whole. Having hit upon a particular *motif*, as in 'Les Foins,' he painted it just as it came — the dull black or brown of the clothes, the grimy red of the hands and faces, the dead, almost colorless, green of the hay. There was no attempt to improve on nature, either in the arrangement of color or in the quality of color selected. At the same time, the quality of his color is often very agreeable; never, one may say, crude or bad.

Some of his pictures, for instance the exquisite 'Sara Bernhardt,' lead one to feel that he had in him the makings of a colorist. But his choice of subject sometimes prevented the possibility of his introducing a very full chord of color. This may point to one of his limitations, at least to one of his peculiarities. He selected a motive primarily from the character there was in it,

rather than from its color. Given the motive, he then expressed the color with distinction, gravity, refinement, rather than with charm or passion.

His palette was very simple. He used much the same colors he had learned to use in the Beaux-Arts. He employed yellow ochre, *brun rouge* or light red, vermillion, *verte émerande*, the same thing as our viridian, cobalt blue and French ultramarine, the umbers, and siennas, black and white. An American landscape-painter who worked with him outdoors told the present writer that Bastien, even when trying to render brilliant effects like sunlight, only used yellow ochre, not allowing himself to use the more brilliant cadmium or chrome, nor yet madder like *Garance rose*.

Bastien has been criticized, notably in the 'Jeanne d'Arc,' for a certain spottiness observable in his work; that is, although his paintings almost always "carry" well, they sometimes do so through power of design or pattern rather than from the simplicity of the "values" or tone-relations. In other words, his passion for and intense interest in detail was such that he did not always get the strongest effect while rendering this detail. Perhaps it was that he allowed the edges of different masses in his work to remain about equally sharp, so that one does not get the proper sense of the eye focusing more sharply on the important crucial part of the picture than on the less essential elements. In the 'Jeanne d'Arc' he pushes this, possibly intentionally, to an extreme, so that one gets a sense of the orchard garden existing about or behind the girl as a sort of tapestry made of hundreds of minute threads or flat masses of color. The effect is not unfortunate in this picture, as it suits not badly the mystical, mediæval character of the subject.

This picture, by the way, shows in an interesting way how realism in certain subjects when pushed to an extreme may, must, lead to mysticism. Here is a mystical subject, treated in a purely realistic way, and yet, through the intense, icy realism of the painting of the face, one is led to perceive its mystic significance. This face, most of all these eyes, so rigorously rendered, turn as we gaze, from being those of the rude peasant-girl of Domremy, so that we look into the inspired face and eyes of the maid who saw before her Saint Mary and Saint Denis and Saint Margaret calling to her to do battle and suffer martyrdom for France.

We spoke for a moment of his design as helping out his tone-effect. This is particularly so in the 'Jeanne d'Arc,' where the "pattern" of the thing is so firm as to overcome any possible spottiness of effect. Again, the design of his 'Sara Bernhardt' is admirable. The spaces are well filled and yet in an original way. It is curious, however, that though Bastien's design usually turns out well, he does not always seem to have known in beginning a picture just the shape which he meant it to have. For instance, in making his 'Jeanne d'Arc' he started with the picture half its present size — only the Maid and a bit of garden about her. Then he decided to introduce the figures of the saints, and sewed on as much again of canvas.

Gesture seems at times almost the same thing as the design of a picture. It is, perhaps, the shape of the culminating piece of the design. The 'Jeanne



d'Arc,' for instance, is wholly dominated by the pathetic and, in art, original gesture of the Maid. Again, in the 'Sara Bernhardt,' it is the wonderful gesture of the actress, so uncommon, so affected, so unconscious, that gives the picture its unique quality. In looking through his work one feels the gesture of some figures more unique, more admirably expressive, than that of others. Yet, even in a figure as the woman of 'Les Foins,' where at first sight the action seems a little commonplace, like any one else, one finds that gesture is never forgotten. When one thinks of the painting one pictures in one's mind first the pathetic stoop of shoulders, the listless laying of hands upon the lap.

A great deal has been made of Bastien's debt to Manet, and yet any likeness there may be between them is purely a surface one, having to do, for the most part, with the choice of *motif*. In one particular way the two men differed greatly. Manet was, so to say, the inventor of "painting flat." Either from inability to model or because he felt that he gained greater force of effect by not cutting up his masses, he tended, especially in faces, to give them something the effect of bas-reliefs, the modulations being slightly indicated but not achieved. With Bastien it was quite otherwise. No matter how subtle his effect, how much it depended on well-balanced masses of tone, he risked everything in carrying the modulations, especially in the faces, as far as they would go. One notes this especially in the 'Communiante,' where a less courageous man might have tried to undermodel the forms in the face, in the fear that he would destroy the delicate color-difference of the ensemble. Bastien grimly models the form as far as he can, and in the particular instance triumphs notwithstanding.

Bastien's technique was the simplest thing imaginable; that is, there was no underpainting in gray, or some other color, nor was there any glazing; that is, rubbing transparent colors over the first painting. Still less was there any rubbing on of "sauce," nor were the colors kept in tone by a binding color, as happens even with Velasquez. Bastien deliberately denied himself these resources or aids of which all the old masters had availed themselves. He painted very directly, and then if the results did not please him he scraped it out and painted it over again. This gave his work great freshness. On the other hand, it caused his critics to call some of his work, especially the 'Jeanne d'Arc,' "spotty." So, indeed, it was, but that was one of the defects of its admirable qualities.

Bastien's handicap varied with the problem in hand. For instance, in certain sketches, compositions for the Beaux-Arts, etc., he painted with a square brush very broadly, indicating only the essentials. In large Salon pictures, like the 'Jeanne d'Arc' or 'Les Foins,' while the touch is still large and broad, it is no longer square. An effort is made to let the shape of each brush-stroke give something of the shape or character of the high-light, the accent, or the reflection that is represented. In this, Bastien was quite different from many men who were painting at the same time, who, for their part, were a good deal influenced by him. There was at that time, among the younger artists of Paris, a sort of mania for the square-touch manner or the

square-brush style (as it was indifferently called). This method came from the careful study of Franz Hals's work, and was a sort of reaction from the sloppy bituminous work of Romanticists. The reason for its being was an effort to paint honestly, directly, and in a craftsmanlike way; and while it was carried to absurd lengths by some of its partisans, it was no bad training for a man if he did not do it too long. Bastien, however, except in his sketches, never painted in this way. He extracted the good from it and avoided some of its evils.

When he did little pictures, such as the 'Sara Bernhardt' or the 'Albert Wolff,' he seems to have worked in a rather different way. There is good authority for saying that he put his picture in with very small brushes and kept on working in an almost meticulous way. Indeed, it would be impossible to attain to the extreme finish which he got in any other way. When he did not like a piece and wished to paint over it, besides scraping it out, he sometimes rubbed a little black on it in order to force himself to paint all over that part, leaving no underpainting to show through. Although he was naturally a very rapid and skilful executant, he worked for days and days on bits before he was satisfied. Albert Wolff tells us that Bastien painted for forty sittings on his portrait of Wolff himself.

Certain of Bastien's heads, the 'Jeanne d'Arc,' for instance, have been scraped out and repainted so often as to have taken on an enameled look. They seem almost like some plaque delicately modeled in bas-relief. This way of doing led to apparently different styles in different parts of the canvas. The heads, instead of being *impasto*, were sometimes the smoothest part of the canvas, while certain leaves of a tree, or a dandelion painted *alla prima*, would be very heavy and rough in texture. It was things like these that irritated many of Bastien's critics, who thought them affectations. Yet they came about perfectly simply, without premeditation. When a difficult part like a head would not "come" he simply scraped and rescraped till some repainting satisfied him. On the other hand, if some detail, like a trunk or a mass of leaves, gave the desired look the first time he merely left it just as it was, however rough.

Despite his sincerity, he sometimes had curious lapses. His whole doctrine was to paint the aspect of the thing just as it appeared, and still, in certain of his pictures, as, for instance, 'Les Foins,' it is impossible to tell whether he meant the picture to be a gray day or in sunlight. Some critics have praised this particular picture as representing blinding sunlight, and yet, when one comes to look it over, there is no sunlight about it. Not only does the method not suggest sunlight, but one sees from the diffused light, the absence of shadows, that it is gray day effect. Yet the sky is quite blue, except for a few small clouds. Then it is evident that the real effect must be that of a cloud over the sun. But that is a very transitory effect. At best one would get only a few hours, a score or more, of that effect in a summer. But Bastien used to paint all summer, day in and day out, on his figures. The conclusion one arrives at is that he must have posed his models in a courtyard where the sun did not reach them, though they are supposed to be in an open

field — a harmless enough subterfuge. Only, as Bastien's great rallying-cry was absolute sincerity before nature, one sees that he had, nevertheless, his own lapses.

It is a truism that whenever a great man arises a swarm of imitators are bred, who often imitate peculiarities and failings rather than the essential spirit of the master. Thus we have the painting of Giorgione and the Giorgionesque. There is Rembrandt and the Rembrandtesque; and in Bastien's case it happened, in a very short space, that he had many imitators. Some of these were men of surprising cleverness, only they appropriated the by-products, as it were, of Bastien rather than the refined gold he strove to produce.

There arose the "chic" or smart manner of Bastien, and clever fellows learned how to paint, in a few days, what looked a good deal like a picture on which Bastien might have spent six months. Bastien's skill of hand was remarkable. He seldom allowed this skill to show. He was content that the signs of his craftsmanship should dissipate in continued repainting, if only he might make his figure a little more like nature. It is in his small pictures that his brilliant craftsmanship is particularly manifest.

Bastien himself said somewhere that concentration was the secret of good art; and however that may be, it is certain that concentration is one of the secrets of his own art. When he was working he could not endure that any one should whistle or sing. He himself never, while at work, uttered an unnecessary word, but kept with a single mind at the pursuit in hand. His idea after gaining his general effect was to make the pieces as absolute as possible.

Character — that is the word that sums up Bastien's finest qualities. The search for character and the rendering of it are the things that give his work a peculiar personality; and with it — the result, it may be, of the peculiar intensity which he put into his work — went a curious quality of life. Others have tried to achieve the look of life by bold, dashing painting, or by violent action of the figure; but Bastien, painting figures for the most part inert, with no bravura, achieved through sheer intensity of vision and incision of rendering this singular quality of vitality.

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## The Art of Bastien-Lepage

GEORGE CLAUSEN

FROM 'JULES BASTIEN-LEPAGE AND HIS ART — A MEMOIR'

THE work of Bastien-Lepage ranks, to my mind, with the very best in modern art. He brought to us what was in some ways a new view of nature — one whose truth was at once admitted, but which was nevertheless the cause of much discussion and criticism. It was objected to mainly, I think, as not being in accord with established rules, but nevertheless the objectors expressed their admiration for the skill of the painter; while, on the other hand, for those who accepted him (chiefly the younger men, these), no praise was too great, no admiration too enthusiastic.

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It is only a few years since his untimely death was mourned as a loss to the whole art-world; for his whole career is so recent that his fellow students are still young men, many of them only now beginning to obtain full recognition, and yet it is perhaps long enough ago to enable his work to be considered as a whole, and his place in the art-movement to be seen. For although he was an innovator, and one showing in all he did a strong individuality, the general direction of his genius was given him by the artistic tendencies of his time.

It will be generally admitted that if painting has made any advance in our days, if it shows in any direction a new departure, or fresh revelation of the beauty that exists throughout nature, it is in the development of the problems which have arisen from the study of landscape and of the effects of light. There now prevails a close and sincere study of nature, founded on the acceptance of things as they are, and an increasing consciousness on the part of artists (or perhaps it would be more correct to say an increasing courage on the part of artists to express their conviction) that a picture should be the record of something seen, or some impression felt, rather than be formally constructed. And men have awakened at length to see that all nature is beautiful, that all light is beautiful, and that there is color everywhere; that the endeavor to realize truly the natural relation of people to their surroundings is better than to follow unquestioning on the old conventional lines. This is, roughly speaking, the modern standpoint, and it cannot be denied that it is an enormous advance on the accepted artistic ideals of thirty or forty years ago. And to the men who have brought this about — to the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood; to Millet, Corot, Rousseau, Courbet, Manet, and Mr. Whistler — to all those who have fought the battle and to whom our present clearer outlook is due, we owe a lasting debt of gratitude.

It is a little surprising now, that the work of Bastien-Lepage, based as it is on the simple acceptance of nature, should have caused so much discussion on its first appearance. For time has justified him: we feel, on comparing his work with other men of his time, that it marks a new departure, and we realize that it has helped to form our present standpoint. But as the majority of people tune their eyes by pictures and not by nature, and only admire in nature that which is made manifest to them by their artistic prophet, it may be taken as a compliment to a man of independent genius that when he discloses a fresh view of nature it is not for some time accepted. "Good gracious, sir!" said an eminent critic, referring to Claude Monet, "Like nature? Yes; of course it is like nature; but a man has no business to choose that aspect of it!" . . .

This love of nature, and resolute determination not to depart from the strict literal truth as he saw it, marks all the work of Bastien-Lepage. As far as it was possible for an artist nowadays, he appears to have been uninfluenced by the old masters. The only lesson he seems to have learnt from them was that nature, which sufficed for them, should suffice for him also. It is this attitude of mind which brings him into kinship with the early painters, and which led to his being styled "The primitive." He did not set out to form his art on the methods of the older painters, but going as they did, direct

to nature, he resolutely put on one side (as far as possible to one familiar with them) the accepted pictorial artifices. He seems to have set himself the task of going over the ground from the beginning; and the fact that his uncompromising and unconventional presentment of his subjects should be expressed by means of a most highly accomplished, very modern, and very elegant technique, was one of the things which, while it greatly charmed, at the same time puzzled and surprised people. It was so different from what had been seen, or might reasonably have been expected; and one can understand some critics feeling that a man so thoroughly master of his art, so consummate a painter, must be wilfully affected in the treatment of his subjects, his simple acceptance of nature appearing to them as a pose. But it was not long before he was understood; and one has only to read the very interesting memoir of M. Theuriet to see how mistaken his view was, and how simply and naturally his art developed from his early life and associations. It is seldom, indeed, that one finds an artist so completely adjusted to his surroundings — so much so that he is able to go back for his mature inspirations not only to his first impressions, but to the very scenes, and in some cases no doubt, the individuals who awakened them. As a rule, an artist nowadays is led in many directions before he finds himself. Bastien-Lepage had his doubts and hesitations, of course, but they were soon over, and almost from the start he seems to have decided on his path.

The advantage of this to him in his work must have been enormous, as any one who has painted in the country will know; for villages contain no surplus populations — every one has his work to do; and the peasant is slow to understand, and distrustful of all that lies outside his own experience; so that it is difficult, and in many cases impossible, for an artist to get models in a village. But we can imagine Lepage to have been friends with all his models, and that his pictures excited as lively an interest (though, of course, on different grounds) in Damvillers as in Paris; and it was, I think, due to some extent to this, as well as to his own untiring energy, that he was enabled to complete so much. As far as we are aware, he was unique among contemporary artists in being so happily circumstanced; and it is evidence of the simple sincerity of the man that he found his ideal in the ordinary realities of his own experience: feeling, no doubt, that beauty exists everywhere waiting for him who has eyes to see.

It has been frequently said of Bastien-Lepage that he had no feeling for beauty — or, at any rate, that he was indifferent to it; but as it is impossible to arrive at any satisfactory definition of beauty, this point cannot be discussed. Taking the word, however, in its obvious and generally accepted meaning, that of personal beauty, it seems to me that there is no fair ground for the charge; for such works as the 'First Communion,' the 'Portrait of Sara Bernhardt,' and 'Joan of Arc,' all show a most refined and delicate appreciation of personal beauty, and should surely have led his critics to consider whether the man who painted them had not very good reasons for painting people who were not beautiful, too. For all work cannot be judged from one point of view; we recognize that a work of art is the outcome of a personal



impression, and that the artist's aim is to give expression to his views; and the deeper his insight into nature the greater the result. And yet, curiously enough, the fact that Bastien-Lepage's insight into nature was exceptionally deep and wide renders it difficult to form a clear judgment, as his work appears equally from different points of view. His love of beauty, for instance, seems to go hand in hand with psychological or even pathological interest; and this equal prominence of different tendencies is a very puzzling element in his work. We expect an artist to give us a strongly personal view; but here is one who gives us something very like an analysis, and whose personal view it is impossible to define — and the premature ending of his career leaves it now forever doubtful which was the strongest bias of his mind. It seems to me that his sympathies were so wide as to try and include everything, and that he has helped to widen the bounds of beauty, by showing its limitless possibilities. The words of Blake, "To see a world in a grain of sand, and heaven in a wild-flower," suggest, I think, his general feeling towards nature.

In spite of the wide range of his work and the extraordinary versatility of his execution, he kept, as a rule, within certain limitations of treatment. He did not care for the strong opposition of light and shadow, and he seems almost to have avoided those aspects of nature which depend for their beauty on the changes and contrasts of atmosphere and light. All that side of nature which depends on memory for its realization was left almost untouched by him, and yet it is idle to suppose that so richly gifted a man could not have been keenly sensible of all nature's beauty; but I think he found himself hedged in by the conditions he sought. For in painting a large figure-picture in the open air, the painter must almost of necessity limit himself to the effect of gray open daylight. This he realized splendidly; at the same time it may be said that he sought elaboration of detail perhaps at the expense of effect, approaching nature at times too much from the point of view of still-life. This is not felt in his small pictures, in which the point of view is so close that the detail and general effect can be seen at the same time; but in his large works much that is charming in the highest degree when examined in detail, fails to carry its full value to the eye at a distance necessary to take in the whole work. This is the case with 'Joan of Arc' in the Paris Exhibition of two years ago (1890); and it was instructive to compare this picture with Courbet's 'Stone-breakers,' which hung near it on the same wall. Courbet had generalized as much as possible — everything was cleared away but the essentials; and at a little distance Courbet showed in full power and completeness, while the delicate and beautiful work in 'Joan of Arc' was lost, and the picture flat and unintelligible in comparison. No doubt Bastien-Lepage worked for truth of impression and of detail too, but it is apparently impossible to get both; and this seems to show that the building-up or combining a number of facts, each of which may be true of itself and to others, does not in its sum total give a general impression of truth. It is but a number of isolated truths. Bastien-Lepage has carried his endeavor in this direction farther than any of his predecessors — in fact it may be said that he has carried literal representation to its extreme limit: so much so as to leave clearly discernible to us

the question which was doubtless before him, but which has at any rate developed itself from his work, whether it is possible to attain literal truth without leaving on one side much of that which is most beautiful in nature? And further, the question arises, whether literal truth is the highest truth. For realism, as an end in art, leads nowhere; it is an *impasse*. Surely it is but the means to whatever the artist has in him to express.

I feel convinced that realism was not the end with Bastien-Lepage. I believe that his contribution to art, great as it was, and covering as it does an amount of work which might well represent a whole life's work instead of the work of a few short years, was but the promise of his full power, and that, had he lived, his work would have shown a wider range of nature than that of any other artist, except perhaps Rembrandt. But it was not to be.

W. C. BROWNELL

'FRENCH ART'

COURBET has but one rival among realistic painters. I mean, of course, Bastien-Lepage. There is an important difference between the two. In Courbet the sentiment of reality dominates the realism of the technique. In Bastien-Lepage the technique is realistically carried infinitely farther, but the sentiment quite transcends realism. Imagine Courbet essaying a 'Jeanne d'Arc!' Bastien-Lepage painting Courbet's 'Cantonniers' would not have stopped, as Courbet has done, with expressing their vitality, their actual interest; but at the same time that he represented them in far greater technical completeness he would also have occupied himself with their psychology. He is indeed quite as distinctly a psychologist as he is a painter. His favorite problem, aside from that of technical perfection, which perhaps equally haunted him, is the rendering of that resigned, bewildered, semi-hypnotic, vaguely and yet intensely longing spiritual expression to be noted by those who have eyes to see it in the face and attitudes now of the peasant laborer, now of the city pariah. All his peasant women are potentially Jeannes d'Arc — 'Les Foins,' 'Tired,' 'Petite Fauvette,' for example. The "note" is still more evident in the 'London Bootblack' and the 'London Flower-girl,' in which the outcast "East End" spiritlessness of the British capital is caught and fixed with a Zola-like veracity and vigor. Such a phase as this is not so much pictorial or poetic as psychological. Bastien-Lepage's happiness in rendering it is a proof of the exceeding quickness and sureness of his observation; but his preoccupation with it is equally strong proof of his interest in the things of the mind as well as in those of the senses. This is his great distinction, I think. He beats the realist on his own ground (except perhaps Monet and his followers — I remember no attempt of his to paint sunlight), but he is imaginative as well. He is not, on the other hand, to be in any wise associated with the Romanticists. Degas's acid characterization of him as "the Bouguereau of the modern movement" is just only if we remember what very radical and fundamental changes the "modern movement" implies in general attitude as well as in special expression. I should be inclined, rather, to apply the analogy to M. Dagnan-Bouveret, though here, too, with many reserves, looking mainly to the difference between true and vapid sentiment.



It is interesting to note, however, the almost exclusively intellectual character of this imaginative side of Bastien-Lepage. He does not view his material with any apparent sympathy, such as one notes, or at all events, divines, in Millet. Both were French peasants; but whereas Millet's interest in his fellows is instinctive and absorbing, Bastien-Lepage's is curious and detached. If his pictures ever succeed in moving us, it is impersonally, in virtue of the camera-like scrutiny he brings to bear on his subject, and the effectiveness with which he renders it, and of the reflections which we institute of ourselves, and which he fails to stimulate by even the faintest trace of a loving touch or the betrayal of any sympathetic losing of himself in his theme. You feel just the least intimation of the *doctrinaire*, the systematic aloofness of the spectator. In moral attitude as well as in technical expression he no more assimilates the various phases of his material, to reproduce them afterward in new and original combination, than he expresses the essence of landscape in general, as the Fontainebleau painters do even in their most photographic moments. Both his figures and his landscapes are clearly portraits — typical and not merely individual, to be sure, but somehow not exactly creations. His skies are the least successful portions of his pictures, I think; one must generalize easily to make skies effective, and perhaps it is not fanciful to note the frequency of high horizons in his work.

The fact remains that Bastien-Lepage stands at the head of the modern movement in many ways. His friend M. André Theuriet has shown, in a brochure published some years ago, that he was himself as interesting as his pictures. He took his art very seriously, and spoke of it with dignity rather uncommon in the atmosphere of the studios, where there is apt to be more enthusiasm than reflection. I recall vividly the impatience with which he once spoke to me of painting "to show what you can do." His own standard was always the particular ideal he had formed, never within the reach of his ascertained powers. And whatever he did, one may say, illustrates the certainty and elevation of this remark, when one's mood inclines one to care most for this psychological side — undoubtedly the more nearly unique side — of his work, or for such exquisite things as his 'Forge' or the 'Portrait of Mme. Sara Bernhardt.' Incontestably he has the true tradition, and stands in the line of the great painters. And he owes his permanent place among them not less to his perception that painting has a moral and significant, as well as a representative and decorative sanction, than to his perfect harmony with his own time in his way of illustrating this — to his happy fusion of art admirably rendered with profound and stimulating suggestion.

## The Works of Bastien-Lepage

'JEANNE D'ARC'

PLATE I

**B**ASTIEN himself considered the 'Jeanne d'Arc' one of his finest performances, and was much disappointed when it did not, at first, receive the same amount of praise that some of his previous performances had gained. He felt that he had well expressed the character of the Maid; and, true enough, every one who now thinks of Jeanne thinks of her as Bastien portrayed her.

The head of this figure is one of the few faces in historical painting which show real insight and attention to detail. Although the gesture of the figure is remarkable, and typical of the character, it is really the face which most expresses the idea of the picture. While the painting of the rest of the picture is adequate and, indeed, remarkable in its interesting and original rendering of detail, it has been criticized as being "spotty." But the surprising thing about it is that, while this criticism is not unjust, it still cannot be denied that the background does not interfere with the figure. The appeal of face and gesture are so overpowering that one's eye constantly reverts to them, and it is with difficulty that one forces one's self, after a while, to study this background, which is so remarkable, so full of well-made detail, that it would overpower a weaker figure.

The picture has also been criticized because the saints, instead of being before Jeanne's eyes, where she could see them, are behind her. Bastien at first painted the picture half its present size, with only the figure of Jeanne and a bit of garden. Later he had sewn on another bit of canvas as large again. The saints are introduced partly for decorative effect and partly, it may be, to increase the sense of illusion. It is nowhere said that Jeanne saw the saints. She heard their voices, but her mystical, hypnotic gaze is explained to us by the half-seen presence of the spirits.

'LOVE IN THE VILLAGE'

PLATE II

**L**'OVE IN THE VILLAGE' was the latest large and important canvas that Bastien painted. It is more sentimental than his earlier works, and yet the sentiment is controlled by a sense of humor. The attitude of the love-sick swain and the girl

"Wholly fain, yet half afraid"

is well conceived, and as an ironic, yet tender, illustration, the thing is admirable. Perhaps it is not so interesting in *facture* as are some of the painter's early work, although the treatment is everywhere adequate and interesting.

Bastien had the idea of painting a sort of cycle of the various hopes and joys of peasant life. At the time of his death he had made many studies for a picture to be called 'Interment of a Young Girl at Damvillers.' A burial takes place in the time of apple-blossoms, and the contrast between the

spring's young life about the mourners and the dead young life before us is made in a very effective, even if slightly, obvious manner. The 'Love in the Village' was another one of the same style, only in this Bastien has been able to push the thing to his usual high finish.

## 'PORTRAIT OF ALBERT WOLFF'

PLATE III

ALBERT WOLFF early took Bastien under his wing and championed his cause early and late. Wolff, though he had something of the allure of a *Boulevardier*, was hardly what one would call an austere soul. He made one think of Aretino, who would write a poem in a painter's praise in hope of being presented with a portrait. If this were received, he would puff the painter to some ducal friend and later sell him the picture at a good price. In the same way Wolff always expected a picture from the man he puffed, and no doubt this portrait was an offering of gratitude from Bastien. If it were a forced offering, the painter certainly had revenge from the way he painted the famous critic. He cannot be said to have flattered him. Not only is the head almost revoltingly ugly, — and this, to be sure, was quite in character, — but the pose also, with the big foot sticking out, is almost grotesque. At the same time, the picture is strongly painted. It is evidently the exact likeness of the man. And even the queer things in it tend to intensify one's impression of the famous critic's character.

## 'THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS'

PLATE IV

'THE ANGEL APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERDS,' while not so remarkable as some of Bastien's later work, is included here because it is very characteristic of him, and because it played an important part in his career. This is the picture with which he so nearly won the *Prix de Rome*. It was considered very realistic and unacademic in its day. To us it seems to have a good deal of the Schools about it. Still, the shepherds are admirably characterized and the little child-angel, which makes one think of the *naïf* messengers of Memlinc or of Van Eyck, is quite delightful.

The picture is agreeable in color, with its blue-black night sky and the brown skins of the shepherds contrasted against the blonde fairness of the child-angel. The picture, being painted *en loge*, — that is, in the small studio provided by the Beaux-Arts for the composition, — is necessarily somewhat lacking in the true effect of some of Bastien's works. At the same time, it is surprising to see how near the effect of night and firelight he has come.

## 'PORTRAIT OF SARA BERNHARDT'

PLATE V

OF all Bastien's many portraits, this is perhaps the most delightful. To begin with, the color-scheme, with its pale yellows and grayish whites, offers a very agreeable combination to the eye. Then the design is handsome. The placing and action of the figure are simple and yet original. The divine Sara's character is well indicated; and yet, at the same time, she is made extremely pretty. One would not say that this picture was flattered, but certainly every bit of beauty the law allows has been allotted to her. The

Semitic touch in her make-up is well brought out, yet not in a cynical or unsympathetic manner. One feels that a very remarkable woman is before us, full of temperament, passion, and genius.

The little statue of Orpheus which the actress holds in her hands is not, as many have supposed, a piece of bric-à-brac belonging to her, but was modeled by Bastien himself to serve in this particular picture. He also made a drawing for the statuette which is full of remarkable and subtle qualities. Bastien modeled a few other things, among them a bronze head of his father.

'THE POTATO HARVEST'

PLATE VI

'THE POTATO HARVEST' is a sort of companion piece to 'Les Foins.' Perhaps it is not so original in conception as 'Les Foins;' still, it has many excellent bits of painting. The girl who is kneeling is cleverly made, although Bastien, who is generally very exact in his characterization, has in this case made his model look a little too much *Parisienne*. The central figure, who is filling a sack with potatoes, being in profile, does not present that psychological interest that one feels before many of Bastien's pictures painted in full face. It may be, indeed, that this is one of the reasons why this picture fails to grip one's sympathy so firmly as does 'Les Foins' or 'Jeanne d'Arc.' Bastien has been accused by Mr. Walter Sickert of being a mere "painter of souls." As has been pointed out, this requires immense realism and technical endowment. Still, it must be admitted that Bastien's pictures do not, as do Millet's, attract one primarily by the large lines of their design. One knows perfectly well what the significance of one of Millet's figures is without looking at the face; one tells by the silhouette. Indeed, the face was often designedly obscured or modified. Bastien's figures were like the people around about us,—the face was everything; the rest, though well made, was distinctly secondary. This was not necessarily a fault, but it is pointed out as marking Bastien's difference from Millet, and indeed from most other painters.

'THE HAYMAKERS'

PLATE VII

'LES FOINS,' or 'The Haymakers,' is one of Bastien's most famous pictures — partly because it has long hung in the Luxembourg Gallery, but partly, too, because it is the first of his large and important canvases, and as characteristic a one as he ever made. As so often happens in Bastien's pictures, the real interest is concentrated in one head, the woman's head. All the rest is merely accessory to this woman's wonderful face. While the man lies flat, *aneanti* with toil, the woman, too tired to rest, sits gazing at what? — nothing or everything, as you will. It was just Bastien's realism that enabled him to grasp the subtlety and mysticism of this face, and of so many other faces. The landscape, at the time of this picture's exhibition, was considered a marvel of realism. No one had ever painted hay that looked so much like hay. As compared to one of Millet's pictures, it is immensely realistic, although the effect is not very well achieved. The picture has often

been spoken of as flooded with sunlight, but it is evidently intended for the effect of clouds across the sun on a fair day.

## 'THE BEGGAR'

PLATE VIII

THIS old beggar is one of those privileged characters that one often sees in the French Provinces. He somehow makes one think of Edie Ochiltree, the gaberlunzie of 'Guy Mannering.' De Maupassant has described one like him in his pathetic story of 'The Beggar.' This beggar, however, is rather different from the half-idiotic creature described in the story. This sturdy beggar has a malicious, almost sinister air, which suggests that he is perfectly well able to care for himself.

The composition of the picture appears at first sight to be quite unstudied; but on looking the thing over carefully, one perceives that the arrangement is really quite *soigné* and thought out. For instance, the way in which the dark geraniums tell against the white shutters is very effective. A pretty bit is the child's head within; and further still one may see, if one peers deeply enough, the mother far inside the kitchen. The key-note of the composition, its reason for being, as in all Bastien's compositions, is the face of the principal character. In this case it is studied with all his usual intensity; only it may be that this canny, malicious old countenance does not reach our sympathies or even our æsthetic sense, as does the head in 'The Communiante' or in 'Les Foins.' The picture is, however, one of Bastien's dozen best performances.

## 'THE YOUNG COMMUNIANTE'

PLATE IX

'THE YOUNG COMMUNIANTE' was considered very remarkable in its day, not only as a very delicate "white-upon-white" study, but also as a very acute analysis of character. The little face is studied with singular acuteness, and it seems as if no *nuance* of character had escaped the keen-eyed artist. One "amusing" little touch is the way in which the large, ill-fitting gloves are rendered. Somehow they are not ridiculous, but rather call attention to the simplicity and *naïveté* of the model. Bastien is said to have been himself almost unaware of the difficulties of his subject; and while the same sort of thing has often been done since, this remains one of the best.

## 'PORTRAIT OF HIS GRANDFATHER'

PLATE X

THE 'Portrait of his Grandfather' was Bastien's earliest success, and still remains one of his most interesting productions. To begin with, it is one of the first portraits painted in an outdoor light — at least, of modern times; for it is said that some of Piero della Francesca's quaint yet masterly portraits were painted in an outdoor light. Also it is said that Zuccherro and others painted their famous portraits of Queen Elizabeth without a shadow by painting the queen in an outdoor light. Still, for modern times, this is a remarkably original portrait; and it is not only in its lighting that this portrait is original and fine, but also in its psychology, or, at least, in the close way in which the character is rendered.

## LIST OF PAINTINGS BY BASTIEN-LEPAGE

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## Fortuny

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**Stevens**

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JANUARY, 1909

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## A Series of Illustrated Monographs

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PART 109 — VOLUME 10

Bates and Guild Company,  
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# MASTERS IN ART

## A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED MONOGRAPHS: ISSUED MONTHLY

PART 109

JANUARY

VOLUME 10

## Stevens

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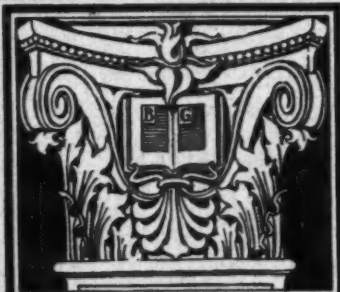


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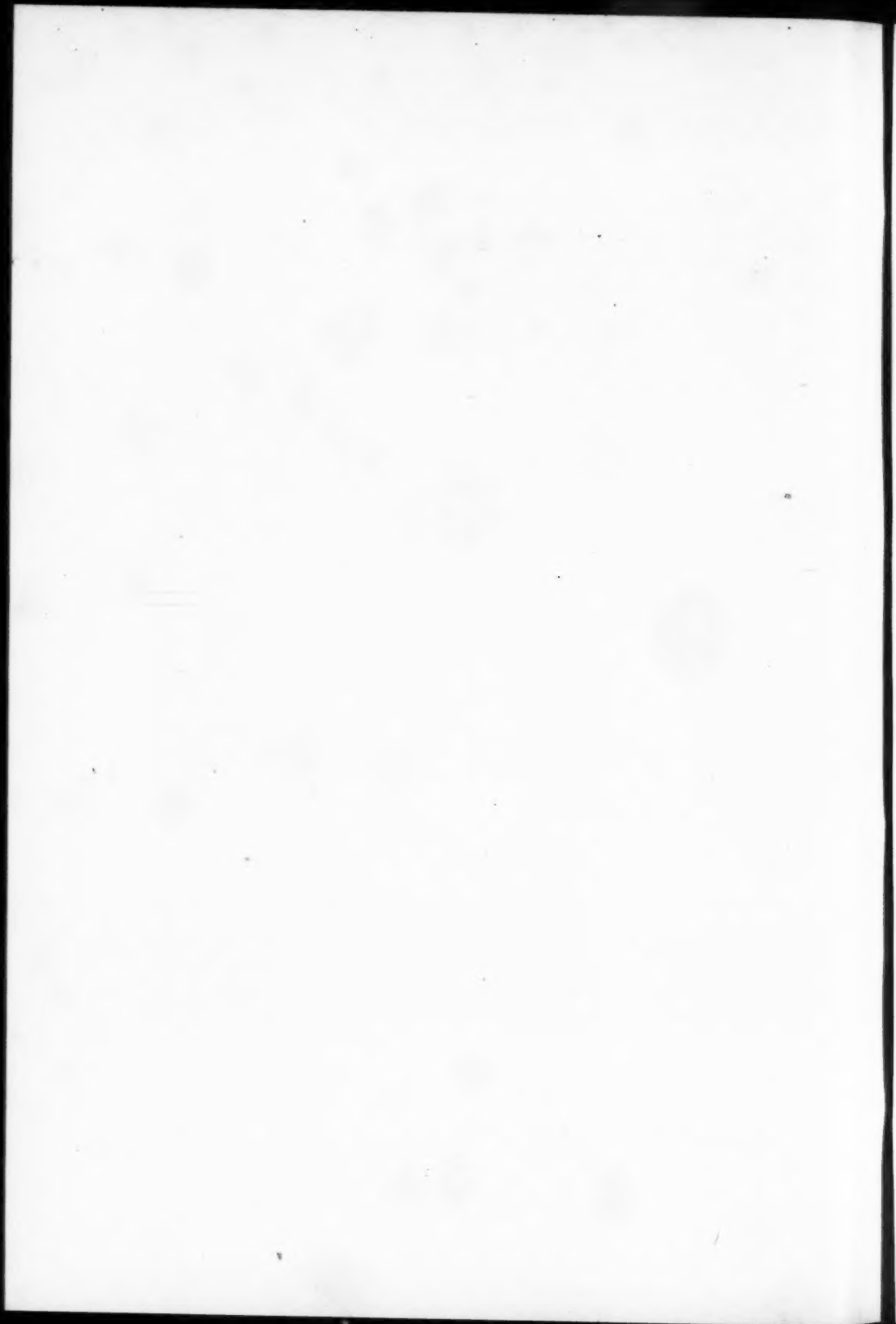
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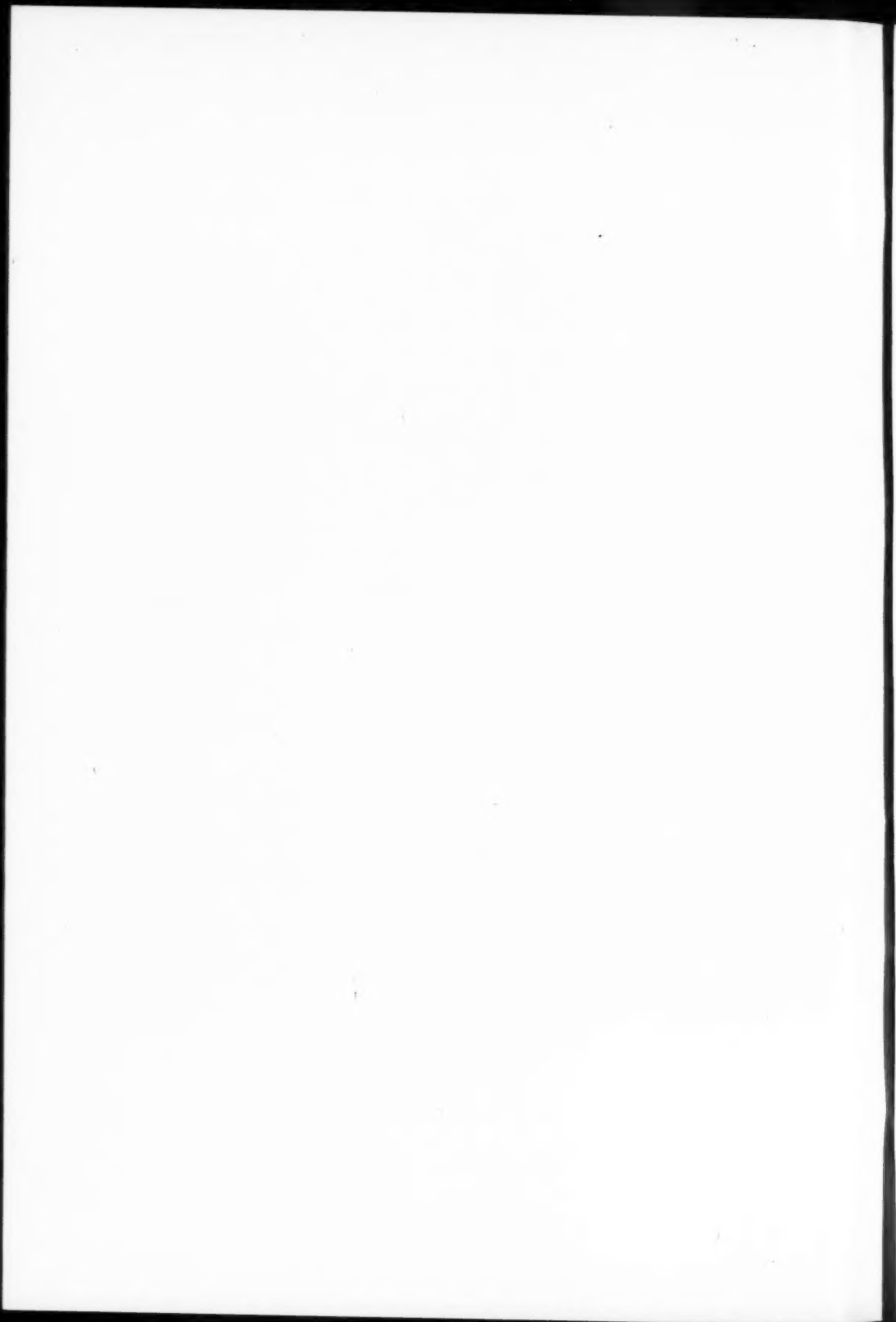
MASTERS IN ART

**Stevens**

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MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

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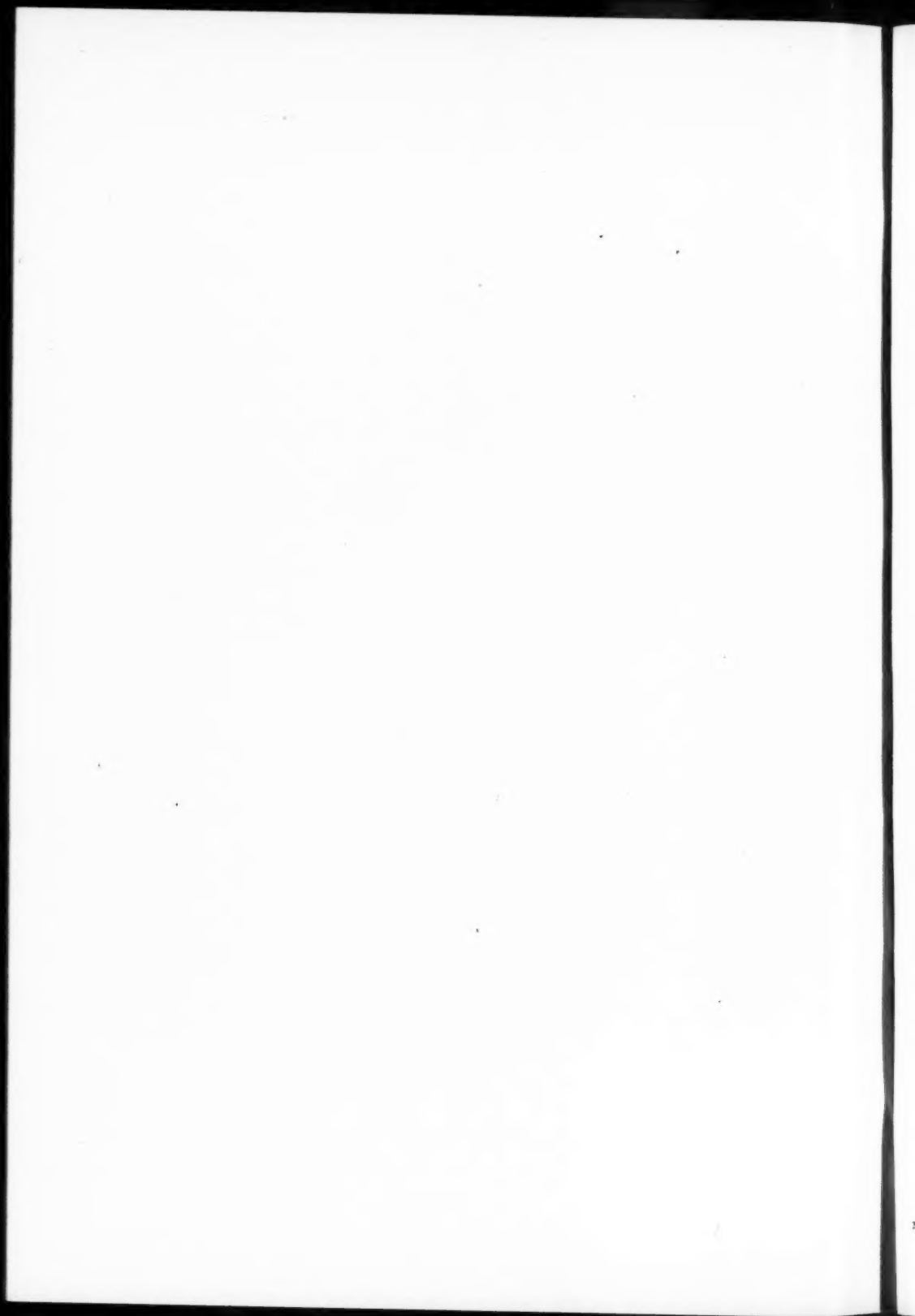
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STEVENS

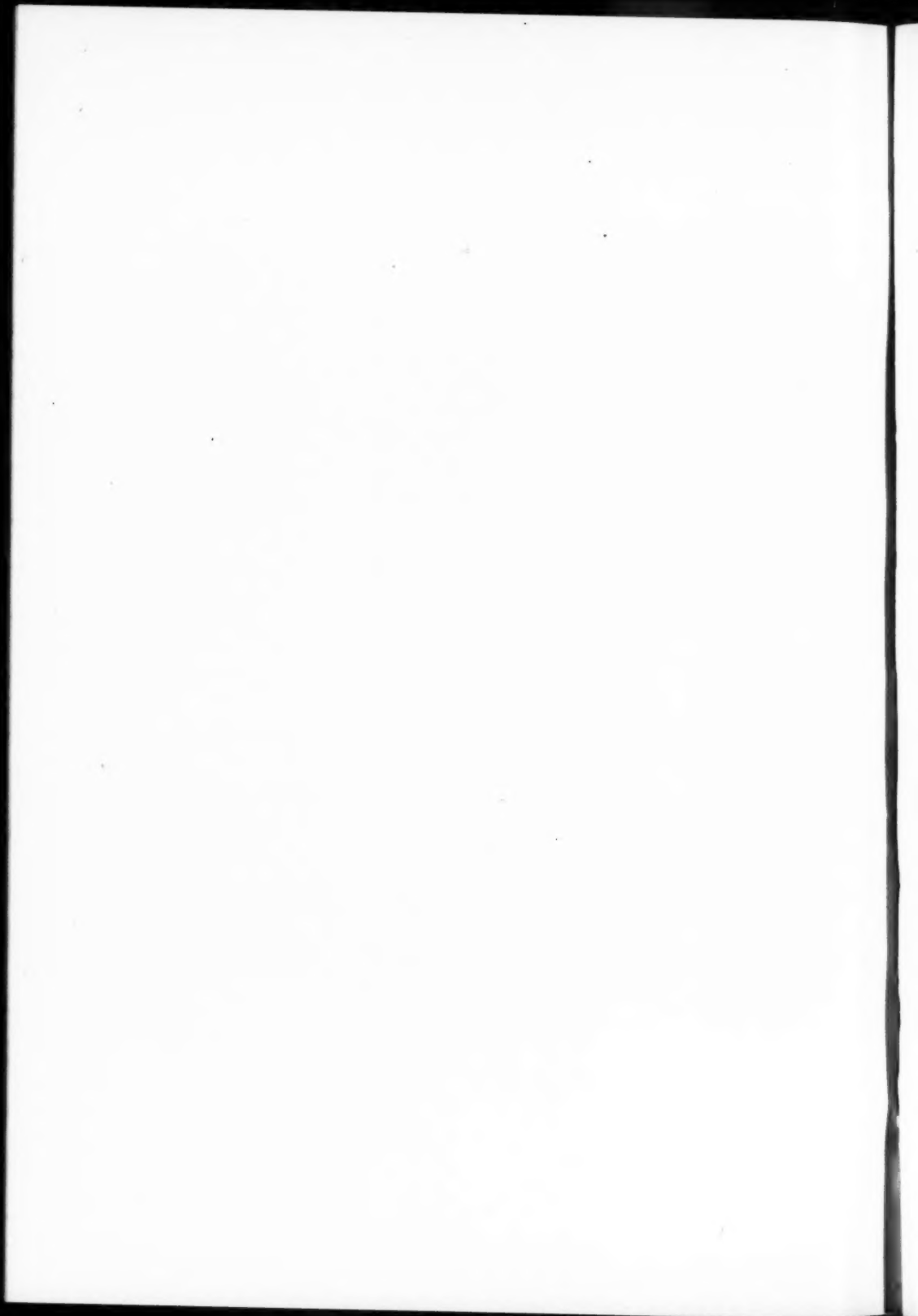
A MORNING IN THE COUNTRY

COLLECTION OF THE LATE M. E. MARLIER









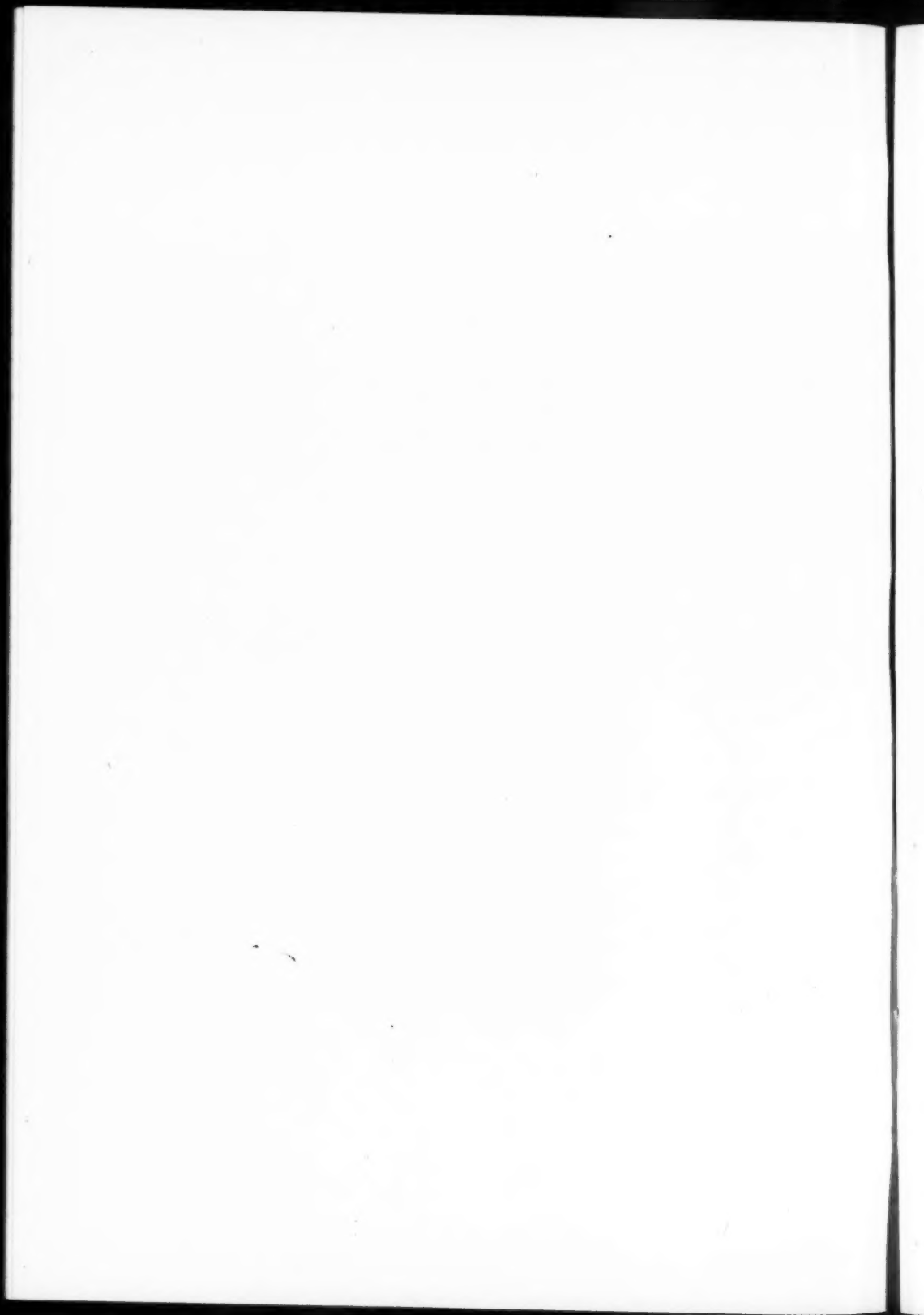


MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

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[9]

STEVENS  
EVERY JOY  
ROYAL MUSEUM, BRUSSELS



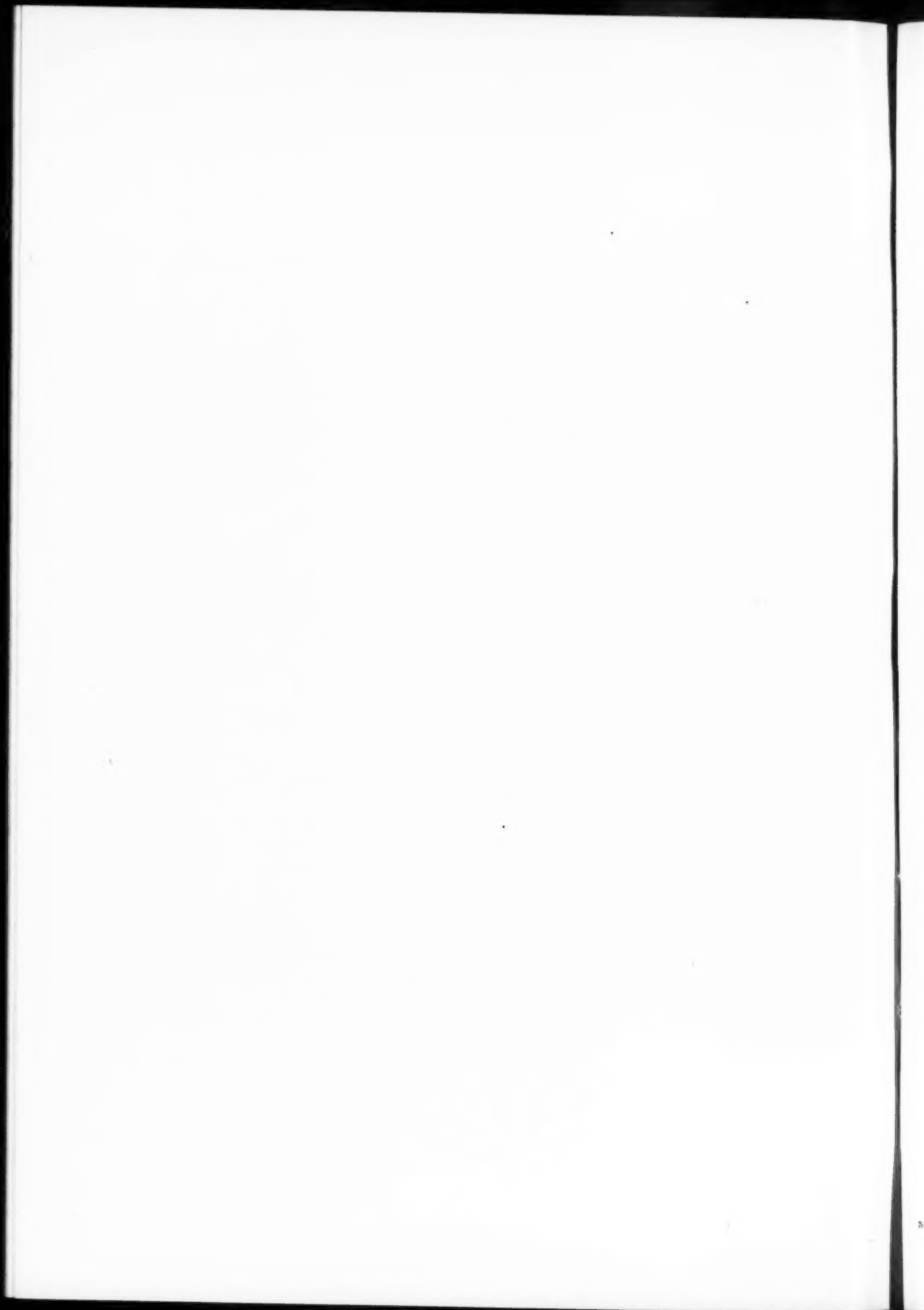


MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

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[11]

STEVENS  
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OWNED BY M. A. SAERENS

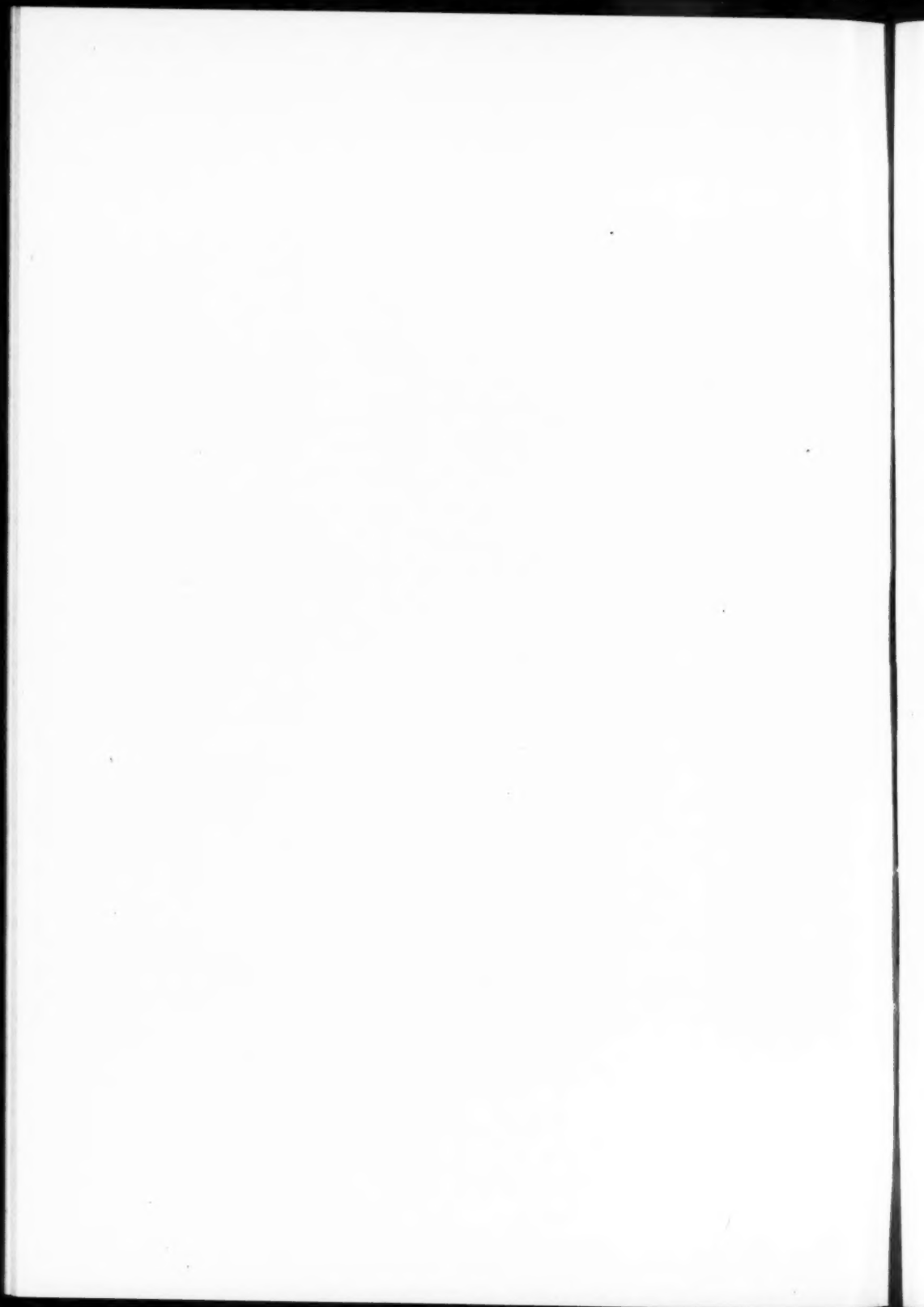






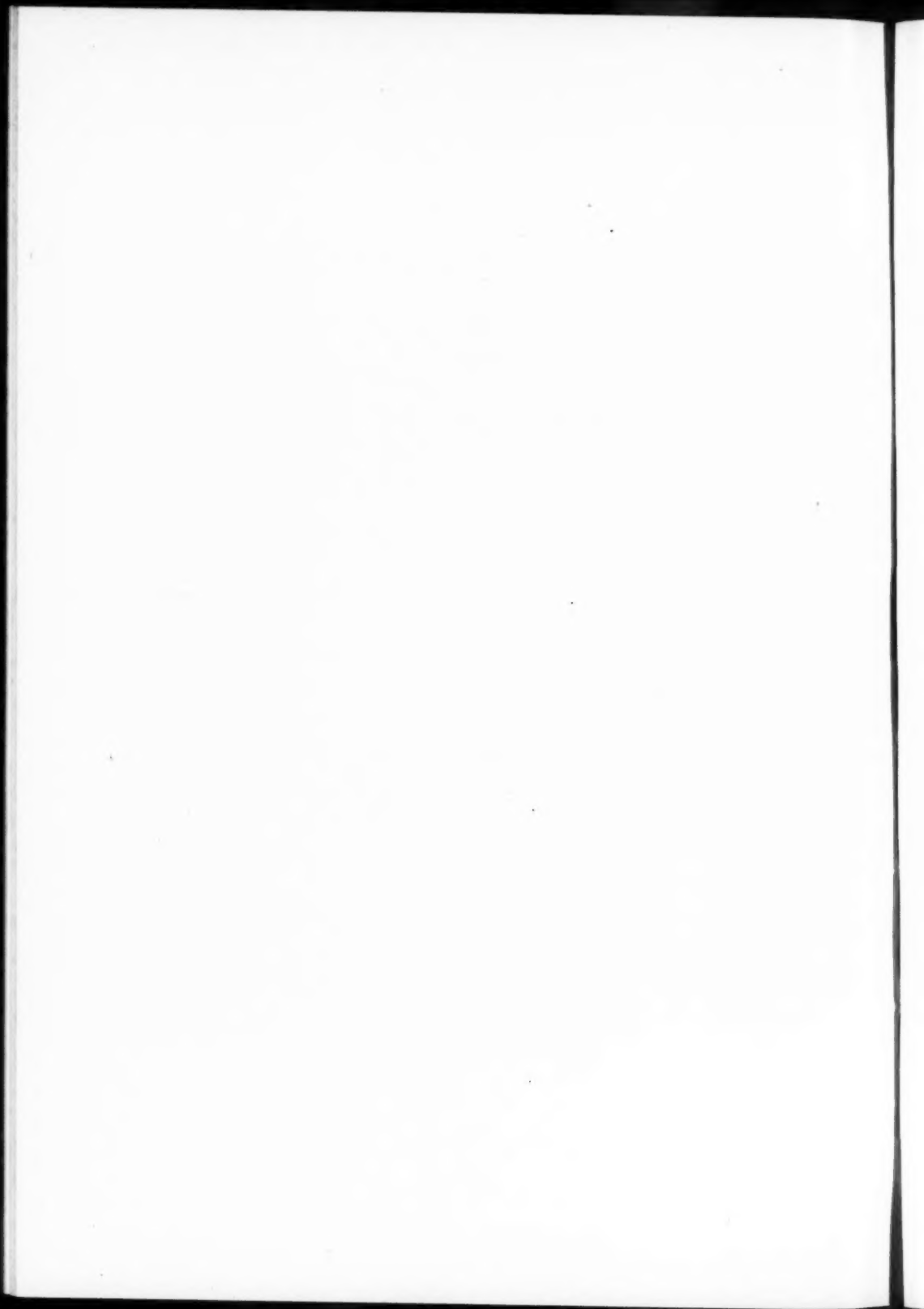






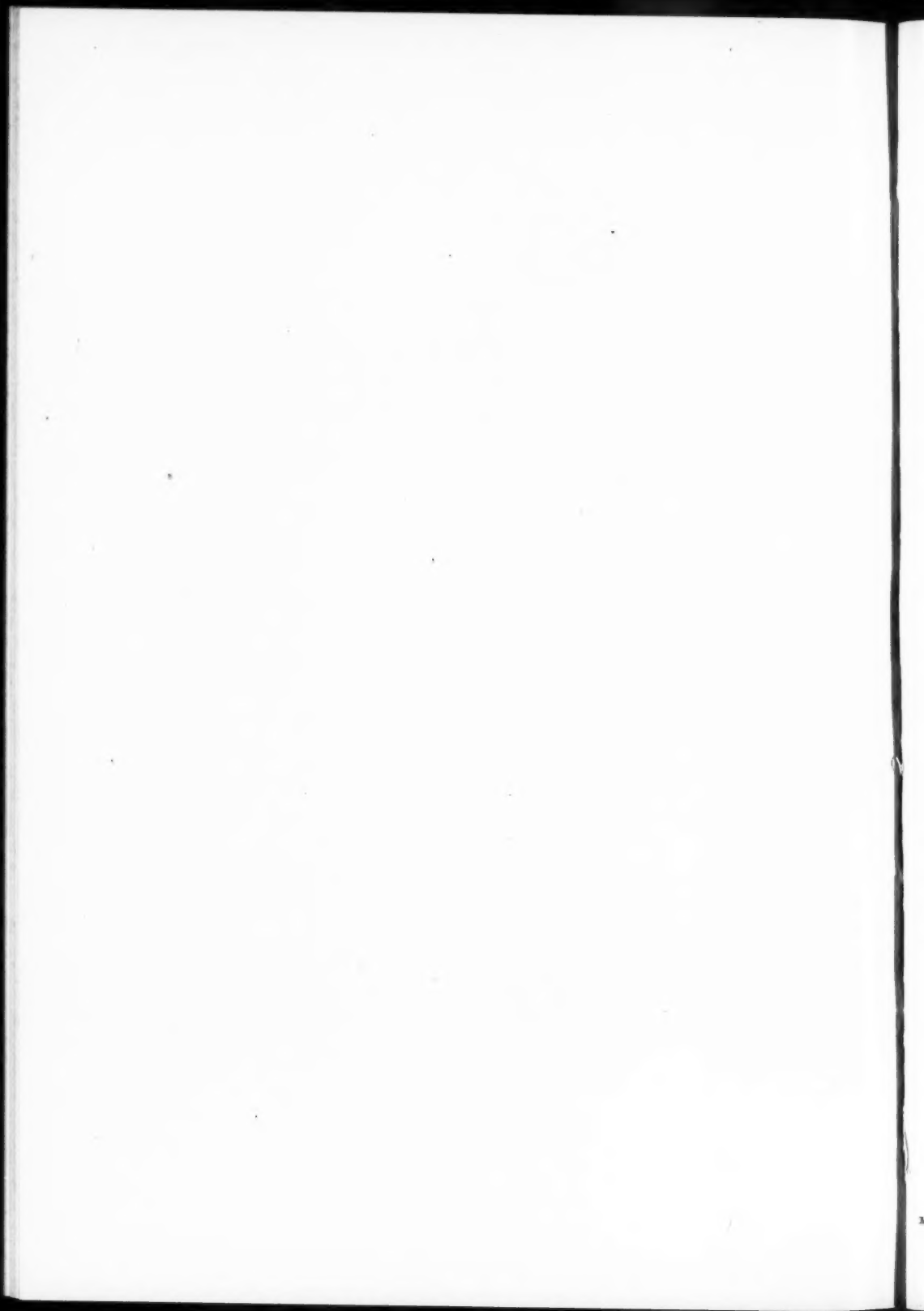


STEVENS  
CONSOLATION  
OWNED BY M. L. RAVERA

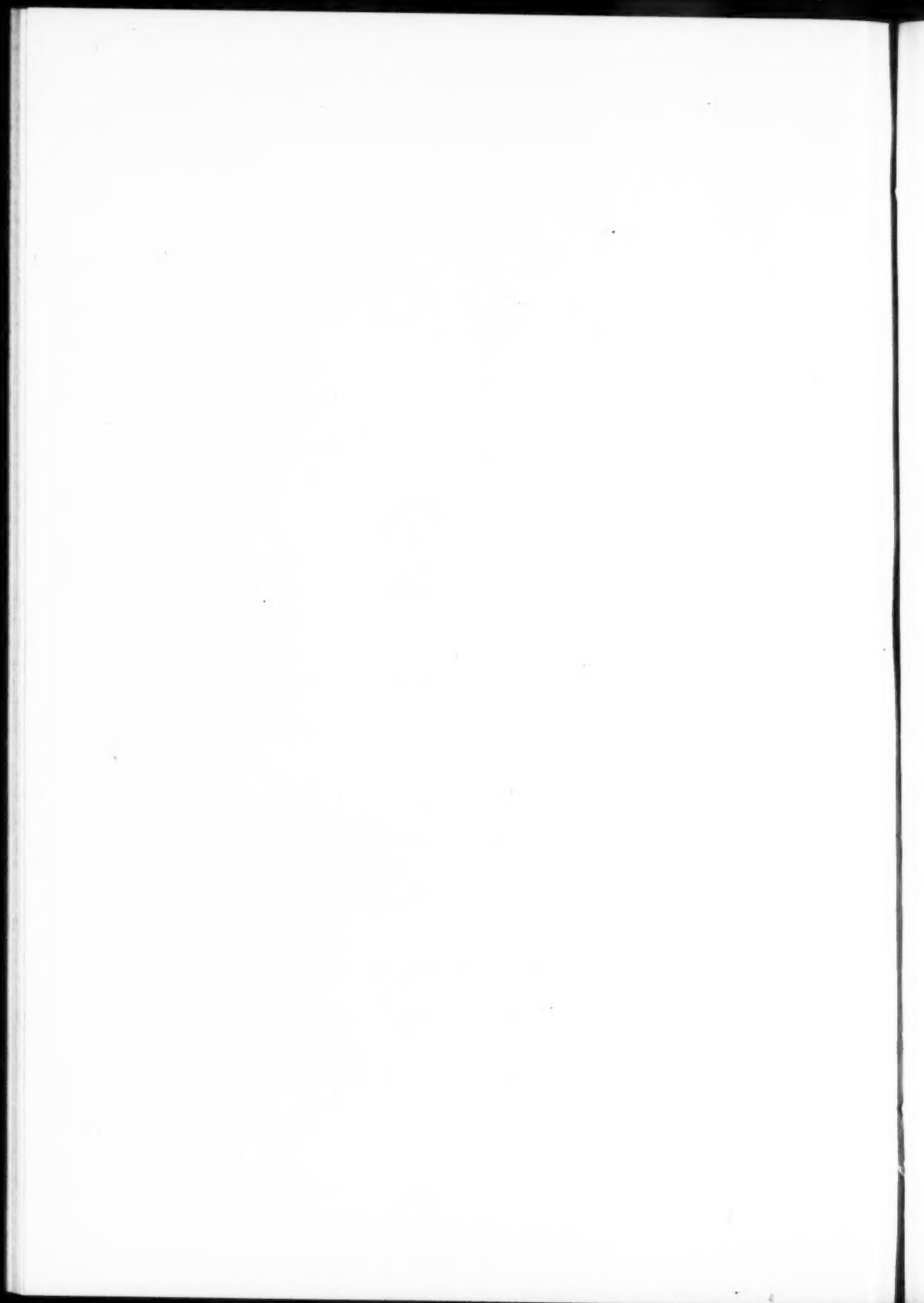












## Alfred Stevens

BORN 1828: DIED 1900  
BELGIAN SCHOOL

IT should be clearly understood that two Alfred Stevenses appear in the history of art. One was an Englishman who became the strongest English sculptor of his day. Some of his works — the statues for the Wellington Memorial, for example, or the decorations of Dorchester House — are extremely fine. This Stevens was also an admirable draftsman, and he painted some portrait heads which are very remarkable. The other Alfred Stevens is the subject of this sketch.

Alfred Stevens, or, to give his full name, Alfred Émile Leopold Joseph Victor Ghislain Stevens, was born in Brussels on May 11, 1828. His father, Leopold Stevens, had served in the army. He was at Waterloo on the staff of the Prince of Orange. It may be that Alfred inherited from his father that military *allure*, that air of *un beau sabreur* that distinguished him in after-life. Indeed, he was accounted one of the handsome men of the Second Empire. His elder brother, Joseph, also became an artist, and painted animals with marked ability; and the younger brother, Arthur, became a dealer in art, who was one of the first to recognize the ability of Millet, of Rousseau, and of Corot.

The young Stevens may have inherited some of his artistry from his father, who had a passion for pictures and collected many. His son, then, did not have the early struggle of many young artists. His father encouraged his talent, and at an early age he was put to work in the studio of Navez, in Brussels. This Navez was an honest painter, without genius, but one who had the intelligence to say to his pupils, "Look at Nature. She will teach you everything you need to know in the beginning."

Nothing but drawing was done in this atelier. Stevens, a born colorist, longed to paint. One day he was surprised, palette and brushes in his hand, by his master. The old man looked long at his study, then said, "Put on your cap, young man. We will go and talk this matter over with your grandfather." Alfred obeyed, trembling, and after a long walk was brought into the presence of his grandfather, Monsieur Dufoy. "Dufoy," said Navez, "you see before you a great painter." So at least the story runs.

Camille Roqueplan, a well-known painter of the time, was often in Brus-

sels. Monsieur Dufoy showed some of Alfred's studies to him and the painter offered to take the youth to Paris. After a short time he was admitted to the *École des Beaux-Arts* where, among other teachers, the great Monsieur Ingres sometimes corrected his work. However, Stevens returned to Brussels after a year or two of study in Paris.

His first picture was called 'The Wounded Soldier.' It now hangs in the Museum of Hamburg. He also painted a 'Young Man drawing an Anatomy Figure.' Both these early pictures show the fine quality of a painter. Roqueplan, who was again in Brussels, saw these canvases. "Come back to Paris with me," he said, "your place is with the masters."

Young Stevens returned to Paris and worked in the studio of a friend, Florent Willems, who painted pictures which enthusiasts compared to Terborch. While of course this was much too high praise, Willems knew well the fine art of the old Flemings and Hollanders, and taught it to Stevens. Stevens's earliest pictures at this stage were, indeed, mistaken for Willems's, but the young man soon surpassed the elder. One of these paintings was a 'Young Girl Reading,' which is quite beautiful in quality.

Our artist painted various other pictures at about this time, but his first great success was a canvas quite different from his later work called 'Les Chasseurs de Vincennes,' or 'Ce qu'on appelle Vagabondage.' This represented soldiers taking some "unfortunates" to the police station. Apart from the fact that it was well painted, it created some little stir on account of the subject. Napoleon III. stopped before the picture at the Salon and, remarking that such a duty was unworthy of soldiers, gave orders that they should not be employed in that way again. Stevens afterwards said that he had never thought of any political or sociological intention while painting his picture, yet the canvas achieved a result that more ambitious problem pictures often fail in producing.

His next important picture was one called 'Consolation' (Plate VIII). It represented a weeping woman with two other women trying to console her. The picture made a certain stir in the Salon and a dealer, pretending to think it a rather poor painting, offered Stevens fifteen hundred francs (\$300) for the painting. The artist refused, and later had the satisfaction of selling the picture for six thousand francs. This picture marks the real beginning of Stevens's successful career. Shortly after this, being now on the top wave of prosperity, Stevens married and took a fine studio.

For Stevens the strong wave of prosperity had now set in, and for many years he had only to paint a picture to sell it for a good sum. It is to his credit that he still continued to make his paintings with the utmost care and conscience, despite the temptation to produce clever, scamped work, which the dealers would have eagerly bought. His work grew more and more popular, so that it became a question of whether or no he should be given the Medal of Honor. But certain persons of importance felt that mere *genre* painting should not be accorded the honors paid to historical painting. Also it was felt that his pictures dealt too exclusively with women. Robert Fleury, who was then a dictator in matters of art, said to him, "Promise me to change

your kind of subject and we will give you the Medal of Honor." "Keep your medal," said Stevens, "for me, I'll keep my way of painting."

Stevens painted very carefully and minutely, but fast, as well; and from something he says himself one may guess he sometimes turned out as many as thirty pictures a year. Money poured in, and he spent it royally in rich stuffs and Japanese screens and vases and bronzes. For he was one of the first to appreciate Japanese art in its curious revival in the "sixties." Japanese art had a great vogue in France in Louis xv.'s time. But then, they were curios that were most affected, idols, pagodas, and "stuffs printed with flowers." Later this interest in *Japoniseries* suffered an eclipse.

But in the beginning of the sixties Paris came again under the influence of this delightful Japanese art. Somebody, Braquemond the engraver, it is said, discovered a lot of prints from Hokusai, used, so the story goes, for wrapping-paper. He showed these to other artists. A veritable rage for Japanese prints developed. Diaz, Fortuny, James Tissot, Alphonse Legros, Manet, Whistler, Fantin-Latour, Degas, Monet, were some of the original admirers of Japanese art. Millet and Rousseau, so it is said, quarreled about who should have prints by Hokusai. And of these enthusiasts Alfred Stevens was not the least.

His imperturbable Flemish good sense kept him, however, from imitating Japanese work in his paintings. He was content to make his interiors richer and more bizarre, with Japanese screens and stuffs and bronzes, but he kept to the good solid fat Flemish tradition of painting,—a tradition lost for a long time, but which Baron Leys rediscovered, as it were, in studying the work of the Van Eycks. One says this, and yet it may be that a certain thinness and dryness which later crept into Stevens's work was not wholly the result of old age, but partly of this Japanese art. For Japanese art, with all its charm, can have a bad effect as well as good.

At the gay court of Napoleon III. Stevens was always a favorite. Both at the Tuileries and at the country parties in Compiègne, where there were very lively doings, he was *persona grata*. Perhaps it was more as *un galant homme*, and a witty one as well, rather than as an artist that he was welcomed; still his painting, brilliant yet discreet, was very much admired by the charming frail creatures of the court whom he knew so well how to paint.

"A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien"—these things Stevens brought with him, and more: he brought the reputation of a great artist. There have been artists, like Millet and Courbet, who could not have lived in such surroundings. But with Stevens it apparently had no bad effect, for surely no painting could be more *soigné* and conscientious than was his at that time.

The wonderful gay world of the Second Empire deserves a word in passing. Founded in corruption, with an emperor whose very birth was suspicious, with an empress who, though beautiful, was, to say the least, indiscreet and foolish, this period still had its own charm—the charm of *sans gêne*, of *diablerie*, of joyousness. Paris was never gayer than in this time of the Second Empire. One thinks, in reading of it, of that false court to which came the Knight Geraint and his Lady Enid, where all the men were boors and all the women

wanton. And yet a certain elegance went with this corruption. It was the time of crinolines, of crime, and of crimson joys.

But it was not only in court circles that he was famous and popular, but in the quasi-literary society as well, especially in that presided over by charming and well-born blue-stockings like the Princesse Mathilde. There he met men like Dumas  *fils* , Flaubert, the Goncourts, and Edmond About. And though the art of these men lay in words, Stevens was famous among them all for his brilliant wit as well as for a certain *bon sens Flamand*, which never deserted him.

Never were the boulevards gayer or more brilliant than in those days. Old men who know their Paris will tell you sadly that the city has never been so lively since the Franco-Prussian War. And of these brilliant *boulevardiers* Alfred Stevens was not the least. His dashing air of a cavalryman, his handsome face, and his brilliant wit made him a favorite wherever he went. He was always welcome at the magic *heure de l'Absinthe* in this or that famous café. He was an *habitué* of the theatres and the popular restaurants. In short, he was part of *tout Paris*, and for years he was able to live the brilliant life of a *boulevardier* and yet to paint as well as ever each morning on his wonderful little masterpieces.

The Franco-Prussian broke rudely into these happy times. Stevens, like the son of a brave soldier, offered his services to the Government of Paris during the siege. And when one thinks of the Frenchman Monticelli running away to Marseilles to escape the siege, while the outlander Stevens offered his life to the city which had welcomed him, it appears that there may after all be some connection between honesty in art and honor in the conduct of life. This, with the resultant change in the government of France from an empire to a republic, was for Stevens the beginning of the end. Never after this did he win quite the same success. Never, indeed, did he again paint so well. The change was very slow, very gradual. It was twenty years in the making, yet to the student of his life it is evident the war marked the moment. Before, his art was always growing and improving; afterwards, it began its slow beautiful decay. For years the immensely brilliant technique continues, but something of the beautiful simplicity which made his early work not unworthy to be mentioned in the same breath with Vermeer or Terborch, something of this rich, full, simple *facture* is gone.

After the war the painter's life began again; but somehow it was never quite the same. Besides, he was getting older. He had some sort of malady, it is said, induced by paint poisoning, and his doctor recommended him to be out of doors a great deal of the time. It is from this period that his marine paintings date. Some of them are quite charming. But it may be said that Stevens was not a born landscape or sea painter. At all events, his outdoor work does not impress one as being so true or so closely studied as his early indoor work. Perhaps it was that he was getting older, for his indoor work as well, at this time, grows thinner and sleazier — it lacks *la belle pâte* of the earlier days. And it is not so well drawn. There is always distinction, but not the same breath of life.



In 1880 the city of Paris put a street through the house where Stevens had been living and he was obliged to move. He took a sumptuous hotel in the rue de Calais, and installed there his remarkable collection of Japanese and Indian bric-à-brac. But the change seemed to mark the end of an epoch in his life. He was no longer so strong as he had been.

Stevens lived to be quite an old man. Though he was always considered a great painter by those who should know, his *vogue*, to some extent, deserted him. His best pictures were sold. He could not paint for sale others as good. His life wore out with little incident, and he died in August, 1900, of old age. He was one of those unfortunates who have lived too long. Though his best work was still highly appreciated, he was too old to thoroughly savor this appreciation. He was too old to work or to enjoy. But at least one pleasure was given to him. A few years before his death a great exhibition was held at the École des Beaux-Arts of all his works. This was an honor which till then had only been accorded to a few great artists, and to these after their death. Stevens in a sense tasted of his own immortality, and perhaps something of the bitterness of old age was taken from him.

Stevens has been praised for various qualities, and first as a painter of women; for men seldom appear in his canvases, and if they do it is in a secondary sense. For instance, in one of his studio scenes the artist watches his model preparing for the sitting. But for the most part men do not appear at all. This big, broad-shouldered painter, a cavalry-officer in appearance, *Le Beau Sabreur*, as he was sometimes called, delighted in painting little nervous, modern women, doing the various delightfully unimportant things that so often make up their lives. While he would not have called himself a psychologist, yet he was fond of noting the various little *nuances* of expression or of action that float across the life of a modern woman.

For, again, it was *modernité* that interested him. His pictures are wholly of their day and generation. It was the life about him that engaged him. He made no effort to reconstitute the costume or character of a past epoch, but he was quick to notice the characteristic or beautiful expressions of his own time, so that if his pictures had no other worth they still would be, as documents of his period, of great interest to the historian. But of course there was much more than this to his work. It was modern to be sure, but he made no effort, as did contemporary novelists, like Balzac or Zola, to describe the whole Human Comedy, or to render all the characteristic aspects of an era. Rather, in his somewhat restricted sphere, he looked about him, saw what was beautiful, and selected the most charming, even more than the most characteristic, elements.

At the same time, almost unconsciously, he was the painter *par excellence* of the reign of the third Napoleon. His best period coincided with this time — for, though he painted much later, his last works were hardly so good as those of his early and middle life. He had the courage to find the costume of his day beautiful. It has again become the mode to admire the flower-like forms of the crinoline; but Stevens at the very time it existed found the costume of his day beautiful, and painted it delightfully, as it appeared to him.

More than any other painter that one knows, he had the gift to paint the dress of his time realistically, to be sure, and yet in so seductive a manner, with so much of artistry, that his pictures remain delightful, while the pictures of other men of the same time seem *demodé* and grotesque.

Again Stevens has been called an *Intimiste*, whatever that may mean. It is a term that is a little hard to define, this word *Intimiste*; but one may, perhaps, give an idea of what is meant by the word by saying that a man who could paint a few pussy-willows in a glass of water in such a way as to indicate their charm might be called an *Intimiste*, while a man who could dash in a huge mass of red peonies in a brass vase in a decorative manner would, whatever his virtues, hardly be called an *Intimiste*. Not that Stevens painted in the meticulous way demanded in painting pussy-willows, but he did have the gift of suggesting something of the intimate charm of things, although this probably came about merely because he made them very well.

And this brings us to Stevens's real quality—that he was a great painter. Probably a man never lived who better understood the value and interest of paint in itself. His work looked, as the French say, good enough to eat. And yet this does not really express its charm, for it was something beyond that. He brought the charm of surface, of paint quality, of excellent brush-work to such a point that one felt it to be a very important matter—more important, indeed, than it really is. In looking at his work, at his best things, one is tempted to think that these matters of brush-work, of appetizing surface, of *belle pâte*, of *la bonne peinture*, in short, are matters of the first importance; that nothing else, indeed, matters very much if only these qualities are well secured.

But Stevens would have been the last man to have said this himself. And it is on account of his other very real qualities of justness of observation, of truth in rendering, his sense of beauty, especially of the beauty of color,—these things are what cause him to be taken very seriously by the most competent artists. Although he was a past master in the art of brush-work, it was Van Eyck who had his admiration rather than Rubens. One of his aphorisms was that before one could paint a mustache with one stroke of the brush it was necessary to learn to paint it hair by hair. His brush-work was, so to say, a mere by-product of his artistry; for he understood perfectly well that the great qualities of a work of art are things beyond mere smartness of handling. It is as a great painter *par excellence* that he will be chiefly known. For when a group of artists are gathered together, and the qualities of great modern artists are under discussion, it is Stevens in the end who is spoken of as the modern man who combined in himself most of the gifts of a painter.

Stevens's best work keeps "*le juste milieu*," and yet this is not the result of timidity, but of level-headedness,—of calm Flemish joy in the handsome aspect of things. There is charm to his work—undoubted charm. But in his best work it is a by-product as we have said, never gained at the expense of truth, solid technique, or unaffected arrangement. It is apparently unconscious, a something in the man which informed each figure he made. His technique is the despair of painters,—perfectly sound, logical, direct,—and

yet there is a charm to it, an appetizing quality which the most *enragé* paint teasers never get.

One asks one's self what it is that makes him so great, and it may be this: that he begins (at a point in technique far beyond where most painters leave off) to embroider flowers of charm, and even sentiment, on the solidly woven canvas. His technique is at the same time the soundest and most appetizing of his time, and this makes one think of one of his own sayings, "We don't disquiet ourselves enough in these days about *execution*, *metier*, painting for painting's sake; but we shall be forced to go back to it — and only those who possess this master quality are assured of immortality."

What makes Alfred Stevens more than a mere fashionable painter of pretty women is the probity and justness of his vision and of his technique. He might have been immensely more popular than he was had he chosen to paint merely pretty faces. But his types, though often of a curious beauty, are seldom what one would call really pretty. The slight and curious perversions from the ideal were just what interested him. He was so enamoured of Life and Truth that he preferred to paint the charming women about him just as they were, making no effort to twist their features to some ideal type.

One thing that makes Stevens different from other men is his style. His pictures remind one at first sight of the little Dutch masters, yet they are really essentially different. He had all a Belgian's love of paint as paint. The best Dutch work seemed to transcend all paint or painter's quality and come to something very like the real thing, the very aspect of nature. With Stevens, although his pictures are often surprisingly true, one always feels the stylist. He had a way of putting on paint,—one feels a little the clever stroke,—though he was intelligent enough to try to subdue this.

Stevens's technique is said to have been somewhat as follows: he painted in his picture, presumably upon a careful drawing, in square touches of thick, fat paint. This first painting was done *de premier coup* or *alla prima*. That is, it was not made over a *frotté*, or rub-in, but painted directly on the white canvas, touch by touch, with deliberation. Great care was taken to keep the surface smooth. Any irregularity or roughness of surface was smoothed down with a palette knife. And this first painting formed the basis of that famous *email*, or enamel, that Stevens's admirers were always talking about. Furthermore, when this was thoroughly dry and hard, it was rubbed down as smoothly as possible with pumice-stone. On this subsequent repaintings and "glazes" were made, but the enameled surface of the canvas was carefully retained.

Later Stevens came to paint much more freely. He was more sure of himself, put the color on very directly, and grew to value, partly on account of the ill-advised praise of friends, the clever, brilliant look of his brush-strokes. One of his paintings, which was shown in the Exposition of 1889, was a curious example of this. He had been painting an important picture called 'The Salon,' and, wishing to try the effect of certain changes in his color-scheme, he put a glass over the picture, and where he wished to make changes, there he painted on the glass. A connoisseur coming in admired the fresh juicy touch

of the master so much that he persuaded him to carry the sketch made on glass to a certain sort of completion. The picture was interesting as a *tour de force*, with its brilliant little touches of paint directly put on.

Stevens's drawing was really very good, and yet a little lacking in refinement. That is, although he had studied under Ingres, his drawing had none of that subtlety which the name Ingres suggests to one's mind. On the other hand, his proportions are always admirable. One feels that just about thus and thus sat the figure; that the head was just so large in relation to the body. He is not above getting one eye too high for the other; but the great thing about his drawing is that it is always that of an artist. There is always a sense of style to it, even though it be a painter's style rather than a draftsman's.

It has been said that while Stevens's composition is not always good, his design is always fine. The present writer would put it just the other way. Usually his composition was fairly good. That is, he pushed the figures and furniture about until they were fairly well placed, each in relation to the others, and his color composition was almost always good and often beautiful. But his sense of pattern, of the arabesque, as Mr. George Moore would put it, is not so marked nor yet so subtle as with Whistler or with Albert Moore.

If, then, Stevens pushed about his little figures and bits of furniture till they made a fairly good arrangement, in the matter of design, he was hardly so successful. The design, the arabesque, or silhouette of his main groups was the last thing he thought of. His pictures were not the result of a profound study of rhythm and repetition in line. It is true that sometimes, as in the 'Billet de Faire Part' (Plate x) the arrangement of line comes rather handsomely; but in many of his pictures there is no particular arrangement of line at all. The fact is, one must always think of him as a painter first and foremost. He often got other qualities as well, but it is evident that qualities of color and effect were his first preoccupation.

The gesture of Stevens's little figures, while always sufficient and characteristic, is seldom of the sort that engrosses one. Necessarily in pictures of his sort that was a quality which became secondary. His little people were of the modern kind, who, whatever they may feel, make but little expression of emotion beyond a raised eyebrow or the corner of a lip turned down. On the other hand, he understood perfectly well how to make the action of his figures express the style and manner of their little world. His puppets are *mondaines*, and every movement shows the languid grace of *une dame du monde*.

Stevens has been rather obscured by the vogue of Whistler on the one hand and of the Impressionists on the other. But there is little doubt that he will come to his own some day. Speaking of Whistler, by the way, it may be said that Stevens, together with Degas, was almost the only modern painter of whom he ever spoke with respect. They were quick to perceive his tactical error and never would admit that he was particularly good.

Stevens was a painter's painter, and yet, what does not always happen, a favorite of amateurs *cognoscenti*, and even of the man in the street. His best work — and most of his best work was done before the Franco-Prussian War — was of marvelous quality. Very "fat" in *facture*, and yet pushed to quite

a surprising state of finish. His pictures are good bric-à-brac; they have an amusing surface quality, and yet they are good art as well. They look, the best of them, very much like nature. Only he was a charmer. He told the truth in a delightfully seductive manner. Next to the charm of his *facture* perhaps his color is his most admirable quality. This color has nothing sweet or pretty about it, and yet there is a rarity, a distinction to it, which is very fine and satisfying.

As a colorist Stevens was, indeed, remarkable. He had the gift to make harmonies of color. As a matter of fact he had made symphonies in gray, in yellow, or in blue, before Whistler was known at all as a painter. Only he did not call them symphonies. But he could always vary his color and introduce a note or notes of opposing or complementary color, always with perfect tact and discretion, so that the contrast came as a relief or divertissement, but never as a jarring note. Apart from his color-schemes his coloring of flesh was excellent; so much so that one is never particularly conscious of the color of the flesh. It simply looks right in the general harmony of things.

Stevens had so many good points that it is hard to fix on one in particular. But surely this quality of color was one of the things in which he excelled. His color was not only beautiful in itself and in detail, but also the general color-scheme of his pictures was almost always beautiful. One often remembers his pictures by the color-scheme, although his drawing in his best period is perfectly good. It is difficult, too, to analyze the charm of his color. While the separate tones are handsome enough of themselves, it is by their relations to other tones that they are most beautiful; and this, indeed, is a mark of the true colorist,—that in making a tone he thinks always of the other colors in the picture.

One of our most brilliant and able modern portrait-painters has said that Stevens's best work is the equal or even at times superior to that of the Little Masters of Holland,—men like Vermeer, Terborch, and Metzu. Great painter as Stevens was, it yet seems that this praise is somewhat excessive. He never carried his work so far as the best Dutch work has gone and, at the same time, he never quite attained to their wonderful *ensemble*. His work has all the charm of *modernite*, and the charm, too, that a *mondaine* air can give, so that the thoughtless might give him the palm over the *bourgeois* creations of the Dutch painters. But if he has the charm of modernness he also has something of its defects. His work, like almost all modern work, is petulant. It lacks the fine calmness, sobriety, and simplicity which seem to have been the secret of the old men. There is no more instructive contrast than that between his work and that of the greater elder men. He knew their work thoroughly, he delighted in it; and with no effort to imitate it he did, nevertheless, try for many identical qualities in his own work. His own work was very remarkable—among painters it is regarded as the work of the nineteenth century which, technically, is the most impeccable. At the same time, when one compares his work with, let us say, a fine Metzu, to speak of a man not the greatest of Dutch painters, one perceives that the work of the elder man is superior. If it lacks the *allure* which Stevens certainly possessed, it is, on the other hand,

more highly finished, and at the same time simpler in effect. The touch is more limpid. The color, though not so brilliant, is really finer; and the drawing, at least in the case of Metz, is more nervous, subtler, and more correct.

In the case of De Hooch, one of course perceives that his figures are immensely inferior to those of Stevens, both in construction and in finish. On the other hand, Stevens never even began to attain the wonderful chiaroscuro, the sense of light and air, that was De Hooch's birthright. Stevens, indeed, was first and always a figure painter, and a painter of still-life, stuffs, and textures. His interior effects are usually good enough to escape criticism, but are not remarkable for atmosphere. Again, with Vermeer, while Stevens's colorations are more opulent, he never arrives at the Dutchman's power of design, his sense of light and shade, and of atmosphere. Nor is his color so subtle and beautiful, even though it is more sumptuous.

Stevens's relations with the Impressionists were rather curious. He was at one time a good friend of Manet and, indeed, did him many good turns by helping him to sell his pictures. Later a coolness developed between the two men. It is said to have been caused by the exhibition of Manet's 'Le Bon Bock,' a portrait of Dumoulin, the engraver, about to drink a "bock," or glass, of beer. Stevens on seeing the picture remarked, "It is good, but he is drinking beer of Harlem." This meant that Manet's painting suggested too much the work of the famous Franz Hals, of Harlem. Manet never forgave Stevens for this witticism.

The Impressionists perturbed Stevens. He felt that they had a new word to say, but he was too able an executant, he knew his old masters too well, not to also feel that these youngsters spoke their piece haltingly and clumsily.

Whistler was another intimate friend of Stevens. In fact Stevens was one of the few moderns whom Whistler was willing to admit as a well-equipped and able painter. It is a question, indeed, whether Stevens admired so much the work of Whistler. He admired Whistler as *un bel esprit* and as a painter whose work was full of character; but Stevens was too good a painter himself not to see the various shortcomings of Whistler's art. The relations between the two men, however, always remained cordial.

At the height of his reputation Stevens commanded magnificent prices. The story is told that Vanderbilt called at his studio and stopped before a picture. "How much?" "Sorry," replied the painter, "but the picture does not belong to me. It is M. Petit's." The man of many millions passed to another picture, asked the same question, and got the same answer. Several times this occurred. At last, stopping before another canvas, he asked, "And this too belongs to M. Petit?" "That one is mine." "And how much?" "Fifty thousand francs." "Then it is yours no longer. It's mine."

A quasi-student of Stevens was Henri Gervex, the painter of the once-famous 'Rolla,' and a man who in his day was a very able painter. Gervex painted Stevens himself, in his high "*chapeau de forme*," a very effective presentment, which Stevens is said not to have liked. The two men working together made a huge cyclorama of Paris at different times during the nineteenth century. And while it never attained quite the success it deserved, it



was nevertheless one of the show sights of Paris. Gervex, who was a good portrait-painter, is said to have made the portrait of the famous men such as Hugo, Renan, and De Lesseps, while Stevens painted women, charming or otherwise, such as Madame Récamier, George Sand and Sara Bernhardt.

Stevens had for a number of years in Paris a class in painting for women, and while none of these became very remarkable painters it must be said that his instruction was excellent. The women had a big studio next to that of the master. Here all day they struggled, and here almost every day at evening the master came and criticized their work, now praising it, more often finding defects. He never would let his students see him paint. Like most masters he kept the secret, if it were a secret, of the "pattern in the carpet" to himself. But such of his teachings as have come to us are interesting and stimulating, though sometimes vague and contradictory, as criticism not directed to the work at hand must always seem.

The master wrote a little essay, or collection of apothegms, which he called 'Impressions of a Painter.' No painter has ever written with more intelligence and good sense about his art. His sympathies are very broad, and yet he does not make the mistake so often committed by *cognoscenti* of supposing that there are a hundred equally good ways of doing a thing. He perceives clearly that there is but one right way, and that a man's work is important in so far as he comes near to that right way. Many of these maxims stick in one's head, and a number of them are quoted in another part of this number.

## The Art of Stevens

FERDINAND KHNOPFF 'THE ART OF THE LATE ALFRED STEVENS—BELGIAN PAINTER'

WHEN in February, 1900, a group of French painters in Paris, under the presidency of the Comtesse Greffulhe, the *grande dame* of art, obtained for the Belgian painter, Alfred Stevens, the honor (hitherto without precedent for a living artist) of an exhibition at the École des Beaux-Arts, that subtle poet the Comte Robert de Montesquiou wrote a preface for the catalogue, in which he formulated his delicate appreciation of the master in so definite a fashion that I cannot do better than simply transcribe it here in great part:

"Alfred Stevens, the last — and perhaps the first — of those lesser Flemish masters who were great masters, since he surpasses Terborch and yields in no point to Vermeer.

"Stevens, whom I would willingly call the *sonnettiste* of painting, for the art with which, in his exquisite panels, he combines so harmoniously all the sheen of mirrors and satins, of lacquers and enamels, of eyes and of gems.

"Stevens, concerning whom the present sovereign of Flanders might have repeated, on sending him to France (a gift precious above all others), the Duke of Burgundy's words about Van Eyck, 'I send you my best workman!'



"Among the many claims of this subtle monographist of the eternal feminine to our admiration I would signalize the art with which, in his skilful and refined pictures, he varies the *motif* of Woman and Love under the form of that *billet-doux*, so often torn and scattered to the winds like the petals of a white rose; till Stevens might almost be called the '*peintre aux billets*,' as an old Swiss master was once the '*peintre aux oeilleux*.'

"I claim another merit for him — for that future of his which already exists in the present — in his contribution to the history of costume. In the retrospective view of Alfred Stevens's canvases we find the curious fashions of the Second Empire, and especially those Indian cashmere shawls of which Stevens will ever remain the unique painter, as was his master Vermeer of Delft, of those vast unrolled maps which hang azure oceans and many-colored continents on the peaceful walls of Dutch interiors. . . ."

"In December, 1895," says M. J. Du Jardin, "there was a feast for the eyes in the Maison d'Art, Avenue de la Toison d'or, Brussels. Here were to be found collected together the greater number of the works of the celebrated artist. He has obtained — let us put it on record — all the highest distinctions and official honors to which he attaches great importance, while honestly doubting whether he had deserved them."

And this was, indeed, an entire feminine world, which justified the following noteworthy remarks by Camille Lemonnier:

"I recognize two great painters of womanhood in the present century,— Alfred Stevens and François Millet. Poles asunder as they are in their point of view they have, in their two methods of understanding her, summed up the modern woman from one extreme to the other. Millet's woman does not live; she gives life to others. Stevens's lives herself and gives death to others. The atmosphere breathed by the former is eternally refreshed by the winds, and is bounded only by the great open firmament. The latter, on the contrary, breathing an atmosphere of poison, stifles in mystery, paint, and perfumes. . . . Alfred Stevens and François Millet open out in their women great vistas into the unknown. They each present the problem of woman, and pose her in the attitude of an ancient sphinx. The world of woman touches the world of man, moreover, at so many points that to paint woman is to paint us all, from the cradle to the grave. It will be the characteristic mark of the art of this century that it has approached contemporary life through woman. Woman really forms a transition between the painting of the past and the painting of the future."

## ALFRED STEVENS

## 'IMPRESSIONS OF A PAINTER'

THE public easily confound romance with the true artistic poetry. One can by instinct become a painter of worth, but one can't do a work of genius save by showing great good sense.

The sincere approbation of his confrères is for a painter the most flattering of recompenses.

So many painters stop when the hard part begins.

One comes into the world a draftsman just as one is born a colorist.

They ought to have an exhibition every five years where each artist could only expose a single figure which "says nothing."

They ought to take from the Louvre more than fifteen hundred pictures.

Woe unto the painter who only obtains the approbation of women!

One is only a great painter on condition of being a master workman.

One must know how to paint a mustache hair by hair before one permits one's self to wipe it in with a single stroke of the brush.

Nothing hurts a good picture more than bad neighbors.

A fine picture of which one admires the effect at a distance ought equally to bear analysis when one looks at it near to.

The critic of art has a penchant to occupy himself more with the literary side than with the technical part.

True artists have a preference for "*les belles laides*."

We must be of our own time: we must submit to the influence of the sun, of the country in which we dwell, of our early education.

A man does not understand his art well under a certain age.

One should learn to draw with the brush as soon as possible.

Execution is style in painting.

Even a mediocre painter who paints his own period will be more interesting to futurity than one who, with more talent, has only painted times which he has never seen.

A picture can only be judged justly ten years after its execution.

Painters who depict their own time become historians.

We can judge another artist's sensibility from a flower that he has painted.

In the art of painting one must first of all be a painter; the thinker comes afterwards.

A picture should not, as is commonly said, stand out from its frame; the very opposite should be said.

Time beautifies sound painting and destroys bad.

Bad painting cracks in stars; good painting becomes like fine crackle china.

To paint modern costume does not constitute a modernist. The artist attracted by modernity must above all be impregnated with a modern feeling.

By looking at the palette of a painter, we may know with whom we have to reckon.

The execution of a fine painting is agreeable to the touch.

A true painter is always a thinker.

Certain Dutch masters seem to have painted with precious stones ground into powder.

To have a master's picture retouched is a crime that ought to be severely punished by law.

Nothing is pardoned in a single figure picture; many things are excused in a picture with several figures.

Painting is not done for exhibitions; refined work is smothered at the Salon; "shouters" come off better.

Nothing can equal the happiness felt by a painter when, after a day's labor,

he is satisfied with the work accomplished; but in the contrary case what despair is his!

The Flemings and the Dutch are the first painters in the world.

An arm by Rembrandt, though perhaps too short, is yet alive; an arm by the proficient in theory, though exact in proportion, remains inert.

Rubens has often been of harm to the Flemish School, while Van Eyck has never been anything but its benefactor.

KENYON COX

'PAINTERS AND SCULPTORS'

**B**ETWEEN 1820 and 1830 men began to wish to paint again. They were no longer willing to do without color or the delight of free and beautiful handling, and they tired of restricting their art to the delineation of Greek and Roman heroes with straight noses and curly hair. The love of light and color took them to the Orient, or they looked at the pictures of Rubens and Veronese and began to paint the Middle Ages and the Renaissance because they loved silks and brocades better than abstract draperies. Gradually it dawned upon them that the old masters had painted their own times and that they might do the same. They went into the fields and painted the landscape they saw there,—Troyon began to paint cattle, Millet to paint peasants, Courbet to paint the *bourgeoisie*. Finally, about 1860, they dared again the fashionable lady, not merely in portraiture, but as the subject of a picture. The last of the academic restrictions on the subject-matter of art was swept away.

And so we come back to the name with which we set out, that of Alfred Stevens, for no man has painted the modern woman of fashion as well as he. A Belgian by birth and early training, a Parisian by choice, he combined the wit and elegance of his adopted city with something of the old Dutch and Flemish schools,—the result being an art of his own with a flavor unlike any other. Manet and Whistler were just beginning their careers when Stevens was doing some of his best work, for there is charm in the sound and quiet painting of the sixties that I do not find to the same extent in that later work which shows him as the cleverest of virtuosi. Terborch or Vermeer, who told no stories, might not have understood the delicate mixture of irony and sentiment in such pictures as 'Une Mère' or 'Une Veuve,'—they would hardly have cared for the fine literary skill and the exquisite restraint with which the incidents are presented,—but assuredly they would have appreciated the just notation of light and color, the perfect drawing, the absolute rendering of substance and texture. They would have seen in him a craftsman of their own lineage, a pupil of whom they might be proud. In 'La Dame Rose,' of the Brussels Museum, they would have found a picture after their own hearts, and while they might miss something of its serious beauty in his later canvases, neither they nor any true painter that ever lived could fail to admire the combination of subtle tone and color, with extreme ease and brilliancy of manipulation, which makes them almost unique in art. For us there is the added interest in the earlier paintings that the dresses of forty years ago have already become historic costumes, and have taken on, as such, a picturesqueness which we cannot yet find in those of twenty years later, which are merely out of fashion.

## The Works of Stevens

### DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

#### 'THE LADY WITH A FAN'

#### PLATE I

THE picture of 'The Lady with a Fan' was painted in what may be called Stevens's early middle period. He had come to a freedom greater than in his earlier works. At the same time, he made his pictures out of full "fat" paint, in a manner quite different from his rather dry later period. This particular picture is a sort of "symphony in yellow," for symphonies in color were made by Stevens quite as early as by Whistler. With the yellow came certain brown tones as, for instance, the gloves.

The reason for being of the picture is, apart from the color arrangement, the beautiful effect of shadow made visible by reflected light, which one sees on the head. This picture was exhibited in 1890, the first year of the so-called New Salon or Salon of the Champs de Mars. Stevens was one of the dissenting artists from the "Old" Salon, and gladly became a *sociétaire* in the New. This picture was one of a panel of paintings by Stevens, which had been borrowed from the owners. It formed a sort of retrospective exhibition of his work and was greatly admired. This picture of the lady in yellow had a particular success, and was by many considered one of the finest things the Belgian painter had done. It is one of the handsomest paintings in color that Stevens made, and color was his strong point.

#### 'A MORNING IN THE COUNTRY'

#### PLATE II

THIS little scene of young people enjoying country life is one of the most delightful of Stevens's, and curiously enough is one of the very few of his early pictures which represent *plein air* or outdoors. This effect is passably well indicated; but the picture, having been made before the great interest in outdoor work, depends for its success on other qualities than those made famous by the Impressionists.

This is one of Stevens's good compositions. The "spotting," or balancing, of the different white masses one with another, and of the various dark spaces each with each, is very well managed. The skilful way in which the white book is made to break up a rather large dark mass is an admirable touch, and the introduction of the dog, just in the right place, with touches of white and of black to serve as "rappels" to other masses — light and dark — is really quite a triumph.

#### 'THE LADY IN BLUE'

#### PLATE III

ANOTHER picture which appeared in the first exhibition of the Champs de Mars was 'The Lady in Blue.' This picture, while rather slight, was painted at the very summit of Stevens's career, when he had worked out of the tightness of his earlier style and had not yet fallen into the rather thin

technique of his later days. To begin with, the costume, though rather quaint to our modern eyes, is charming. The color arrangement, too, which unfortunately cannot be judged in this reproduction, is delightful. It is in different shades of blue with certain strong notes of black which give the picture force. The hands, while not drawn with the incisiveness of an Ingres, are yet indicated with delightful skill, and the weary little head, far more than the painter's 'Sphinx Parisien,' deserves to be called sphinx-like. There is an air of weariness about the little lady. She looks, as the Irish say, as if her heart was broke for pleasure. The fashion of the hair, which one finds in drawings by Du Maurier of a parallel date, is of a quaint charm which recalls the days of chignons and of "waterfalls."

This picture in particular is what has been called a painter's picture. Apart from the skilful painting of the head and hands, the indication of the ruffles about the hands, and the masses of black which give relief and accent to the whole thing, are touched in a very knowing way. Also note the little album, apparently of *cartes-de-visite*, which is indicated in a clever manner.

'EVERY JOY'

PLATE IV

'TOUS LES BONHEURS' ('Every Joy') is, perhaps, a rather sentimental title, for Stevens could be sentimental with the best. Sometimes he was a little too much so, as in his picture of the young widow with a cupid sticking his head out from under the table. But in this case the sentiment is that which might truly hang about a "thing seen," and is indeed quite legitimate and unforced. The young mother, who has just come in to nurse her child (the gloves thrown on the floor are little touches in Stevens's earlier anecdotic manner); the child so intent on its business and so unconscious; all the pieces, like the crib with its pretty detail of a little picture of the Madonna hanging inside;—all these things go to make up a picture of a great deal of charm of sentiment and of execution.

The dress, of a brown velvet, is painted in a sumptuous way, while the cashmere shawl, so beloved by Stevens, and so characteristic of the epoch of the third Napoleon, is rendered with great exactitude, and yet in nowise unduly attracts our attention. Everything, indeed, is very much of its epoch—of a style which we no longer count beautiful, and yet Stevens, by sheer power of painting, has made it interesting, existent, and also of a certain vague sentimental allure.

'A JAPANESE MASK'

PLATE V

THE interesting things about this picture are Stevens's effort to arrange two markedly antagonistic types one against the other and the sense of repeated lines which one gains from the attitude of the two heads and back. The same sort of subject has been done a good deal, but it should be remembered that Stevens was among the first to do it. As to the mask, one wishes that the high-light in the eye did not shine so glaringly. It is one of the few cases where Stevens has indicated a false value. On the other hand, there is a rhythm of repeated line in this composition rather unusual with Stevens.

## 'MISS FAUVETTE'

## PLATE VI

'MISS FAUVETTE' is in Stevens's most sprightly vein. Why he called it "Miss" Fauvette does not appear. To a painter the interest in the head and figure comes largely from the fine effect of reflected light. It is interesting, also, to note how delightfully Stevens has painted the crinoline, which by many has been considered unpaintable. But here it gives a flower-like look to the design and is distinctly charming in effect. Charming, too, is the black hat, with its long ostrich plume, and the inevitable shawl thrown across the chair. Stevens's composition while never very original is, on the other hand, always rather studied in regard to details. Sometimes, indeed, he puts in too much detail. In this picture the relations of the figure with its environment are well considered.

## 'THE VISIT'

## PLATE VII

THIS 'Visit,' where one charming little lady peeks from behind a screen at another pretty creature who, in a luminous obscurity seems dreaming of nothing in particular, marks the beginning of a gradual change in Stevens's composition from the anecdotic to the sort where an arrangement is made and painted purely for its own beauty. The real artistic reason for being of this picture is the contrast between the delicate half-light of the figure behind the screen with the full light on the face which is nearer us. Stevens was such a realist that he sometimes obscured his own intention by the relentless way in which he finished the details. And in this picture bits like the tassels about the painting on the wall, and the very marked design on the Japanese screen, almost destroy one's perception of the above stated chief motive for the picture's existence. At the same time these things are in themselves delightfully done, and Stevens had this in common with that Van Eyck whom he so much admired, that he could push details to the furthest limit without greatly injuring the effect of his picture. This came about from various reasons, but one of these reasons was that his light and dark arrangement is usually pretty good; that is, he arranged with skill the balance of light masses and the contrasting masses of dark. Having, then, his general effect in light and dark masses quite strongly indicated, he was the better able to carry the detail in these things to a quite remarkable extent.

## 'CONSOLATION'

## PLATE VIII

'CONSOLATION' is quite in the nature of a subject picture, and yet it is evident enough that the young Stevens was particularly interested in the fine contrast of black and white in his arrangement. The heads and the little figures are not made with that *preciosité* which distinguished Stevens's later technique; but they are very well made none the less. Indeed, it may be said that on the whole Stevens's earlier work was better made than his later. Here the technique is a little "tight," as painters would say, but hardly more so than that of the best Dutch masters. The way in which the white handkerchief is contrasted against the black glove is skilfully managed, and the



contrast of different textures, as always with Stevens, is well observed. The white crinoline dress, far from being ridiculous, has a full flower-like aspect which one misses in the dress of to-day.

It must be admitted that the types of face are hardly so individual and interesting as those Stevens later came to paint. On the other hand, the skill with which every detail is made, without at all injuring the general effect, is remarkable. Among the interesting bits we may notice the wall paper, which is made in the extremest detail, every bit of the design being studied out, while, at the same time, the wall stays flat. Apart from its artistic merits, the picture will always have its particular interest as a document of life and manners in the reign of the third Napoleon.

'UN SPHINX PARISIEN'

PLATE IX

'UN SPHINX PARISIEN' is perhaps not so very sphinx-like after all. Stevens was not primarily a psychologist. While as a man of the world he was interested in all things, his real talent lay in painting the beautiful things. Here the arms are delightfully made, better drawn than in many of Stevens's works. The effect of light coming from behind with its relation to the reflected light on the front of the figure is well considered. Note also the skilful way in which the black masses are introduced as foils to the white dress. When we come to examine the face we find it interesting, *mutine*, perhaps no more sphinx-like than the face of any pretty woman.

'LE BILLET DE FAIRE PART'

PLATE X

'LE BILLET DE FAIRE PART' is one of the best of Stevens's compositions, with its discreetly *triste* figure cutting the upright gilt lines on the wall. The picture, too, is well placed in relation to the figure, and the chair and table are in good position except that to our eyes, accustomed to "Arts and Crafts" styles, the design of the table does not look very handsome. While the pattern on the carpet is rather confused and, indeed, quite ugly, on the other hand it is painted with great skill. The way in which the floor is made to "lie flat" is remarkable. It has been pointed out that the hands are rather small, but they are very prettily painted. The face, too, with its discreetly arranged dark bonnet, telling well against the white ground, is quite charming.

Stevens seldom painted a face that one would call really pretty except in his earliest pictures. In these he proved that he could make a pretty face if he chose. But later he came to be interested in the *espiègle* or world-weary types of the Second Empire which, while not exactly beautiful, had a charm which is not always found with regular features. Possibly Stevens would be more widely known if he had painted strictly pretty faces. As it was, his paintings were for the most part quickly snapped up by connoisseurs and, till quite recently, have not been much reproduced. So that his pictures, while quite well known to artists and dilettanti, are hardly known at all to a great mass of people who love art.



A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY STEVENS  
IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

**BELGIUM.** ANTWERP, MUSEUM OF BEAUX-ARTS: Hopelessness; The Parisian Sphinx (Plate ix)—BRUSSELS, COLLECTION OF MME. DE BAUER: The Confinement—COLLECTION OF MME. VE CARDON: Remember; The Visit (Plate vii); The Hungarian Pianist—COLLECTION OF M. E. CLAREMBOUX: View of Cape Martin—COLLECTION OF J. and A. LEROY BROS.: The Soldiers of Vincennes—COLLECTION OF M. LEQUIME: Lady Knitting—COLLECTION OF THE LATE M. E. MARLIER: The Morning in the Country (Plate ii)—ROYAL MUSEUM: Every Joy (Plate iv); The Studio; Autumn Flowers; The Lady in Rose-color—COLLECTION OF M. A. SAERENS: Fedora; The Japanese Mask (Plate v); Le Billet de Faire Part (Plate x)—COLLECTION OF M. F. ROHERS: Revery—COLLECTION OF M. P. DU TOICT: Revery—COLLECTION OF M. R. WARACQUE: The Last Day of Widowhood; The Four Seasons; The Cup of Tea—FRANCE. PARIS, LUXEMBOURG: The Passionate Song—COLLECTION OF MME. LA PRINCESSE BORGHESI: Cruel Certainty—PROPERTY OF DURAND-RUEL: The Visitor—COLLECTION OF M. C. GAUSCO: The Lady in Yellow (Plate i)—COLLECTION OF M. G. V. HUGO: Miss Fauvette (Plate vi)—COLLECTION OF M. E. LEROY: Idleness—COLLECTION OF M. LHERMITTE: The Lady Bathing—COLLECTION OF M. LE BARON DE MESNIL DE ST. FRONT: Ophelia; Portrait of the Baronne de Mesnil de Saint-Front—COLLECTION OF M. DE COMTE DE MONTESQUIOU: The Mirror—COLLECTION OF M. G. PETIT: The Little Girl and the Duck—COLLECTION OF M. A. ROUX: The Drawing-room—COLLECTION OF M. L. SARLIN: The Visit to the Studio—GERMANY. BERLIN, COLLECTION OF M. L. RAVENA: Consolation (Plate viii).

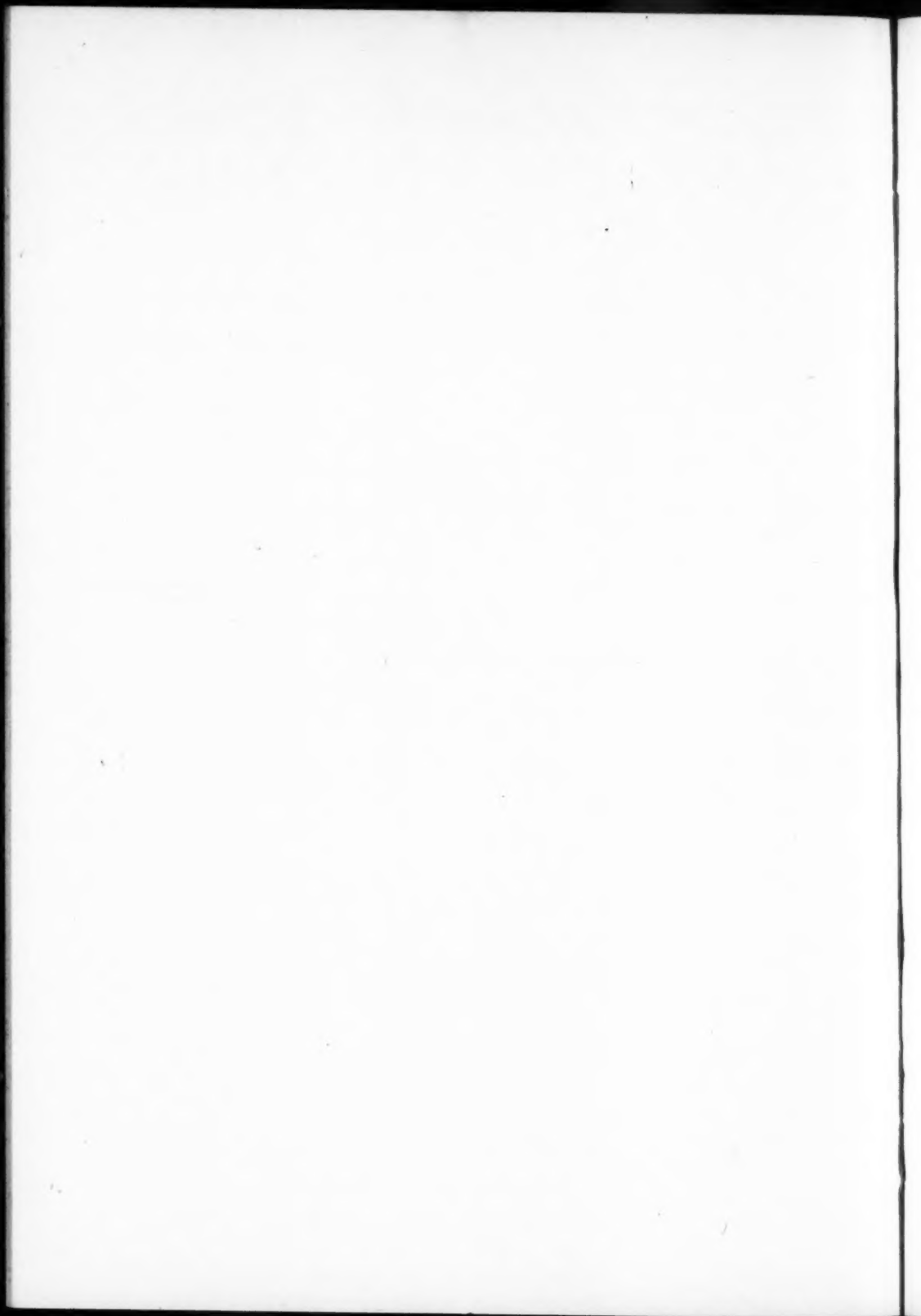
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**L**AMBOTTE, PAUL. *L'œuvre de Alfred Stevens.* Brussels, 1907. LEMONNIER, C. *Alfred Stevens and son œuvre.* Brussels, 1906—R. COMTE DE MONTESQUION-FEZENSAC. *Alfred Stevens.* Paris, 1900—REINACH, J. *Histoire du siècle 1789-1889.* Paris, 1889—*Impressions on Painting.* New York, 1886.

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LINGTON MAGAZINE, 1909: D. S. Maccoll; Portraits of Alfred Stevens. 1909:  
E. F. Strange; Alfred Stevens—INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, 1906: F. Khnopff; The Art  
of the late Alfred Stevens—LES ARTS, 1906: G. Mourey; Alfred Stevens—ONZE  
KUNST, 1907: P. Lambotte; Alfred Stevens—REVUE BLEU, 1900: Exposition de Al-  
fred Stevens—REVUE ILLUSTRÉE, 1900: A. Segard; Alfred Stevens.



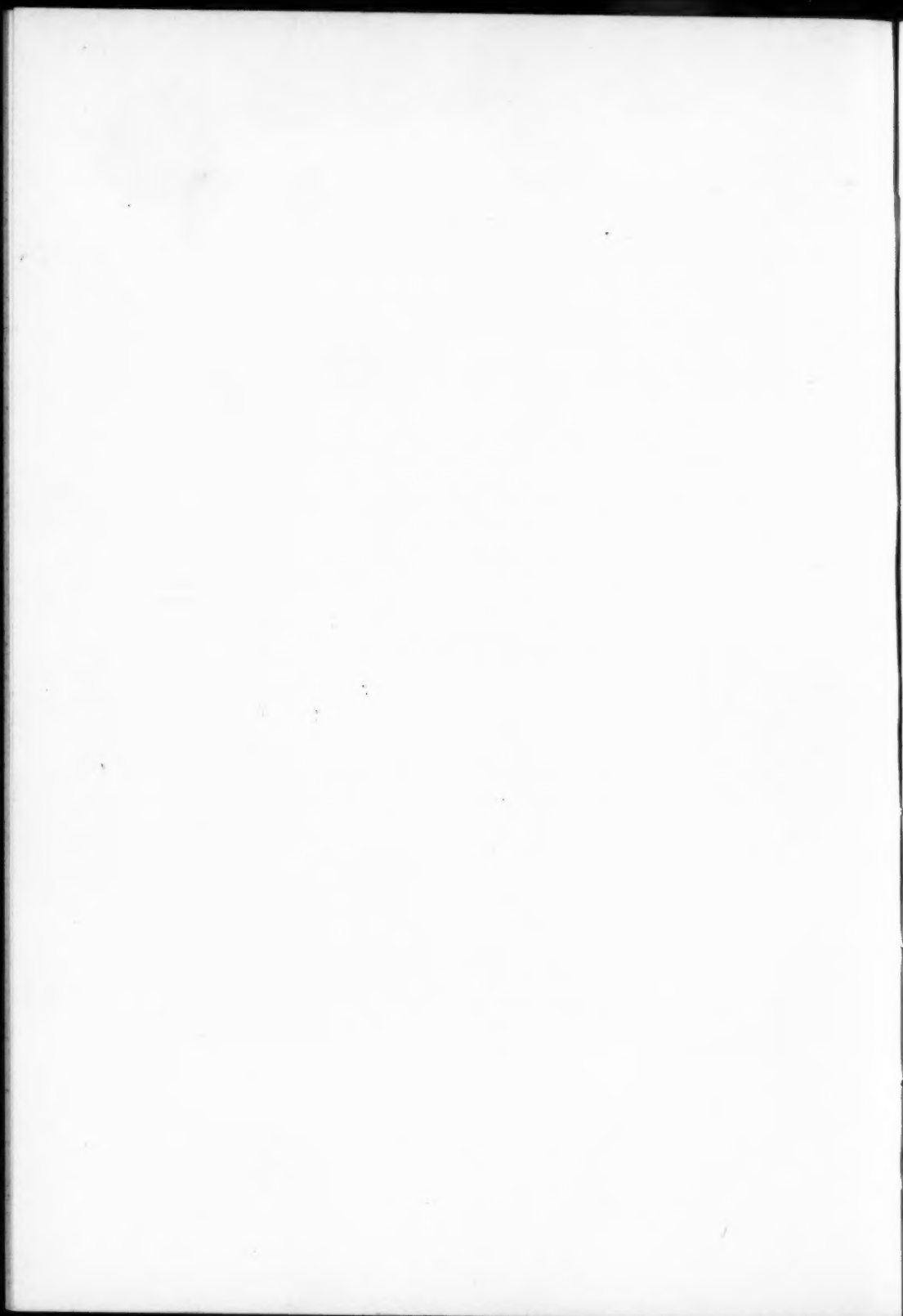
MASTERS IN ART

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**Fortuny**

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SPANISH SCHOOL



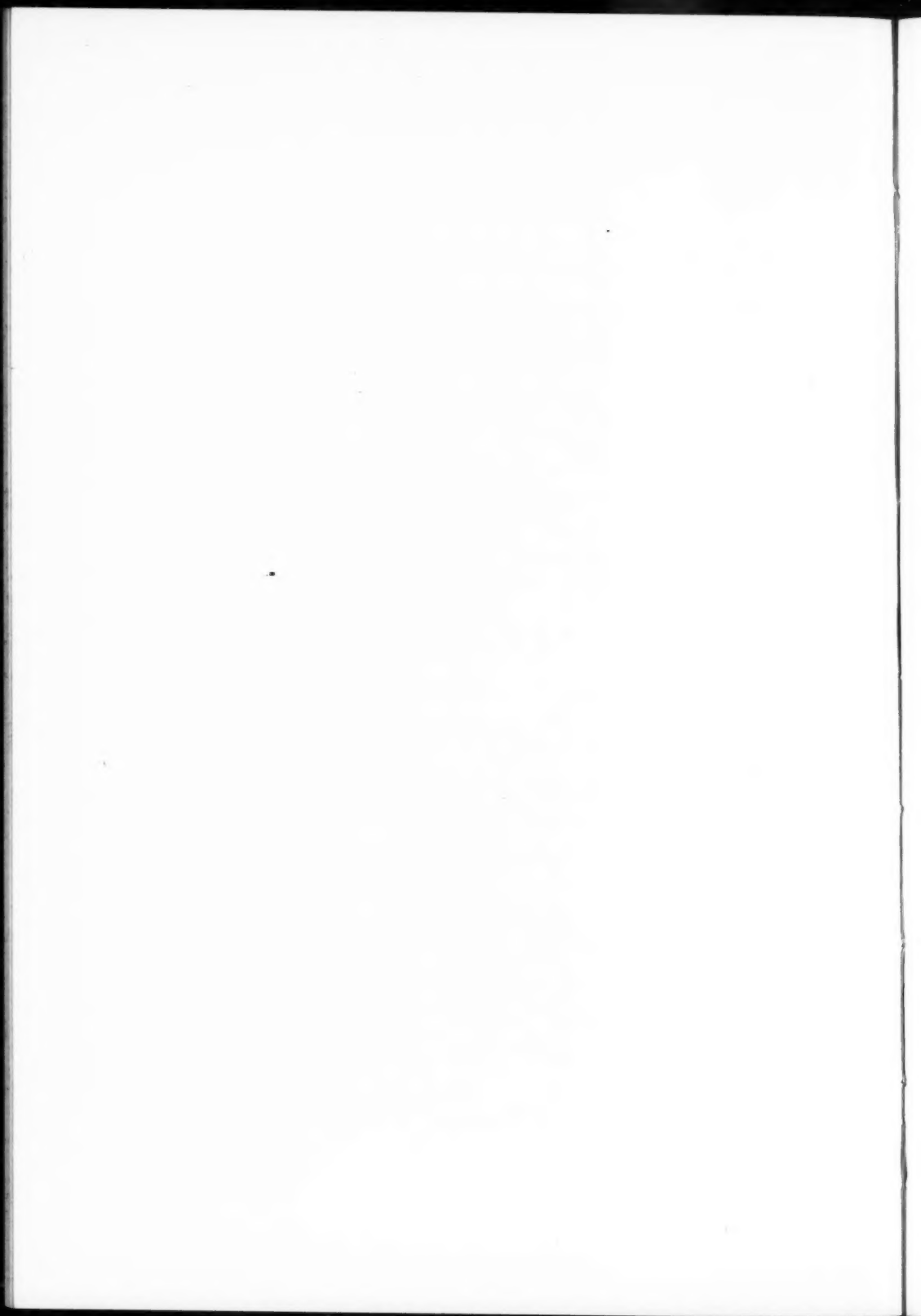


MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

PHOTOGRAPH BY GOUPILO & CO.

[ 45 ]

FORTUNY  
PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY  
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK

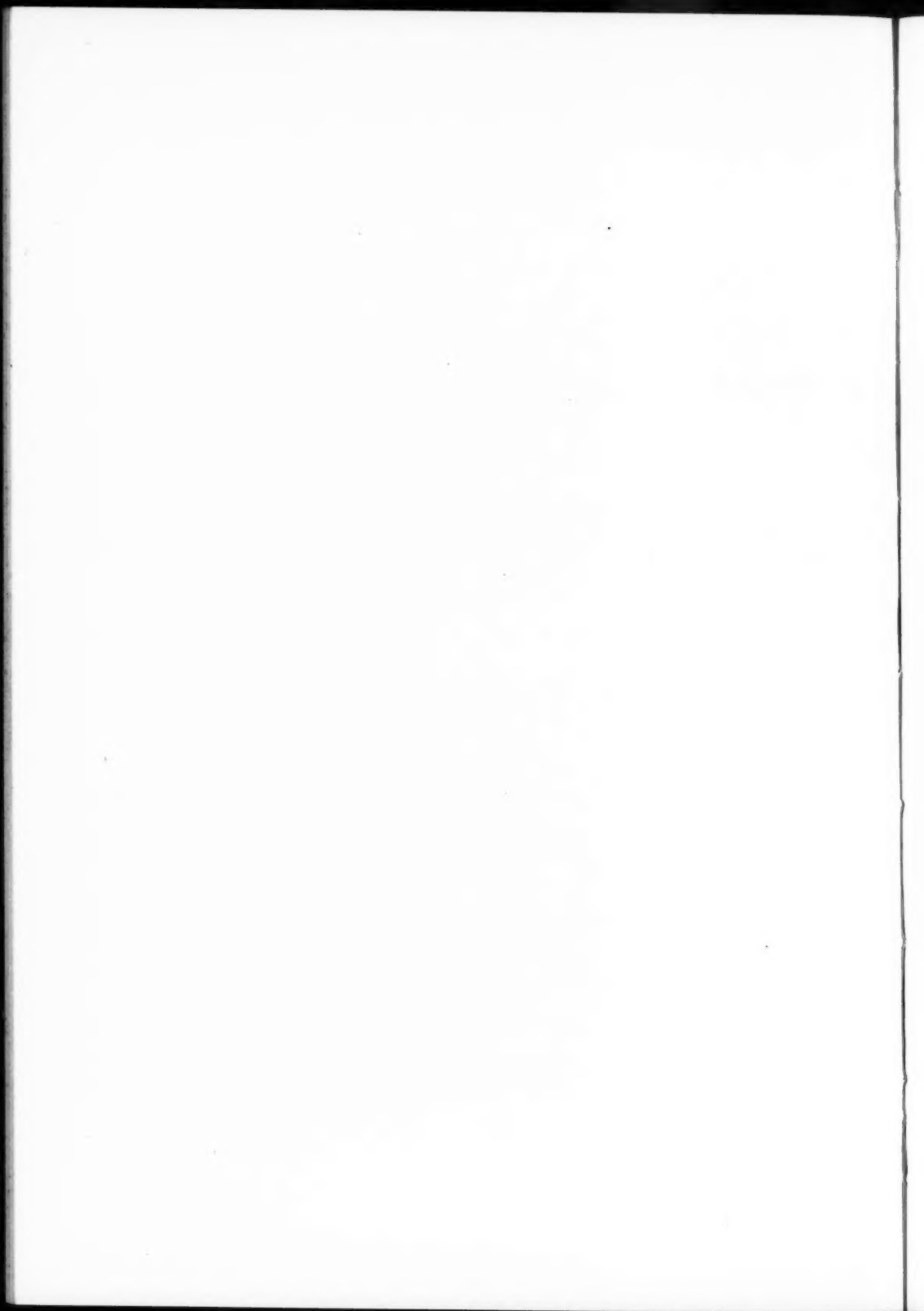


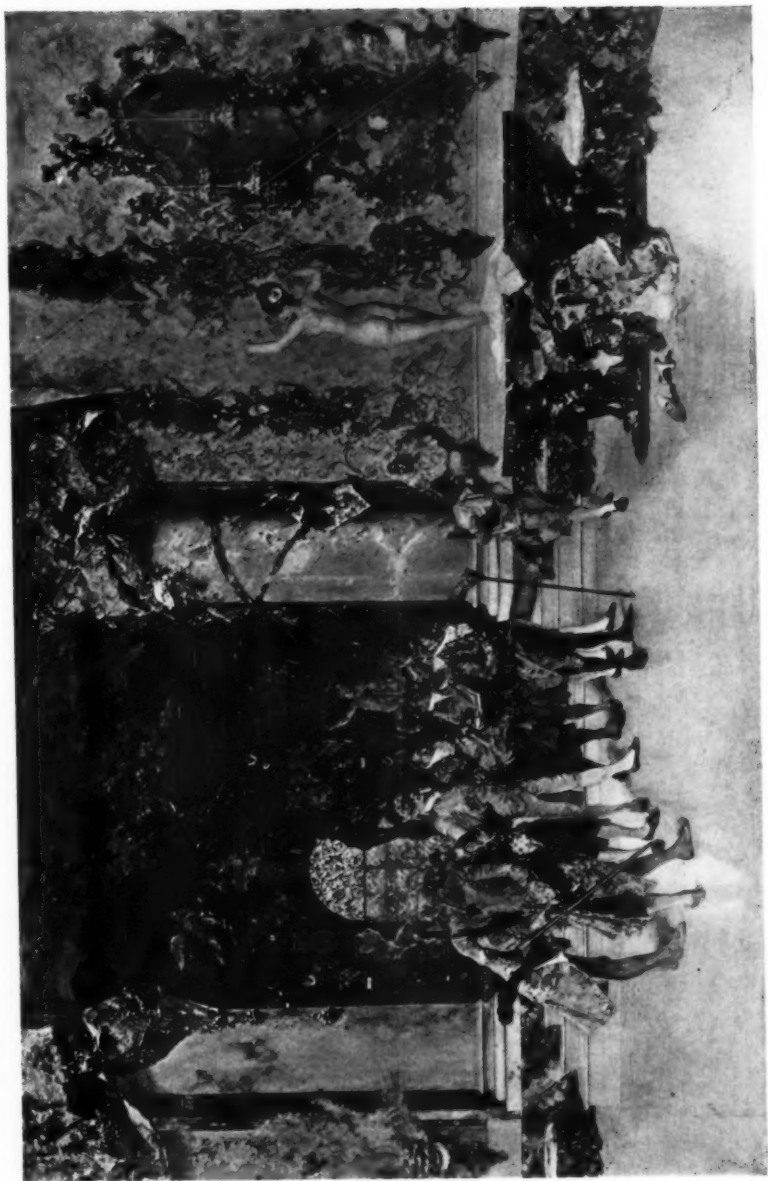


FORTUNY  
THE SNAKECHARMERS  
WALTERS GALLERY, BALTIMORE

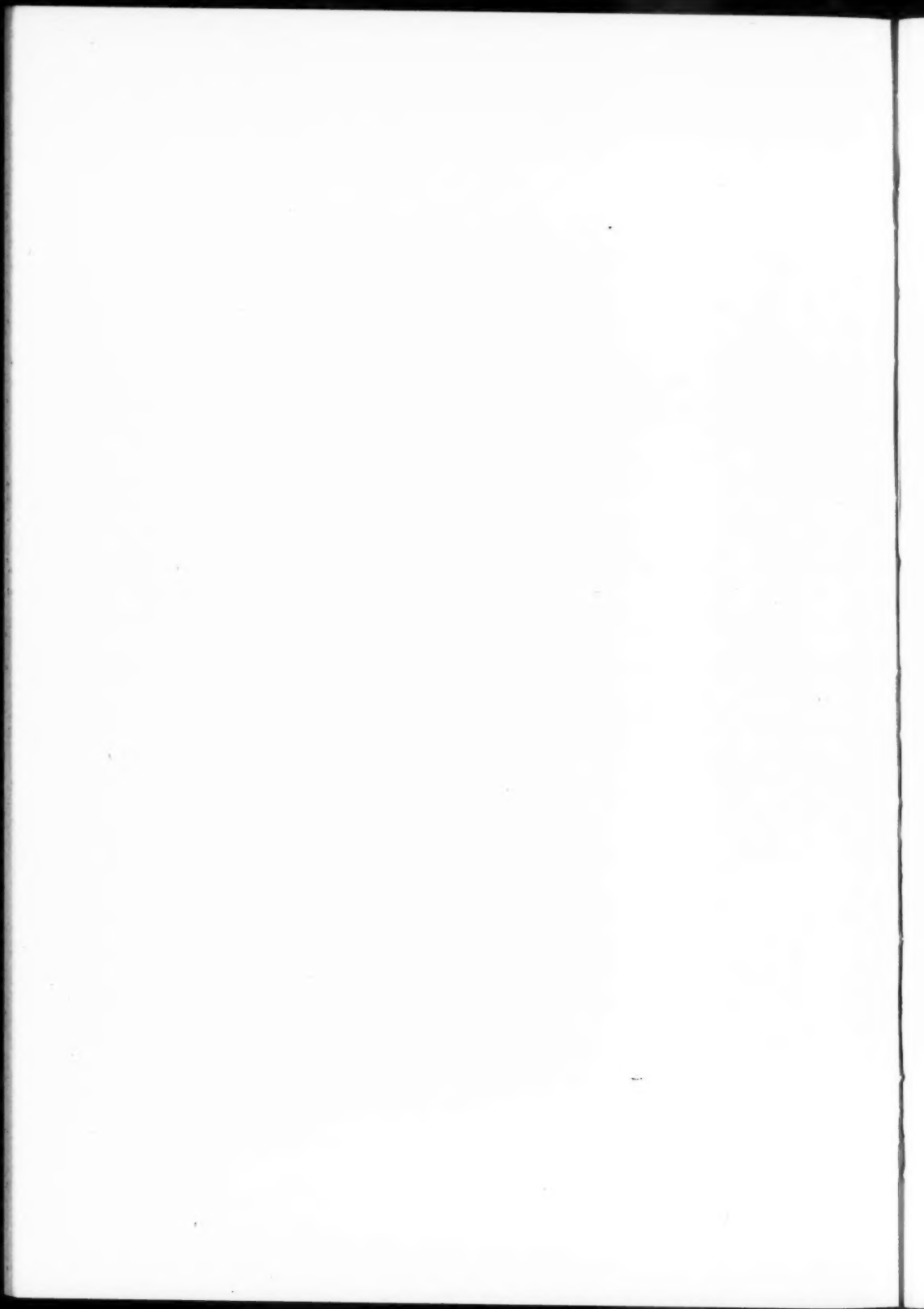
MASTERS IN ART PLATE II  
PHOTOGRAPH BY GUGLIL & CO.

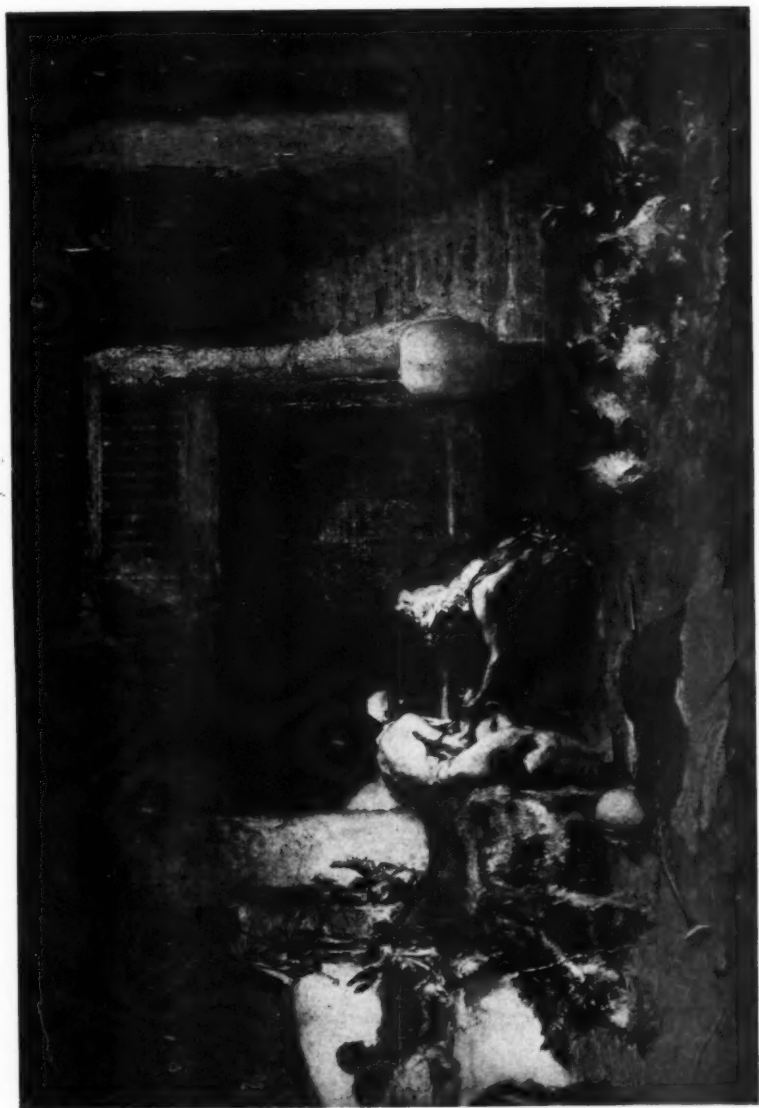




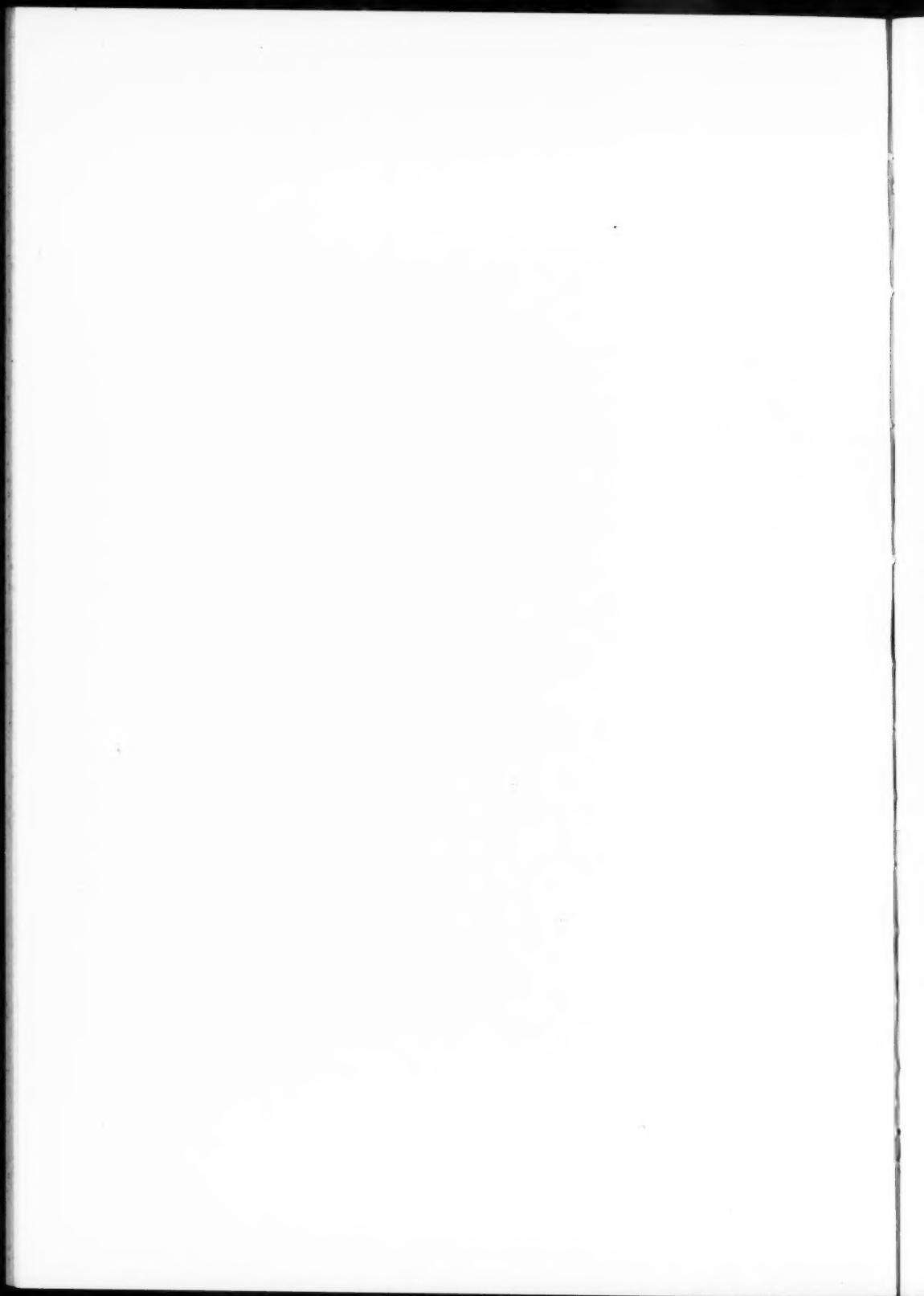


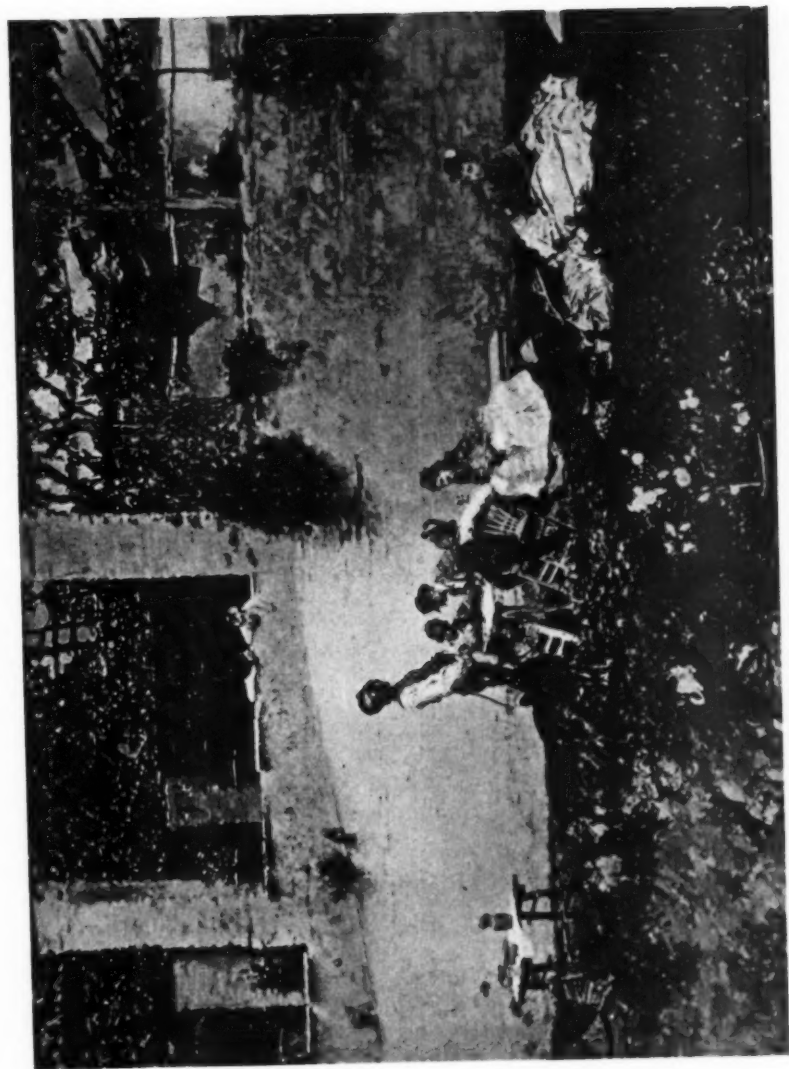
FORTUNE  
CHOICE OF A MODEL.  
PROPERTY OF W. A. CLARK, NEW YORK





FORTUNIO  
MOORISH BLACKSMITHS  
OWNED BY SEÑOR BAUER, MADRID





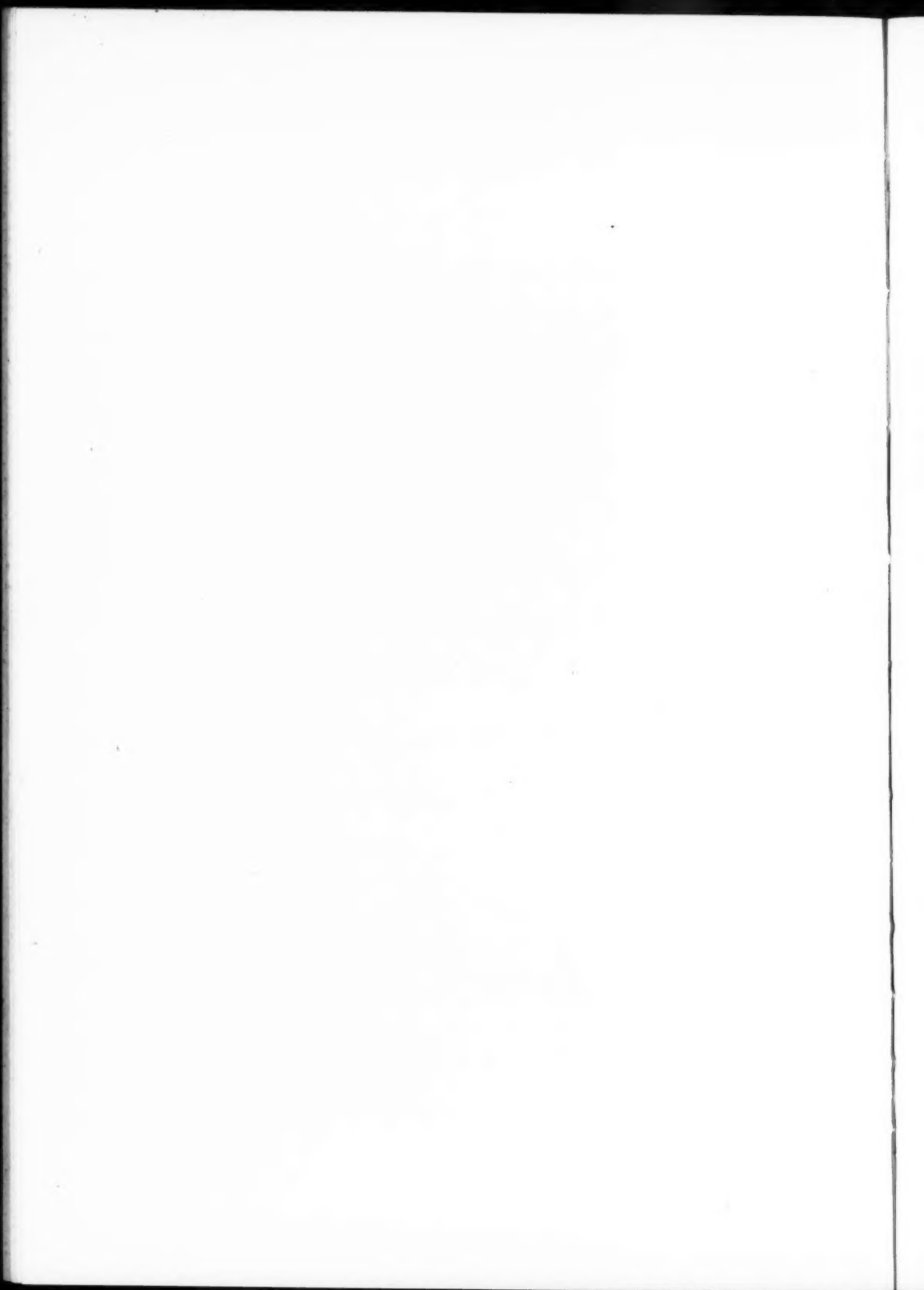
MASTERS IN ART PLATE V  
 PHOTOGRAPH BY GOSWAMI & CO.  
 [51]

FORTUNE  
 BREAKFAST AT THE ALHAMMA  
 OWNED BY G. GOULD



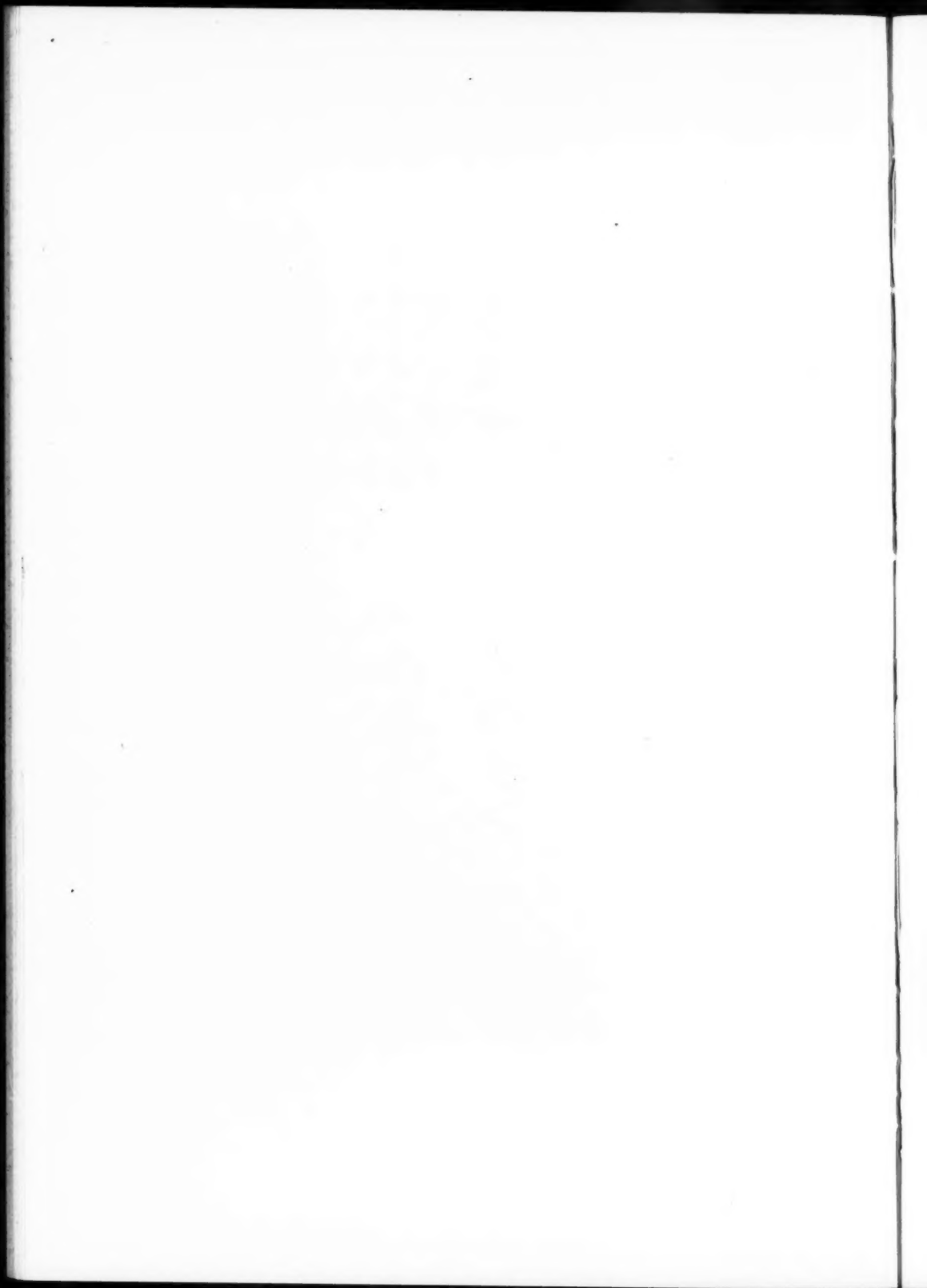


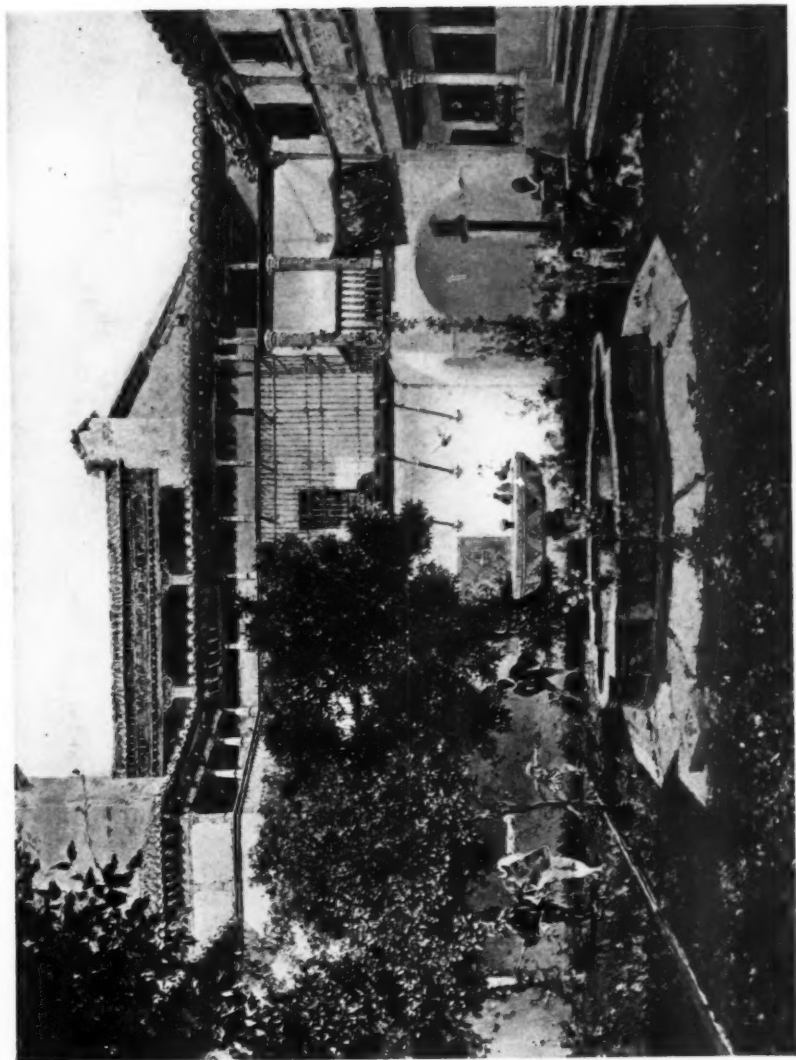






FORTUNY  
GARDEN OF THE POETS  
OWNED BY M. HOEREN, PARIS





PORTUNY  
PASTIME OF NOBLESSEN  
OWNED BY G. W. VANDERBILT





FORTUNIO  
THE SPANISH MARRIAGE  
COLLECTION OF MARQUISE DE CARGANO, PARIS









PORTRAIT OF FORTUNÉ

Fortuné's head is characteristically Latin, with its superabundant curly hair, its moustache and *barbiche*. Baron Davilliers describes him as being quite regular in feature. One gets the idea from this picture that the nose is a little heavy in shape. The eyes are the fine thing in the face—eyes that can look and see and judge. The lower part of the face is rather unpleasantly heavy, but, on the other hand, the forehead is admirable in its breadth and strength.

## Mariano Fortuny

BORN 1838: DIED 1874  
SPANISH SCHOOL

**M**ARIANO FORTUNY was born at Réus, a little town in the province of Tarragon, which is in Catalonia, one of the five great divisions of Spain. Fortuny — his full name was Mariano José-Maria-Bernardo Fortuny y Carbo — was born on June 11, 1838. His father died in Mariano's infancy and he was brought up by his grandfather, also named Mariano Fortuny, who was a cabinet-maker. He was a skilful man with his hands and also modeled little wax figures, in the making of which his grandchild assisted him. These they exhibited over the countryside, tramping from town to town.

Fortuny early showed a talent for drawing. His schoolmates, as is so often the case with great artists, recalled in after life how he used to ornament his books with designs. At about nine years of age he entered a public course in drawing which had lately been established at Réus. An amateur of the town, Mr. Domingo Soberano, noticed his work and encouraged him. Fortuny daily, for a number of years, spent some hours working at his house.

At the age of twelve he had already painted a number of pictures, most of them representing Madonnas. Naturally, they are not very good, but it is singular that a child of twelve should be able to paint them at all. At fourteen years, Fortuny, with his grandfather, left Réus for Barcelona, the capital of the province of Catalonia. His ambition was to follow the course of the Academy of Barcelona. A sculptor, Mr. Domingo Taleru, saw some of his sketches and, much impressed by them, secured, through the aid of some kind priests, a pension of eight dollars a month, which enabled young Mariano to go to the Academy.

Fortuny studied under Mr. Claudio Lorenzale, an estimable man who was, strange to say, a pupil of Overbeck. The idea of Fortuny making studies in the manner of Overbeck is amusing. Fortuny, however, had the highest regard for his first master, and always spoke of him with respect and esteem. While at the Academy of Barcelona Fortuny got hold of some lithographic drawings by Gavarni, the famous French illustrator. He was greatly impressed and moved by these, copied them again and again, and going about the city tried to draw the interesting types he saw in something the same manner.

At the same time he was painting in quite a different way; to wit, the dry and rather weak *facture* of Overbeck. At this time he made pictures curiously unlike his later production. One of these paintings was 'The Apparition of the Virgin of Pity.' Later he executed, in an Academy competition, 'St. Paul speaking before the Areopagus at Athens;' and the next year 'Charles of Anjou, on the Beach of Naples, witnesses the Burning of his Ships by Rogier de Lauria.' These pictures give no indication of his future talent.

In 1856 Fortuny won the competition for a Prize of Rome, newly offered by the city of Barcelona. The subject was 'Raymond Beranger III. fastening the Seal of Barcelona on the Tower of the Castle of Foix' — not, one would suppose, a very inspiring *motif*. Howbeit, Fortuny gained the prize, and with it a pension of about five hundred dollars a year for two years. After some trouble about his military service, a friend finally lending the money with which to pay for a substitute, he was able to proceed to Rome, where he arrived on March 19, 1858.

There was, at this time, in Rome quite a colony of Spanish artists, with whom Fortuny affiliated himself. He worked incessantly throughout the day, and in the evenings he was accustomed to study in the famous Academy Gigi, where he drew from the nude for two hours and for two hours from the draped figure. Gigi afterwards told Mr. d'Epinay that Fortuny hardly missed a night for years. He regarded the work he did there as of no importance, and used to leave his drawings on the floor. The caretaker would sweep them up and usually destroy them. Sometimes, however, he tacked them up on the walls and, later, used to sell them for a few francs apiece. D'Epinay, who had a feeling that Fortuny would one day be famous, bought a few of these. It is related that an American artist, who shall be nameless, worked at the Academy at the same time and could have acquired many of these drawings, but as he did not care about Fortuny's work he neglected his opportunity.

In 1860 war broke out between Spain and Morocco, and Fortuny was given the opportunity to go, in the suite of that General Prim whom, later, Regnault painted in so gallant a fashion. This journey was a revelation to Fortuny. He worked constantly, making rapid sketches of everything he saw. From this time his style began to change, the first signs being a pronounced preference for Arab subjects.

Returning to Rome, he continued to work with that intensity which always characterized him. After two years the city of Barcelona discontinued his pension, but the same amount was advanced to him for years by the Duke of Rianzares. Among other ways of eking out his income, Fortuny gave lessons to the daughters of Queen Christina.

A change had begun in Fortuny's technique at about the time of his return from Morocco and from the battle of Tetuan. That trip had opened his eyes to the brilliancy of outdoor Oriental color, and ever afterwards in some measure he tried for the qualities of brilliant, sparkling color. There is a comparatively long period between his sketches for the battle of Tetuan and his first successful subject-pictures, of which we do not find much work preserved. Nevertheless, during these years he was working at the highest

pressure, and it was during this time that the change was somehow achieved from his early manner — rather dry, tight, and timid — to his later style, so bright and gay and skilful.

At this period also Fortuny made a number of etchings. These, perhaps from the material, have a certain severity and gravity which one does not associate with his gayer paintings. In these etchings, especially, is noticeable that solicitude for light and shade which is the hall-mark of every great artist. Some of these — certain etchings of Arabs — are very remarkable works, and there is an etching of a 'Piping Shepherd' which is of a singular charm. In some, the general effect of the etchings is more serious than that of the paintings. There is an austerity about them which comes from the severe study of the edge of the shadow and, too, from the blackness of the shadows. In this, Fortuny is a true son of Zurbaran and of Ribera. In fact, his etchings seem more like the old art of Spain than do his paintings.

About this time Henri Regnault, who was at the Villa Medici as winner of the *Prix de Rome*, met Fortuny and was immensely moved by his work. The young and impressionable Frenchman was greatly influenced by the clever Spaniard, and it is not difficult to note certain traces of his influence through the later examples — all too few — of his work. Regnault was trained in the severe manner of the *École de Beaux-Arts*, a training quite different from Fortuny's hand-to-mouth education, but there was something similar in the natures of the two men. They both loved brilliant, scintillating things. They were enamoured of passionate life, sunlight, and the cynical beauty of terrible scenes.

Regnault said of Fortuny's pictures: "They are prodigious in color and in boldness of painting. Oh, what a painter he is, that chap!" And again he writes: "I yesterday passed the day with Fortuny, and it 'broke my arms and legs.' He is astonishing, that '*gaillard-là*.' He has marvels at his place. He is the master of us all. If you could see the two or three pictures which he is finishing just now, and the water-color which he has made these latter days! O Fortuny! You drive me from sleep."

In 1860 he came to Paris for a time, and there met his compatriots Zamacois and Rico. Zamacois, a painter of very remarkable talent, put him in relations with the art firm of Goupil & Company. They gave him many orders for pictures, and this was the real beginning of his success and fame.

In 1867 Fortuny married Cecilia de Madrazo, the daughter of that Pedro Madrazo who was the Director of the Academy of Madrid and later the Curator of the famous *Muséo del Prado*. Madrazo was a painter of the older school, trained in academic conventions; yet he was cordial to Fortuny and to his art, which he recognized as a glory of Spain. His two sons Raimundo and Ricardo de Madrazo also became artists, and though their early work was somewhat influenced by Fortuny, one of them at least, Raimundo, became a painter of marked ability. His early work is much finer than that done in later years, when he, to some extent, degenerated into being a mere fashionable portrait-painter.

In 1868 Fortuny began his picture called 'The Vicaria' ('The Spanish

Marriage'), which a year or two later made an enormous sensation in Paris. Even so late as this he copied Velasquez and Goya at the Musée Real. Towards the end of 1869 he went to Paris, and somewhat later his 'Spanish Marriage' (Plate IX) was exhibited in Goupil's Gallery. It excited great admiration. Every one was saying, "Have you seen Fortuny's picture?" Its success was enormous; but Fortuny, unspoiled by this, remained the simple, modest, hard-working artist he always had been.

Fortuny on this visit to Paris was received, so to say, with open arms. Meissonier, who was, in a certain sense, a rival, in that his *genre* was of the same sort though his manner was very different, treated the Spaniard with great cordiality. Gérôme also showed him great consideration. Indeed, most of the distinguished artists of Paris exhibited great interest in him and in his work. His 'Spanish Marriage' had been exhibited in Goupil's Gallery and had created immense interest.

His technique, even in Paris, where the cleverest technicians are supposed to live, was considered wonderful. It was of a brilliancy which, till then, had not been known. And, indeed, it may be said that for sheer brilliancy combined with a singular soundness the technique of Fortuny is still remarkable. Some of Boldini's early Italian work, made under the influence of Fortuny, is, if possible, even cleverer in a sort of insane *virtuosité*, but it is not so sound. Fortuny's work, even at its cleverest, had a good deal the look of nature.

Fortuny also went to England, where he was warmly received by John Everett Millais. His stay in London was not long, however, and his visit to Britain seems to have had no influence on his art, although he made many sketches at the Tower and other points of interest. Among other things, he went with his friend Baron Davillier to see Madame Tussaud's famous collection of waxworks, and as they descended the stairs Fortuny gaily slapped his companion on the back, saying, "And to think that I, too, used to make those things!"

In 1870 Fortuny spent some time in Granada, the old home of the Moorish Emirs, and produced some fine work. On returning to Rome, he worked hard at his 'Choice of a Model' (Plate III), or, as it was then called, 'Academicians of St. Luke,' and another picture of theatricals in a garden. After another visit to Paris and to London he returned to Italy and went to Portici, a watering-place near Naples. Here he rented a villa, and here he painted his famous 'Beach at Portici,' which is one of the finest of his works.

Toward the very end of his life Fortuny gave signs of changing his manner. Indeed, his famous 'Beach at Portici,' the artistic ancestor of countless Hispano-Italian beach scenes, distinctly marked this change. It is interesting to speculate, by the way, on whether this subject was suggested to Fortuny by Goya's 'Beach at San Isidro.' Whether or no the subject is thus suggested, the manner is quite different, being more in the Japanese style. Fortuny, perhaps during his visit to Paris, had become greatly interested in Japanese prints. They were at that time all the rage in Paris. Braquemond had discovered some prints in a packing-box, and Manet, Alfred Stevens, the Goncourts, Fantin Latour, Whistler, and all the most able of the younger artists



were deeply interested in them. Millet and Rousseau quarreled about the ownership of Japanese prints. A Japanese *Cenacle* was formed, at which the owners of Japanese prints dined in Japanese fashion. Possibly Fortuny had come under the influence of this group. At all events, he knew and deeply admired Japanese work. And he dreamed of reproducing in his own work something of the broad, simple sweeps of tone which later appeared in the works of Manet and of Whistler. Save in the 'Beach at Portici' and one or two studies this was not to be, for death intervened between the painter and his projects.

It is interesting, yet vain, to speculate on what Fortuny might have done had he been given the years of other men. As it was, he died so early that one marvels at his accomplishment in the years that were his. He had spent the summer very pleasantly with his family at Portici, had accomplished some good work, and was planning new things of a different nature from what he had as yet accomplished. It seems that he worked too late in the deadly twilight hours of Italy. At all events, he caught a fever, what the old books used to call a tertian ague, and after a short sickness died, at Rome, on November 21, 1874. One of the last things he did on the last day of his life — and it is characteristic of his habits of incessant labor — was to make a little drawing from a mask of Beethoven. His death created general mourning in Rome, where he was much loved. An immense crowd followed the funeral cortège, and it was said that never had prince or noble such obsequies.

All accounts agree that Fortuny was of an admirable nature — quiet, amiable if taciturn, strong-willed, and hard-working. He was one of those artists whose life is so wrapped up in their work that they have no time for anything else. He was a loyal friend, a man of most pleasant manners, but his work engulfed his life to such an extent that one does not hear much of his doings outside of his work.

Yriarte describes him as "very robust, well built, like a Catalan, a little abrupt, concentrated, taciturn, resolute in difficult moments, he was used to hardships, always ready for everything; and he went under fire, without vain phrases." And again: "Almost always silent, negative, but without gloom or ill humor, easy to live with, obliging and friendly, indifferent to exterior things." Baron Davillier says of him: "Fortuny was somewhat above middle height. His features, regular and extremely handsome, expressed the frankness and honesty of his character. A great enemy of etiquette and of ceremony, he talked but little, and was at first reserved with new-comers on account of his natural timidity. But with those whom he liked he showed himself, on the other hand, very expansive."

Fortuny was an insatiate worker. After painting all day in his studio he would make drawings and sketches in the evening. Even when there was some social gathering at his house — for his wife was a brilliant hostess — Fortuny, quiet and taciturn, though amiable, would generally be found in some corner working out sketches with pencil and paper for some future performance. In his early days in Rome he was a constant attendant at the night sketching-classes. The day was not long enough for him, and it may

be that in this evening work, where the model appeared with light and shade emphasized by the marked lamplight effect, he developed and then affirmed that manner which became so characteristic of him. At all events, that manner, so light and gay and easy looking, was the efflorescence, as it were, of the hardest kind of work; for nothing gives true facility but constant effort and practice.

Fortuny's drawing is always effective and interesting, and he invented, or at least he made more definite, a new kind of drawing; for where the Academicians drew by line, where the followers of Rembrandt on the one hand and of Correggio on the other drew by light and shade, Fortuny drew by the accents. That is, noting here, there, elsewhere, the points at which the darkest notes came, he spotted them down; and then, working from these nuclei, he evolved his drawings. This method was at the bottom of his brilliancy of effect. In his hands some splendid results were achieved. In the hands of his imitators the method degenerated at times to a spotty, flashy style. The great advantage of the method was that a man was apt to get his placements, his proportions, well considered and right. One of its disadvantages was that in unskilful hands the drawing seemed to lack construction, to lack that look of having a backbone which well-drawn figures have.

As to his color, it was often agreeable. Indeed, Fortuny may be called a colorist in this, that he was deeply interested in color, that he composed his pictures from a colorist's point of view, that his color was almost always agreeable and, despite its brilliancy, never clashed. And yet he can hardly be considered a very great colorist, because his color-schemes, like everything else in his works, lacked a little of that *ensemble* which the very finest pictures always have. He delighted in difficulties of color, and when some one asked him why, in his 'Choice of a Model' (Plate III), he had posed the nude figure against a pink silk background he replied that the difficulty of the scheme interested him. He liked to paint the grayish, shriveled skin of old men against a brilliant red ground. These rather bizarre harmonies delighted him.

His values, or relations of tones, were in the main good, although in his constant effort for brilliancy he tended to over-accentuate the dark spots. But, like almost all Spaniards, he was primarily interested in tone and light and shade relations; and even when he failed his failure was that of a man who thoroughly understands his subject but also has attempted the impossible, rather than the flat failure of a mere incompetent. When he felt particularly serious, as in his 'Portrait of a Spanish Lady' (Plate I), at the Metropolitan Museum, he was apt to make his "values" with admirable justness, though even here the tones are a little frittered up with inconsequent dabs.

Again, his "Pen and Ink" sketches are always remarkable. Indeed, Fortuny may be said to be the greatest handler of pen and ink who has lived. Presumably most of his sketches were not made for reproduction. At the same time, they do reproduce admirably, and they are at the bottom of the pen-and-ink method of the Hispano-Italian School, which has sometimes produced such brilliant results. Like all his drawing, and his painting as

well, it was based first of all on the skilful and sympathetic placement and indication of the strongest darks. From these the form was modeled out towards the lights. But apart from this there is a nervous intensity, and at the same time a lightness of touch in the line, that is remarkable. Something of all this may have been learned from his etching; yet, on the whole, the pen and inks seem even more individual and personal than do the etchings.

Curiously enough, the work of Fortuny has certain affinities to two schools of painting which at first sight one would think as far as possible removed from him; that is, to the Impressionists and to the Pre-Raphaelites. For they, as well as he, resolutely faced the problem of outdoor painting, and particularly the painting of sunlight. This had never before been seriously attempted. Of course, we find admirable landscape work before their time, but work always built on a convention. Even the Dutch, so realistic in their indoor work, did not really seriously attempt the painting of outdoor light, most of all of sunlight. True, we find some admirable outdoor things by Pieter de Hooch and by Vermeer, but even these seem rather hot and "foxy" when compared with the best modern outdoor work.

The Impressionists, as is well known, after various experiments, have come to trying to solve the outdoor problem by the use of disintegrated color. The Pre-Raphaelites, in a more instinctive, less reasoned, logical way, arrived at something the same result, as far as the use of free color went; though, of course, the finish and aspect of their work were very different. Fortuny did not disdain the skilful use of pure color, here or there, but in doing sunlight he trusted mostly to his admirable drawing of the shadows; for he, like most other remarkable technicians, was primarily a draftsman. His touch was crisp and sure, yet of a nervous quality quite different from that of his imitators. Where the Impressionists almost disregarded drawings in the sense in which we generally use the term, and got their effect by noting very subtle color-shifts and relations, Fortuny achieved his outdoor results by drawing the shapes of the shadows with extreme care.

In the Stewart Collection in Paris there used to hang, in the midst of the splendid pictures, a small round palette, uncleaned, with two or three big, dingy brushes stuck through the opening for the thumb. This was the palette of Fortuny, just as it was found at his death — uncleaned, with the gobs of paint still sticking here or there. The thing was interesting to study, first, because it seems that Fortuny often used large brushes, though his work suggests the use of smaller ones; and, again, the palette itself was of interest as showing the kind of colors he used. As one remembers it, these were for the most part the simple colors used in the schools; about the colors, too, that Velasquez used: white, black, vermilion, cobalt, verte emeraude (which is practically the same as our viridian), and yellow ochre, and, probably, a lake or two, though these were too much dried up to be well distinguished.

The composition in Fortuny's work is intelligent and well considered, though in some pictures it is distinctly more interesting than in others. For instance, in 'The Snake-Charmer' (Plate II) there is something unique and bizarre in the arrangement, and the introduction of the grim, gaunt ibis gives

the thing an uncanny touch which suits the hypnotizer of serpents. On the other hand, 'The Spanish Marriage' (Plate ix) and the 'Choice of a Model' (Plate iii) are hardly so remarkable in line, though in each the arrangement, with the little figures at the bottom of huge halls, has something of originality. Again, the 'Piping Shepherd of Arcady' is delightful in arrangement, though simple enough. Fortuny here has found a new way of stating the charm of antique art and life, and perhaps it is the charm that we really feel most in the antique; for there is no effort to reconstitute antique times, as with Alma-Tadema. Rather, this 'Piping Shepherd,' twin brother to Hawthorne's Donatello, might have lived in Robert of Sicily's time, or Cæsar Borgia's, or only yesterday, and, after bathing, idly have sat on an old broken capital, piping some old folk-tune to his long-eared, fleecy sheep. It is, after all, the decay of antique things that interests us.

Fortuny was, curiously enough, evidently influenced by Hamon, a rather weak brother, friend of Gérôme and other classicists, who invented a new classical manner which he was hardly strong enough to carry through. Some of his pictures are quite delightful in intention, though rather washy in execution. But Fortuny, a much stronger painter, was evidently deeply interested in Hamon's *motifs*. Indeed, his little butterfly female figure sipping from a flower is almost a copy of one of Hamon's pictures. Apparently, after trying this and one or two others, getting interested in the antique *motif*, he lit on the subject of this 'Piping Shepherd,' which is quite unique, quite his own. Thus do new subjects spring from the old.

This little excursus in imitation by Fortuny is interesting because it is apparently his only one. For the most part, he was singularly original. Indeed, that is a great part of his charm — that he is generally so wholly himself, so different from other men, yet at the same time so able and skilful. Although in 'The Spanish Marriage,' in the 'Choice of a Model,' and in 'The Snake-Charmers' he found his best way, yet he now and then tried other directions. The result of one of these wanderings, the 'Faust and Marguerite,' is hardly so happy as his more realistic work. The vision of the lover in the garden floating above the pianist in the studio, who plays Gounod's immortal love music, comes dangerously near the verge of being ridiculous.

The fact is, Fortuny, at the time of his early death, was still so young a man that he had, very likely, not found the exact way in which his best and most characteristic work should be done. As has been suggested, in speaking of the 'Beach at Portici,' there is a hint of a new manner. Doubtless he, in his own way, would have developed into a manner not wholly different from that of Manet and of Whistler, though probably in rendering it would have been more skilful.

The gesture of figures in Fortuny's work is often significant and personal, as in 'The Snake-Charmers' or the posed young girl in the 'Choice of a Model.' But for the most part, though the pose is often good enough, it must be confessed that he seemed content to put his figures in rather commonplace attitudes, so eager was he for the joy of painting. After all, he was most interested in the aspect of things, the play of light on the surface of textures,

especially the glitter and *cliquetis* of high-lights on armor or shining form. His Academicians in the 'Choice of a Model' stand about in attitudes effective enough, but not very personal. However, they suited Fortuny, whose preoccupation was the painting of those brilliant coats of plum color, *cuisse de Nymphe*, and canary worn by the gentry of those charming and idle times. The play of light on the surface of things was Fortuny's great preoccupation, and at times this left him rather indifferent to what was significant and personal in movement or gesture.

Of course it is Fortuny's technique of which one hears most. With many people the name Fortuny is almost synonymous with brilliant technique. "Marvelous," "*féérique*," "astounding," are some of the terms various enthusiastic artists have applied to it; and brilliant, indeed, it is. At the same time, when one studies it, one is surprised to find how simple and direct are the means applied to the end he would gain. With Fortuny there is little or no glazing, scumbling, or the like. The paint is put on directly, with very little teasing of the pigment. In short, Fortuny's brilliancy comes from his way of seeing, his intention, the way in which he put his picture together, even more than from his admirably direct and solid handling. The defects in his work come about somewhat from this very directness. Briefly, the defects in his work are a certain spottiness, the high-lights put a thought too high, the accents made a touch too dark. In his rage to make his *facture* direct and simple he sometimes did not remember to tone down glitterings and accents.

The change in the sentiment regarding Fortuny is very curious, and yet fashions change so rapidly nowadays that one half understands it. Fortuny in his day was accepted, especially by his countrymen and by Italians, as a supreme master. Later, we have come to see that he left much unsaid; that his work, however brilliant, was limited. Besides, this very brilliancy, which suited him so well, had a most pernicious influence on the art of Italy and of Spain. Fortuny was an original, not the man to have founded a school. Italy and Spain, artistically speaking, staggered under the weight of his genius for years. His was not the manner from which to found a school.

But viewed as a personality Fortuny is immensely interesting. He did some things with a brio and dash, and yet with a truth which makes them unique. He was a true painter. He felt things more like a painter than do most men. Even his defects of spottiness, of over-scantillation, arise from his astounding facility; and this facility came from the hardest kind of work and study. It did not arise, as it does in the work of some young men, from mere carelessness and hurry to be through with the task in hand; rather, it was the expression of a hand so light and skilful that it did easily things well-nigh impossible to others. But in twenty years or in a hundred years, when people can view the latter end of the nineteenth century in better perspective than now, they will perceive the strength and, in many ways, the justness of his work. Fortuny is a great artist, rather crowded out of court at present by the jostling mob of mediocrities, but he is a man who must always be interesting, though his very qualities prevent his being among the greatest.

One reason why Fortuny's work is now so comparatively little known is

that it was snapped up by dealers and by connoisseurs, often taken from the easel, so that the general public knew little about it. Also, he died so young that he had produced very little work; and, while such work as he did had enormous effect on the artists and cognoscenti of the time, the effect was not so lasting as it would have been if affirmed by repeated shocks from new and ever finer pictures. Besides this, his pictures, being so few, do not change hands so often as do the works of an artist of greater production, like Corot. Nothing stimulates interest in pictures more than their reappearance at great sales. Also, having been uniformly successful almost from the beginning, no dealer found himself overstocked with his works, and so did not find it necessary to begin one of those Campaigns of Education which dealers know so well how to manage. When his pictures do appear in sales they sell for huge prices, as was the case the other day at the Stewart Sale, where the 'Choice of a Model' sold for \$60,000.

While, as has been said, with the exception of the Hamon episode, Fortuny apparently never directly imitated any one, he was evidently influenced by certain men. During his student days in Spain, and later in Rome, still later at Madrid, he made many copies, chiefly from Velasquez and from Goya. It may seem strange that an art so brilliant, baleful, and exotic as that of Fortuny should have sprung from study of the distinguished, reserved, yet solid and well-modeled work of Velasquez. Yet Velasquez is in a sense all things to all men: each man finds in him what he needs or what he thinks he needs. There are passages in the work of Velasquez — the before-mentioned ladies in the background of 'The Spinners,' the little 'Prince Baltasar on Horseback,' possibly the 'Infanta Rose,' with her robe stiffly glittering in silver and scarlet — which one would guess must have interested Fortuny. With Goya it is different. One perceives a nearer kinship between the two men, though Fortuny always preserved a science and a conscience of design, a solid impasto, quite different from the careless, sleazy, washy workmanship of the older man.

Of course Fortuny had a host of imitators, and some of these followers were immensely brilliant. But it is too little to say he had imitators, for he revolutionized the whole painting of Spain and of Italy. For thirty years his influence was paramount in these countries; and this same influence of his was not a good one. That *virtuosité* which in him was so delightful, so apparently easily accomplished, became in many of the others mere grimacing and posing. The others forgot that keen observation and study of nature which, after all, was the basis of his accomplishment, and merely imitated what they thought were his tricks of hand. More: they tried to apply his methods to tasks for which it was not suited; to historical painting, for instance. None the less, some of these fellows were enormously *habile*. Some of Boldini's early works, done very much under the master's influence, are almost the last word of demoniac cleverness. Madrazo's early work was very able, and was, by the way, simpler and better considered than that of most of the followers. Escosura did smart things, and Casanova y Estorach used to paint detestable pictures of priests with infernal skill. Martin Rico for years dictated



the way Venice should look, and Pradilla, Domingo, and a host of others made brilliant performances.

At the same time this brilliant art that suited so well one particular temperament was not the art for a whole country, and the Spaniards, the Italians also, of late years have come to feel this. Spanish art has taken two main courses; perhaps other small directions make a delta of her art tendencies. Ignacio Zuloaga, studying the older masters, who are still the chief glory of Spain, studying more especially Velasquez and El Greco, and imitating them in manner more closely than any man has done till now, has evolved a style which, despite its defects of blackness and brutality, is more typical of Spain, is more suggestive of her national characteristics, than any that has yet been seen.

On the other hand, Sorolla y Bastida, working through the manner of Bastien-Lepage toward the Impressionist methods, and assimilating these last with a good deal of intelligence, has produced works full of vigor and effectiveness which tell at least something of the sun of Spain, of the way the sea and the sky and the air look there — things which the imitators of Fortuny somehow missed in their efforts at brilliancy and cleverness.

The Italians, too, have changed. In modern Italian art one recognizes particularly two names: the late Segantini, whose art, at first a little reminiscent of Millet and technically founded on a disintegration of color which the Italians call divisionism, is distinctly interesting, though of marked defects; and Mancini, whose curious pictures crossed with squares scratched on the canvas, with, at times, bits of glass or tin placed to make the high-lights glisten, are far better than these curious idiosyncrasies would lead one to think.

Fortuny did very little portrait-painting, yet one of his portraits at least, the one which now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum, enjoys a certain reputation. It is evident in this that he was trying very hard to make the thing "like," and not to be merely clever; and, indeed, it is quite apparent that the picture is "like." The Spanish type of the lady is well preserved. As to the painting of the dress, which has been very highly praised in some quarters, it is indeed capable and carefully studied. At the same time, one feels the blacks a little too dark: one has the sense that the thing is frittered up. It is a very interesting portrait, because it gives the character and does not look like another's work. Perhaps, however, it is not wholly successful. It lacks a little of that "gusto," that joy in playing with paint, that marks some of Fortuny's other work.

Fortuny had a passion for arms, for swords, halberds, chain-mail; for anything, in fact, which would take an effective glitter-point. But apart from this he was interested in arms for their own sake. He had a forge, and it is said that he could make a very good sword himself. It was this interest in weapons that had much to do with his friendship for Baron Davillier, M. de Beaumont, and others who, besides being artists or connoisseurs in art, also took an interest in the allied arts, especially those of ironwork and armory. Fortuny shares this interest in arms with a modern Spanish painter — that is,



Ignacio Zuloaga — whose father was an armorer and who can himself fashion a weapon with something of the skill of the old artisans of Toledo. Fortuny's collection of arms was quite remarkable. It was begun when he could only pick up a thing here and there; but toward the end of his short life, when he was making money fast, he was able to add a great many very fine specimens to his collection.

Fortuny is often spoken of as if he were a light, frivolous painter. It is said that he only looked "at the surface of things;" that his aims were not very high; that he was not "serious." Some of these sayings may be true of his imitators; hardly so much so of himself, except that he looked at the surface of things. That was natural enough. It is the way all great painters have done. Indeed, there has been nothing else for them to look at. It is true, however, that Fortuny was sometimes so fascinated by the glamor of surface detail that he forgot to render the aspect of the whole. He had, in a word, the defects of his qualities. No one could make a "*morceau*" look more interesting; but he did not always keep every bit in its proper relation to every other bit.

In trying to find the thing that best describes Fortuny's quality, his attitude toward the life he painted, one pitches on the word *virtuosité*. He was, indeed, like a violinist who plays so beautifully that one almost forgets the matter from the exquisite way in which it is expressed. In his painting, in his etching, most of all, perhaps, in his pen-and-ink drawing, he showed a *virtuosité*, a delightful way of doing the thing, which surprised most men. There was good matter in his best work. The composition was there, the color, admirable drawing was there; but after all, beyond all these, beyond even the skilful, thoughtful workmanship, was a delightful personal way of saying the thing, a certain *esprit*, a certain lightness of touch — a nervous touch that came sometimes almost to trembling, and which made his work different, more exquisitely brilliant, than the work of heavier-handed men.

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## The Art of Fortuny

CHARLES YRIARTE

'MARIANO FORTUNY'

THE influence of Fortuny has been real. In his "genre" he was the head of a school in the sense that after him one saw a pleiad of able executants spring up, *mieure*, scintillating, lacking ideas, who have betrayed their master and belittled him. It is not a new truth that disciples are more apt to exaggerate the faults of the master than to borrow his good qualities. Gifted with a wonder-working hand, Fortuny, without meaning to, created the "School of the Hand." His real science, joined with an indisputable charm, which every one has surrendered to, his love of light, his cult for the sun, a *je ne sais quoi* of unexpected in the choice of the subject, in the idea and the rendering, — these things have made his reputation, and it was legitimate.

But those about him soon came to think that to load a model with a costume of bright colors and to put him against a more or less appropriate background was enough to make a picture. The time, the hour, the epoch, the country, the special atmosphere of each place — the soul of things; in a word, the character — no longer existed for a certain number of artists without critical sense, without intelligence, without foundation, who made up for science of design by juggling with the brush and by the seduction of their touch, while, perhaps, even among those having the most authority, the strongest, no one rendered the character and types of Moorish life as did Fortuny.

Zamacois had so piquant, so penetrating, an intelligence that one of his pictures of which he had described the subject would be almost as interesting as the picture itself; but a great number of others, who had not this penetration or this knowledge, borrowed only the costumes of these two and created an empty art, full of imposture, against which men like Bastien-Lepage, Roll, Gervex, and a whole new pleiad reacted with great violence.

They thought that it sufficed to reunite in a canvas as many brilliant figures as possible if they wished to reconstitute an epoch; but, not being convinced themselves, they did not succeed in convincing others. And this art of the hand which triumphed for an instant is to-day worn out, and imposes on nobody.

In art one must be docile, and let one's self be led as by the hand by the artist: if he can persuade you, move you, and touch you, one need not debate his emotion; rather be happy for having felt it. The varieties of temperament in artists, their different points of view, the opposing faculties with which they are gifted, are just what make up the riches of this kingdom of art. Is there not, for instance, a singular contrast between Mariano Fortuny and François Millet?

RICHARD MUTHER

'HISTORY OF MODERN PAINTING'

**H**IS residence in the East, which lasted from five to six months, was a discovery for him — a feast of delight. He found the opportunity of studying in the immediate neighborhood a people whose life was opulent in color and wild in movement; and he beheld with wonder the gleaming pictorial episodes so variously enacted before him, and the rich costumes upon which the radiance of the South glanced in a hundred reflections. And, in particular, when the Emperor of Morocco came with his brilliant suite to sign the treaty of peace, Fortuny developed a feverish activity. The great battle-piece which he should have executed on the commission of the Academy of Barcelona remained unfinished. On the other hand, he painted a series of Oriental pictures, in which his astonishing dexterity and his marvelously sensitive eye were already to be clearly discerned: the stalls of Moorish carpet-sellers, with little figures swarming about them, and the rich display of woven stuffs of the East; the weary attitude of old Arabs sitting in the sun; the somber, brooding faces of the strange snake-charmers and magicians. This is no Parisian East, like Fromentin's; every one here is speaking Arabic. It is

only Guillaumet who afterwards interpreted the fakir world of the East, dreamy and contemplative in the sunshine, in a manner equally convincing.

Yet Fortuny first discovered his peculiar province when he began, after his return, to paint those brilliant kaleidoscopic rococo pictures with their charming play of color, the pictures which founded his reputation in Paris. Even in the earliest, representing gentlemen of the rococo period examining engravings in a richly appointed interior, the Japanese weapons, Renaissance chests, gilded frames of carved wood, and all the delightful *petit-riens* from the treasury of the past which he had heaped in it together were so wonderfully painted that Goupil began a connection with him and ordered further works. This commission occasioned his journey, in the autumn of 1866, to Paris, where he entered into Meissonier's circle, and worked sometimes at Gérôme's. Yet neither of them exerted any influence upon him at all worth mentioning. The French painter in miniature is, probably, the father of the department of art to which Fortuny belongs; but the latter united to the delicate execution of the Frenchman the flashing, gleaming spirit of the Latin races of the South. He is a Meissonier with *esprit* recalling Goya. In his picture 'The Spanish Marriage' ('La Vicaria') all the vivid, throbbing, rococo world, buried with Goya, revived once more. While in his Oriental pieces — 'The Praying Arab,' 'The Arabian Fantasia,' and 'The Snake-Charmers' — he still aimed at concentration and unity of effect, this picture had something gleaming, iridescent, and pearly which soon became the delight of all collectors. Fortuny's success, his celebrity, and his fortune dated from that time. His name went up like a meteor. After fighting long years in vain, not for recognition, but for his very bread, he suddenly became the most honored painter of the day, and began to exert upon the whole generation of young artists that powerful influence which survives even at this very day.

The studio which he built for himself after his marriage with the daughter of Federigo Madrazo in Rome was a little museum of the most exquisite products of the artistic crafts of the West and the East: the walls were decorated with brilliant Oriental stuffs, and great glass cabinets with Moorish and Arabian weapons and old tankards and glasses from Murano stood around. He sought and collected everything that shines and gleams in varying color. That was his world and the basis of his art.

Pillars of marble and porphyry, groups of ivory and bronze, lusters of Venetian glass, gilded consoles with small busts, great tables supported by gilded satyrs and inlaid with variegated mosaics, form the surroundings of that astonishing work 'The Trial of the Model.' Upon a marble table a young girl is standing naked, posing before a row of Academicians in the costume of the Louis xv period, while each one of them gives his judgment by a movement or an expression of the face. One of them has approached quite close and is examining the little woman through his lorgnette. All the costumes gleam in a thousand hues which the marble reflects. By his picture 'The Poet' (Plate vii), or 'The Rehearsal,' he reached his highest point in the capricious analysis of light. In the old rococo garden, with the brilliant façade of the Alhambra as its background, there is a gathering of gentlemen assembled

to witness the rehearsal of a tragedy. The heroine, a tall, charming, luxuriant beauty, has just fallen into a faint. On the other hand, the hero, holding the lady on his right arm, is reading the verses of his part from a large manuscript. The gentlemen are listening and exchanging remarks with the air of connoisseurs; one of them closes his eyes to listen with thorough attention. Here the entire painting flashes like the rocket, and is iridescent and brilliant like a peacock's tail. Fortuny splits the rays of the sun in endless *nuances* which are scarcely perceptible to the eye, and gives expression to their flashing glitter with astonishing delicacy. Henri Regnault, who visited him at that time in Rome, wrote to a Parisian friend: "The time I spent with Fortuny yesterday is haunting me still. What a magnificent fellow he is! He paints the most marvelous things and is master of us all. I wish I could show you the two or three pictures that he has in hand, or his etchings and water-colors. They inspired me with a real disgust of my own. Ah! Fortuny, you spoil my sleep."

Even as an etcher he caught all the technical finesses and appetizing piquancies of his great forerunner, Goya. It is only with very light and spirited strokes that the outlines of his figures are drawn; then, as in Goya, comes the aquatint, the color which covers the background and gives locality, depth, and light. A few scratches with a needle, a black spot, a light made by a judiciously inserted patch of white, and he gives his figures life and character, causing them to emerge from the black depth of the background like mysterious visions. 'The Dead Arab,' covered with his black cloth, and lying on the ground with his musket on his arm; 'The Shepherd,' on the stump of a pillar; 'The Serenade;' 'The Reader;' 'The Tambourine Player;' 'The Prisoner;' the picture of the gentleman with a pig-tail, bending over his flowers; 'The Anchorite;' and 'The Arab mourning over the Body of his Friend' are the most important of his plates, which are sometimes pungent and spirited and sometimes somber and fantastic.

In the picture 'The Strand of Portici' he attempted to strike out a new path. He was tired of the gay rags of the eighteenth century, as he said himself, and meant to paint for the future only subjects from surrounding life in an entirely modern manner like that of Manet. But he was not destined to carry out this change any further. He passed away in Rome on November 21, 1874. When the unsold works which he left were put up to auction the smallest sketches fetched high figures, and even his etchings were bought at marvelous prices.

In these days the enthusiasm for Fortuny is no longer so glowing. The capacity to paint became so ordinary in the course of years that it was presupposed as a matter of course; it was a necessary acquirement for an artist to have before approaching his pictures in a psychological fashion. And in this latter respect there is a deficiency in Fortuny. He is a *charmeur* who dazzles the eyes, but rather creates a sense of astonishment than holds the spectator in his grip. Beneath his hands painting has become a matter of pure virtuosity; a marvelous, flaring firework that amazes and — leaves us cold after all. With enchanting delicacy he runs through the great gamut of

radiant colors upon the small keyboard of his little pictures painted with a pocket-lens, and everything glitters golden, like the dress of a fairy. To the patience of Meissonier he united a delicacy of color, a wealth of pictorial point, and a crowd of delightful trifles which combine to make him the most exquisite and fascinating juggler of the palette — an amazing colorist of a wonderful clown, an original and subtle painter with vibrating nerves, but not a truly great and moving artist. His pictures are dainties in gold frames, jewels delicately set, astonishing efforts of patience, broken by a flashing, rocket-like *esprit*; but beneath the glittering surface one is conscious of there being nether heart nor soul. His art might have been French or Italian just as appropriately as Spanish. It is the art of virtuosos of the brush, and Fortuny himself is the initiator of a religion — of a religion which found its enthusiastic followers, not in Madrid alone, but in Naples, Paris, and Rome.

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## The Works of Fortuny

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

‘PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH LADY’

PLATE I

A PICTURE that has been highly spoken of by various critics. Among other things, the “quality” of the blacks has been much admired. The picture is particularly skilful in the way in which the small details are managed. Indeed, they are over-managed; one is a little too conscious of them. The quality of black is, however, agreeable in color — a difficult affair to manage. The curious, almost woolly, hair is to be noted as a characteristic touch; and the face itself, with the strongly marked black eyebrows, the large black eyes, the long and curiously thin nose, is typically Spanish.

‘THE SNAKE-CHARMERS’

PLATE II

PERHAPS this is one of the most successful of Fortuny’s pictures. The technique is adequate, more than adequate, since it is very brilliant as well. The drawing of the arms of the two male figures is particularly skilful and able, while the painting of the rug has all Fortuny’s *virtuosité*, although the picture is comparatively early; that is, it dates from some time before ‘The Spanish Marriage’ and the ‘Choice of a Model.’ Note the interesting Moorish vase or bowl in the foreground and the curious helmet behind the reclining figure. The introduction of the ibis is a master stroke, and quite characteristic of Fortuny, who, despite his quiet manner, loved the *bizarre* in art. It seems as if Fortuny had taken all the things he liked — glittering metals, curiously inlaid helmets, the bronze nude of the south, Eastern rugs, strange exotic plumage — and jumbled them all together into a picture made to please himself. It is like a kaleidoscope, turned yet once again to give a new and wholly unheard of disposition of things.

## 'CHOICE OF A MODEL'

## PLATE III

MR. A. G. TEMPLE says of this picture: "The year 1870 saw the completion of another gem of high finish, 'The Selection of a Model' (belonging now to Senator W. A. Clark, of Montana, but formerly in the possession of Fortuny's intimate friend, Mr. A. T. Stewart). It had been begun many years before. A group of Academicians of St. Luke, nine in number, are standing around a marble table, on which the nude figure of a woman stands in a graceful attitude, her fashionable clothing thrown aside just beneath her. Comment and criticism engage them closely. In costume they exhibit all the extravagance of color and ornamentation which belonged to the reign of Louis xv. The lofty and spacious interior, studied from the Palazzo Colonna at Rome, is impressive with its massive columns of marble and porphyry, about the capitals of which sumptuous draperies are gathered; and the scene is lightened by richly stained glass windows. Groups of ivory and bronze are introduced, and gilded *consoles*, elegant brackets and lusters of Venetian glass, and costly inlaid tables, while the walls are embellished with polished brass and mirrors of gorgeous rococo frames. Some of the exquisite objects displayed were borrowed, it is said, from the Vatican for the purposes of study."

## 'MOORISH BLACKSMITHS'

## PLATE IV

MR. A. G. TEMPLE in his 'Spanish Painters' says of this picture: "This shows the mastery of technique Fortuny had acquired before he was thirty years of age. The semi-nude figures are modeled as if in glistening bronze, and with an admirable decision of line; while, on the other hand, the group of poultry on the right is painted with a freedom which recalls the work of the most accomplished Impressionist. The picture is one of his greatest works, with its rich, transparent shadows and well-controlled lights."

## 'BREAKFAST AT THE ALHAMBRA'

## PLATE V

IF one were to name a fault in Fortuny's work it would be that it seems a little "spotty." Certainly this picture seems so, and yet at the same time how effective it is! Fortuny understood wonderfully well how to base and space his light and dark spots, and in this picture the balance of light-robed figures with the white wall is well achieved, as are the dark spots of the pergola above, the dark spots of green on the white wall, and the touches of dark costume scattered here and there. Fortuny achieved his sunlight effects by strong contrasts of light and dark rather than by modern Impressionist methods, though he arrived empirically, as it were, at a way of splitting up his tones into vibrating and scintillating colors.

## 'NEGRO OF MOROCCO'

## PLATE VI

HARDLY so subtle and complicated as many of Fortuny's, yet it serves admirably to show his love of violent, barbaric contrast. The thing is less finished than much of his work, being, indeed, a simple study; yet it is



evident enough from the mere look of the thing that Fortuny took great delight in these flashing, blinding whites, in these glistening and somber blacks. This strange man, despite his negroid type, presents a very dignified appearance. Doubtless half Arab, he has all the *morgue* and self-control of a sheik. It is to be noted that the head is in sunlight, a fact which one learns by noting the extremely high reflected lights in relation to the strongly cast shadows and accents. Black absorbs light, so that the man's head remains very dark. Besides other reasons, this head is interesting as being quite different in technique from many of Fortuny's work. It has a broadness, a oneness of impression, which one does not always see.

## 'GARDEN OF THE POETS'

## PLATE VII

CHARLES YRIARTE says of this picture: "Fortuny . . . had made two garden studies — one from his own, another from that belonging to Don Raphael Corrieras. He imagined a poet who should be having a part in his tragedy rehearsed by an actress before a very limited audience, who, placed at a distance, are judging the effect of this rehearsal in the open air, in this luxuriant '*huerta*' (garden) full of light and of the sun.

"The costumes belong to the eighteenth century. The group of the poet and the *tragedienne* is dramatic in gesture, while that of the amateur is sober and self-contained. It would be curious to know what was the association of ideas that brought about this singular composition, which wakens our thought and pricks our curiosity to wondering about the picture's origin. Had some Spanish poet given a reading in a garden and had Fortuny embroidered on this theme? . . . We do not know; but in any case, we hold to two things — the background is known; it is a real one, and it is the starting-point of the picture. And perhaps for the first time Fortuny, by this subject, which has in it something strange, vague, and dreamy, awakens our thought and carries us into the beyond."

## 'PASTIME OF NOBLEMEN'

## PLATE VIII

THIS picture was painted at about the same time as the 'Rehearsal.' The garden is very characteristic of old Spain, and one can well imagine the young Cortez thus learning to fence, with perhaps some old prototype of Cervantes quietly reading his book in a corner. The painting of the trees against the wall is particularly remarkable. The glitter of every leaf is accounted for, and a remarkable effect of brilliancy is thus gained. The detail in the balcony and in the further roof is remarkable, and yet somehow does not seem to "cut up" the picture, though it must be admitted that the general effect of the whole canvas is a bit "spotty." The little figures are put in with a great deal of chic and brio — with too much, it may be.

## 'THE SPANISH MARRIAGE'

## PLATE IX

MR. A. G. TEMPLE says: "The scene is in the sacristy of a church in Spain and shows a bridal party completing the formalities of the marriage ceremony by the signing of the register. Their attire is of the early years



of the nineteenth century, and contrasts in its richness and brilliancy with the somber tones of the sacred interior. The bridegroom, an old beau, active and elegantly dressed in lilac of a delicate shade, is in the act of signing; while the youthful bride, just a little aside, is half opening a blue fan as she listens to a young friend who bends forward to speak to her and whose pink frock in its rustling finish is a marvel of painting. The couple behind are evidently the bride's parents, and on their right stands a lady holding an open fan, whose clear perfection is heightened to brilliancy by the vivid red rose in her black hair. This is a portrait of the Duchess Colonna. The portraits of several of the painter's other friends are in the picture.

"Slightly on the left of the group is Meissonier, his hand on the hilt of his heavy curved sword; and just in front of him, seen in profile, is Madame Fortuny, whose sister, Doña Isabel, is bending forward to speak a word to the bride. Henri Regnault, the brilliant French painter who perished in the defense of Paris in 1871, at the age of twenty-eight, is also in the picture.

"To the extreme lower end of the picture is another newly-wedded couple, evidently in a lower station of life, awaiting their turn to approach and sign their names. The gorgeous costume of the man is that of the bull-fighter, while the dress of his bride is yellow. A great feature of the picture is the painting of the surroundings — the faded Cordovan leather on the wall, the high wrought-iron railings surmounted by beaten brasswork, and the Venetian chandelier that hangs from the roof. The whole scene, of shimmering colors, is tranquilized with great skill by the effect of cool gray light, against which the lean figure of the priest is seen."

'JOB'

PLATE X

THIS crayon drawing is called 'Job,' although it might be called anything else as far as the subject goes. Indeed, its interest is purely technical. It is a good example of Fortuny's drawing and is included here for that reason, and also because it is not so well known as is much of his work. Fortuny drew the figure very well when he set himself to it, and the drawing of this figure shows it, although there are places, like the wrist, where his eye seems to have lost sensitiveness. He makes great use of his shadows in this as in all of his pictures. They are not very large, but are used with great effectiveness, the "edges" being well studied.

A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS BY FORTUNY  
WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ENGLAND. LONDON, MRS. F. A. BEER: Head of a Negro (Plate vi) — LONDON, SIR CUTHBERT QUILTER, BART.: A Moorish Guard — WARRINGTON, CORPORATION: Acrobats at Tetuan — FRANCE. PARIS, MARQUISE DE CARCANA: Spanish Marriage (Plate ix) — PARIS, M. RAMON ENRAZU: The Faust of Gounod; A Souvenir of Morocco; A Study of a Child — PARIS, MR. HAZELTINE: The Standard Bearer — PARIS, BARON ROTHSCHILD: The Prayer — PARIS, M. MARTIN LE ROY: The Bull-fighter — ITALY. ROME, M. D'EPINAY: The Arquebusier — SCOTLAND. EDINBURGH, ARTHUR SANDERSON: Arabs hunting Frogs; An Arab Seated; A Landscape; In the Arena; Seville — SPAIN. BARCELONA, MUSEUM: Charles of Anjou on the

Shore of Naples; The Battle of Tetuan; View on the Tiber; Nereids on a Lake; Bacchante; An Odalisque — MADRID, MUSEUM: The Battle of Wad Ros; The Queen Doña Maria Cristina inspiring the Spanish Troops in the first Carlist War — MADRID, SEÑOR BAUER: Moorish Blacksmith (Plate IV) — MADRID, SEÑOR FORTUNY: The Collector of Engravings — MADRID, SEÑOR GARGOLLA: Arabs feeding a Vulture; A Fan — RÉUS, M. SABERANO: Our Virgin of Pity — SEVILLE, SEÑOR GOYENA: A Concert — UNITED STATES. BALTIMORE, WALTERS GALLERY: The Mendicants; Don Quixote; The Snake-Charmers (Plate II); The Rose Vase; An Ecclesiastic — NEW YORK, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM: A Pond near Tangiers; Portrait of Madame Garcia; Camels at Rest — NEW YORK, W. A. CLARK: A Street in Tangiers; Academicians of St. Luke selecting a Model (Plate III); Gipsy Caves, Granada — NEW YORK, G. GOULD: Breakfast in the old Convent Garden of the Alhambra (Plate V) — NEW YORK, C. S. SMITH: Mandolin Player — NEW YORK, G. W. VANDERBILT: An Arab Fantasia, Tangiers; The Birth of the Butterfly; A Fencing Lesson (Plate VIII); A Court Fool.

## PRIVATE COLLECTIONS

**B**ERANGER III. nailing the Arms of Barcelona to the Castle of Foix; Arabs dancing; The Butterfly; Café des Hirondelles; The Departure of the Procession in the Rain from the Church of Santa Cruz, Madrid; The Masquerade; A Carnival in the Last Century; The Masks; A Roman Country Woman; An Old Roman Peasant; A Fruit-shop in Granada; Arabs reclining on a Divan; A Circassian; Horsemen in Morocco; Corpus Christi; La Femme Couchée; The Espada; Fowls and Ducks in a Farmyard; A Prison Door; The Court of the House of Chapiz, Granada; The Council House at Granada; The Court of Justice, Alhambra; The Garden of the Arcadians; The Strand at Portici; The Knife Grinder; A Matador; A Papal Guard; The Umbrella Maker; The Antiquary; A Dead Donkey; Transport of Arab Prisoners; An Idyll; Arabs and Dogs; An Arab; In the Garden; Tête-à-Tête; Returning to the Convent; Three Odalisques; Two Children playing in a Japanese Room.

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